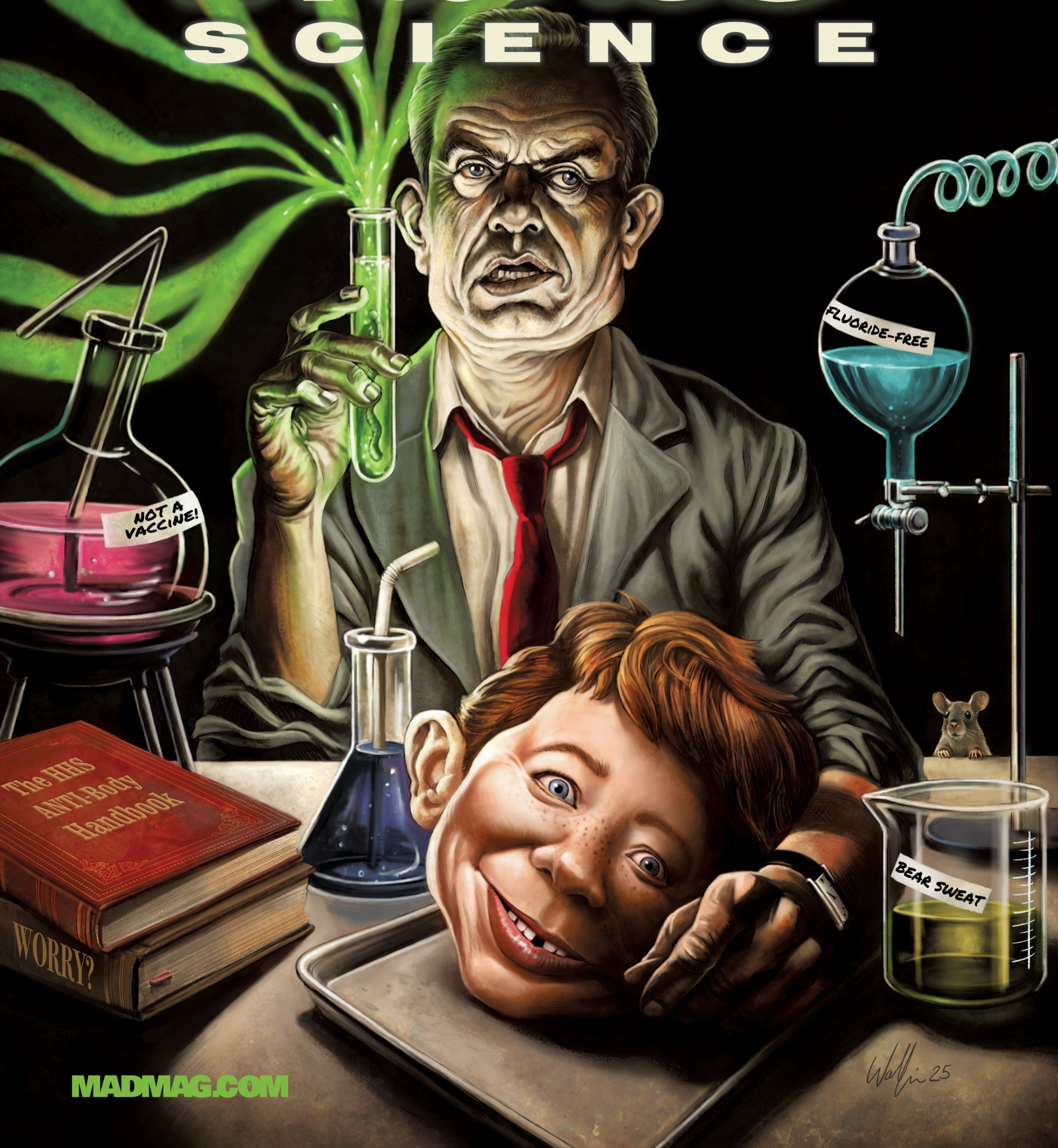


MAD

SCIENCE

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2025



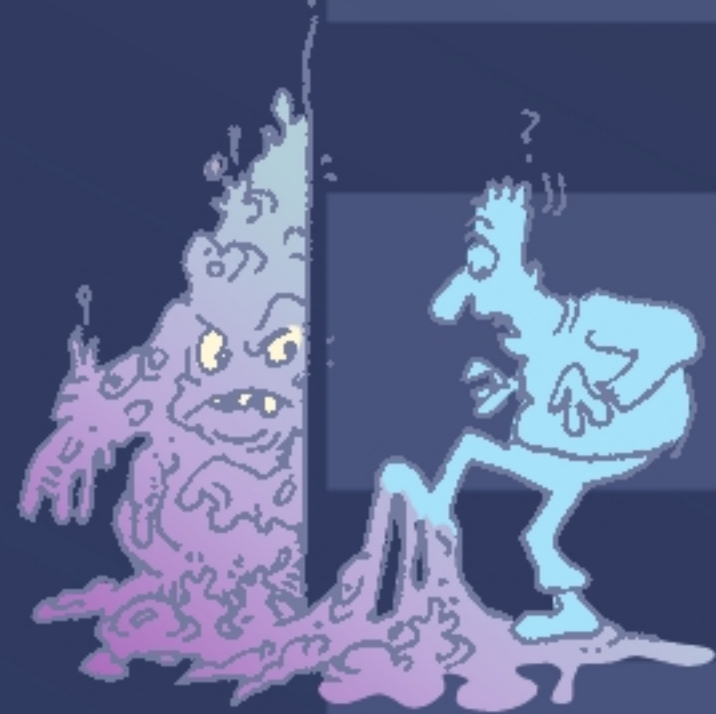


MAD

NO. 45 OCTOBER 2025

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER
SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR
BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

- 02** A MAD Look at Mutant Monsters
- 06** Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, MAD #77, Mar 1963
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- 13** Frank N. Stein! MAD #8, Dec 1953/Jan 1954
- 21** Scenes We'd Like to See – The Monster and the Villagers, MAD #44, Jan 1959
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- 24** Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #355, Mar 1997
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- 28** One Fine Day in the Animal Testing Lab, MAD #394, Jun 2000
- 29** The Horror of Quack-enstein
- 33** One Dark Night in a Laboratory, MAD #165, Mar 1974
- 34** The Man of Science – America's Next Mass Media Hero, MAD #61, Mar 1961
- 38** Has Your Food Been Genetically Altered? MAD #405, May 2001
- 40** Bill Nye the Séance Guy: Look Who's Espoused Science for the Spirits
- 41** A Boy and His Chemistry Set, MAD #103, Jun 1966
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- 46** Genetics and You!
- 48** Frankenslime (A MAD movie Parody), MAD #334, Mar/Apr 1995
- 53** The U.S. Czar of Science
- 54** Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #96, Jul 1965
- 55** Scenes We'd Like to See – The Bride of Frankenstein, MAD #334, Mar/Apr 1995
- 56** You May Have Been a Test Tube Baby If... MAD #355, Mar 1997

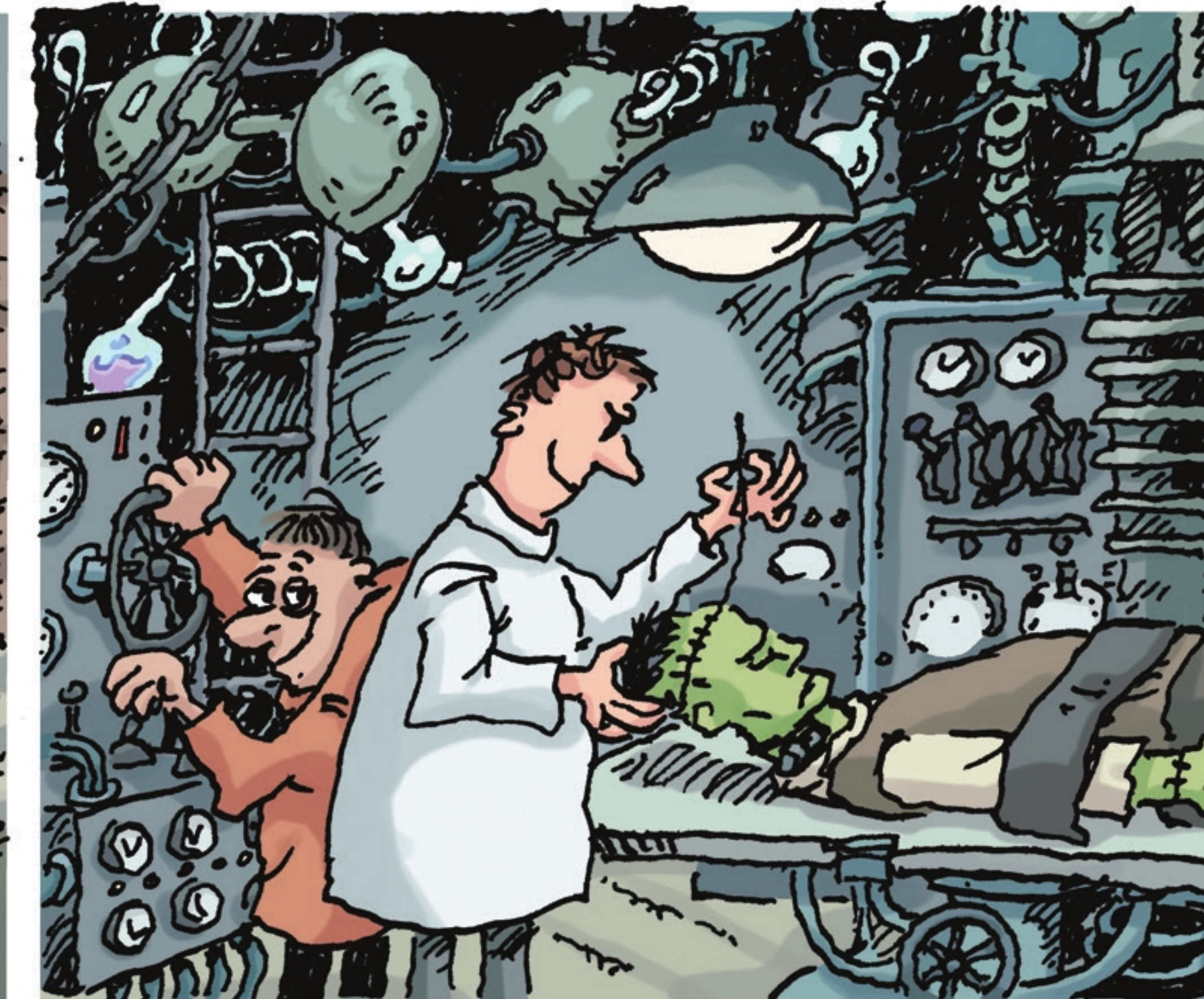
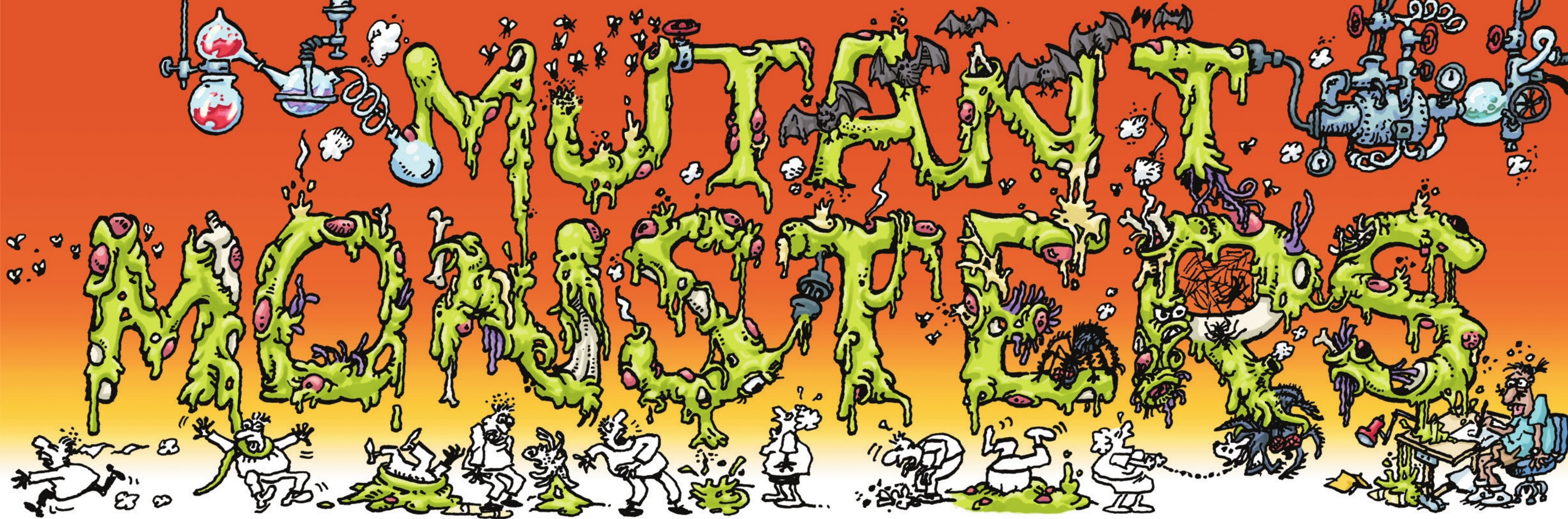


CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Terry Wolfinger

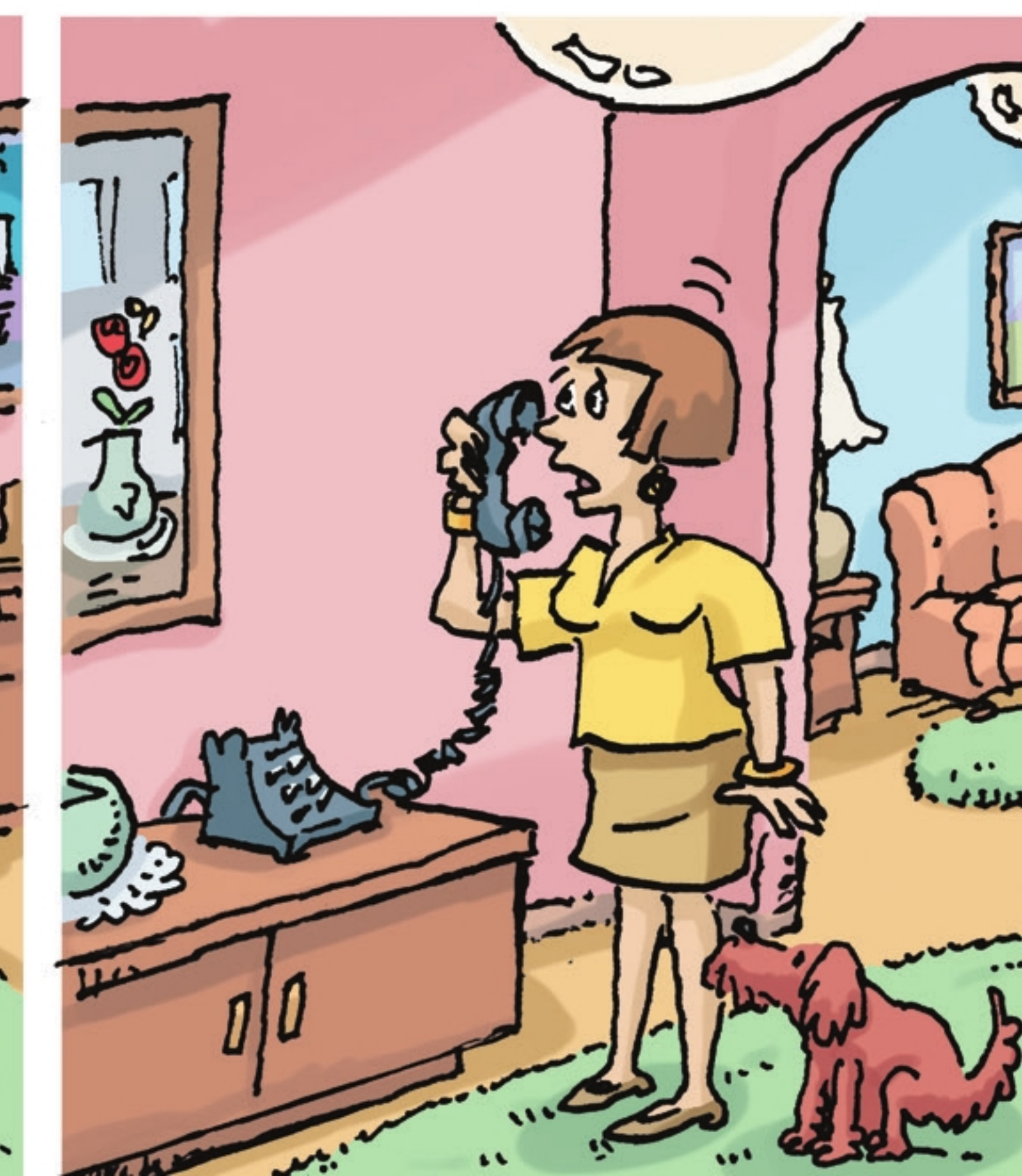
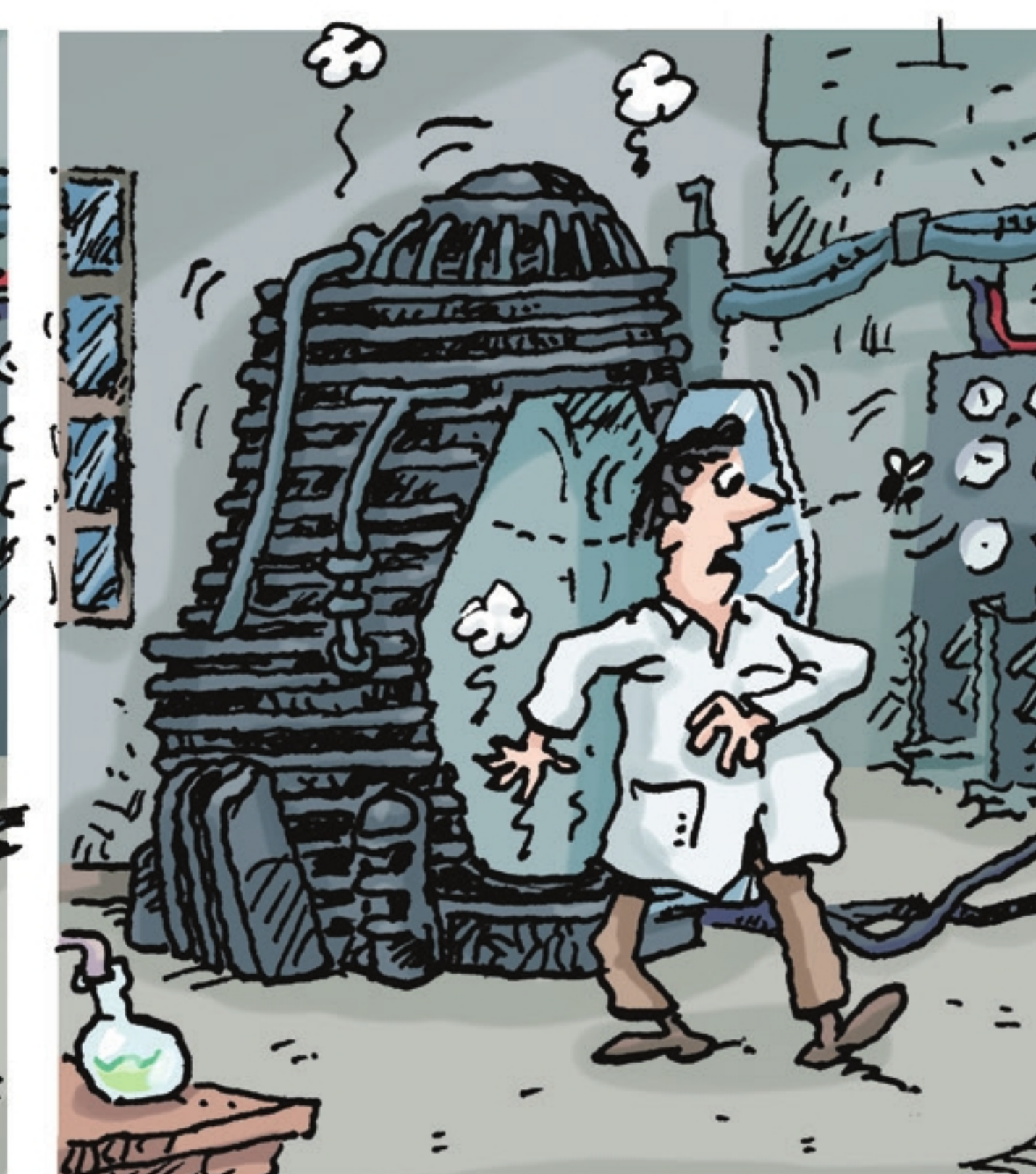
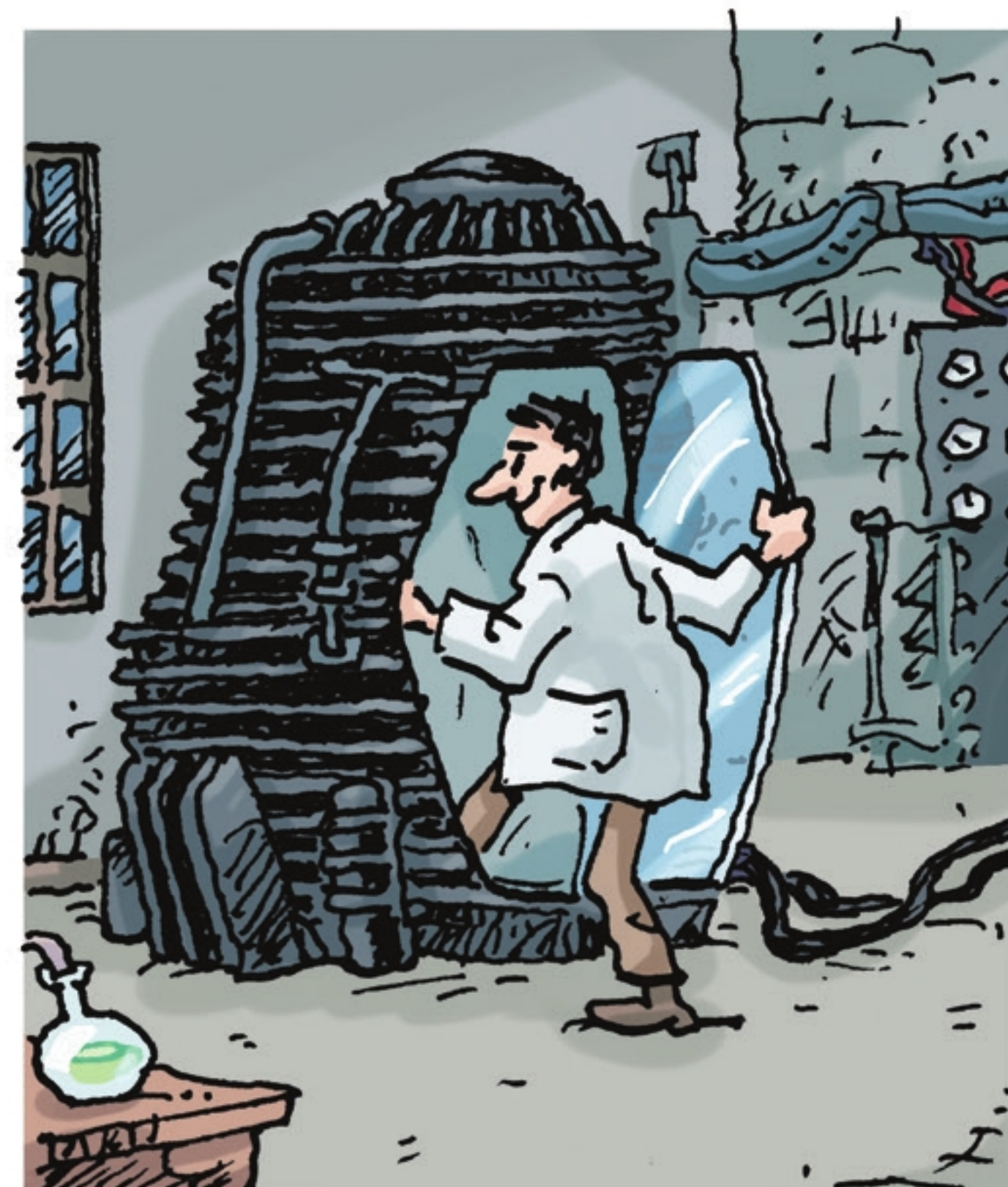
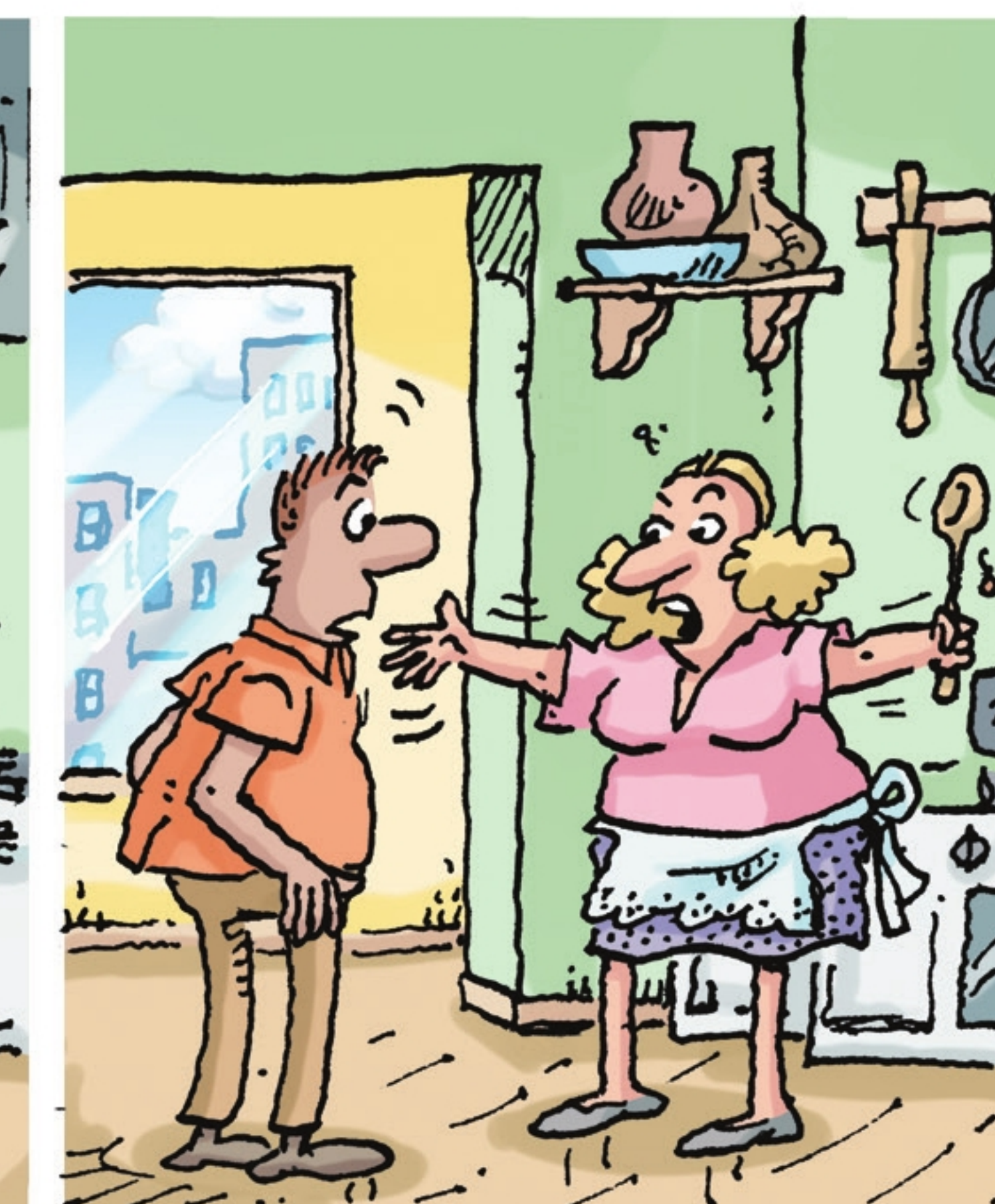
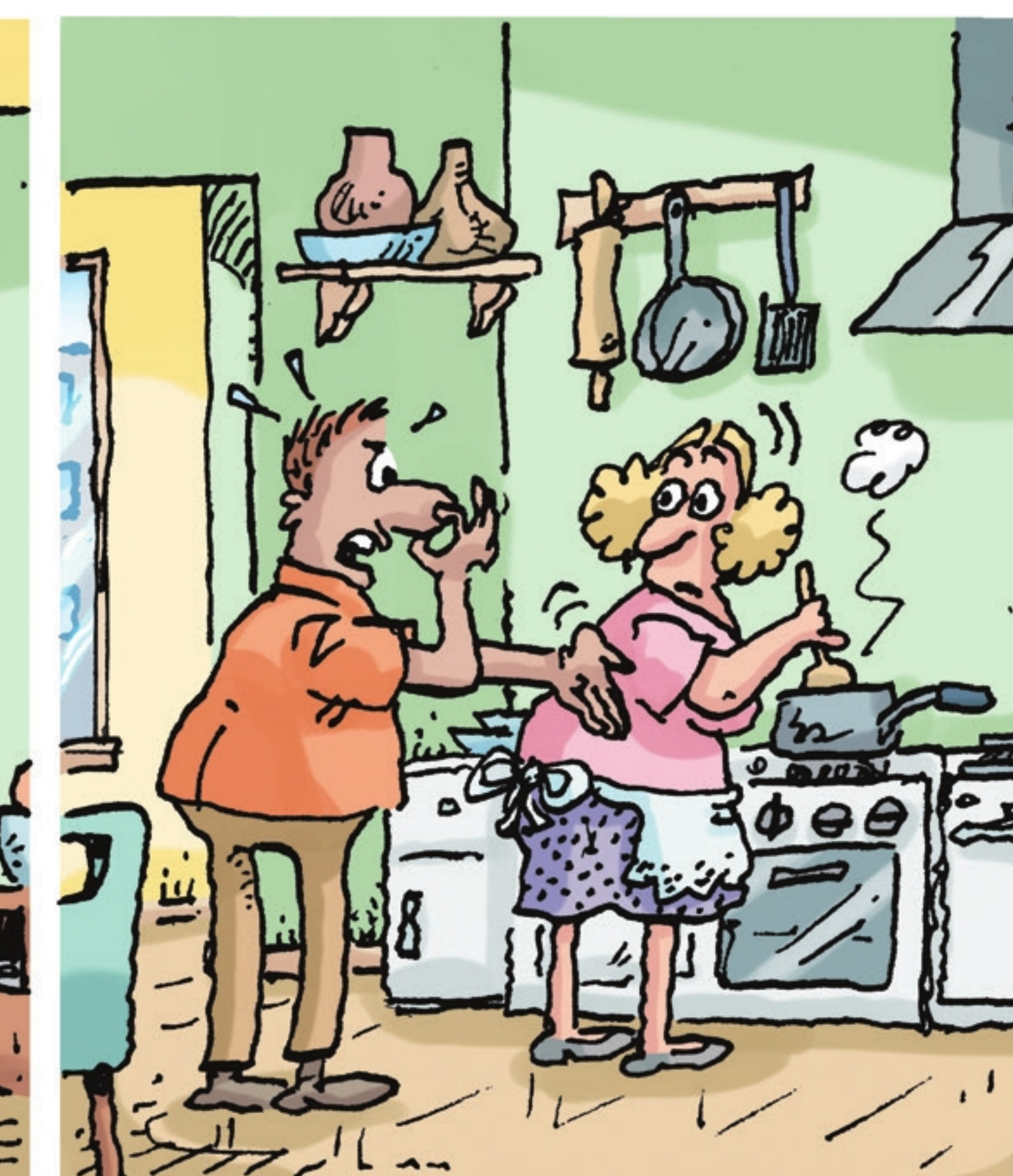
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

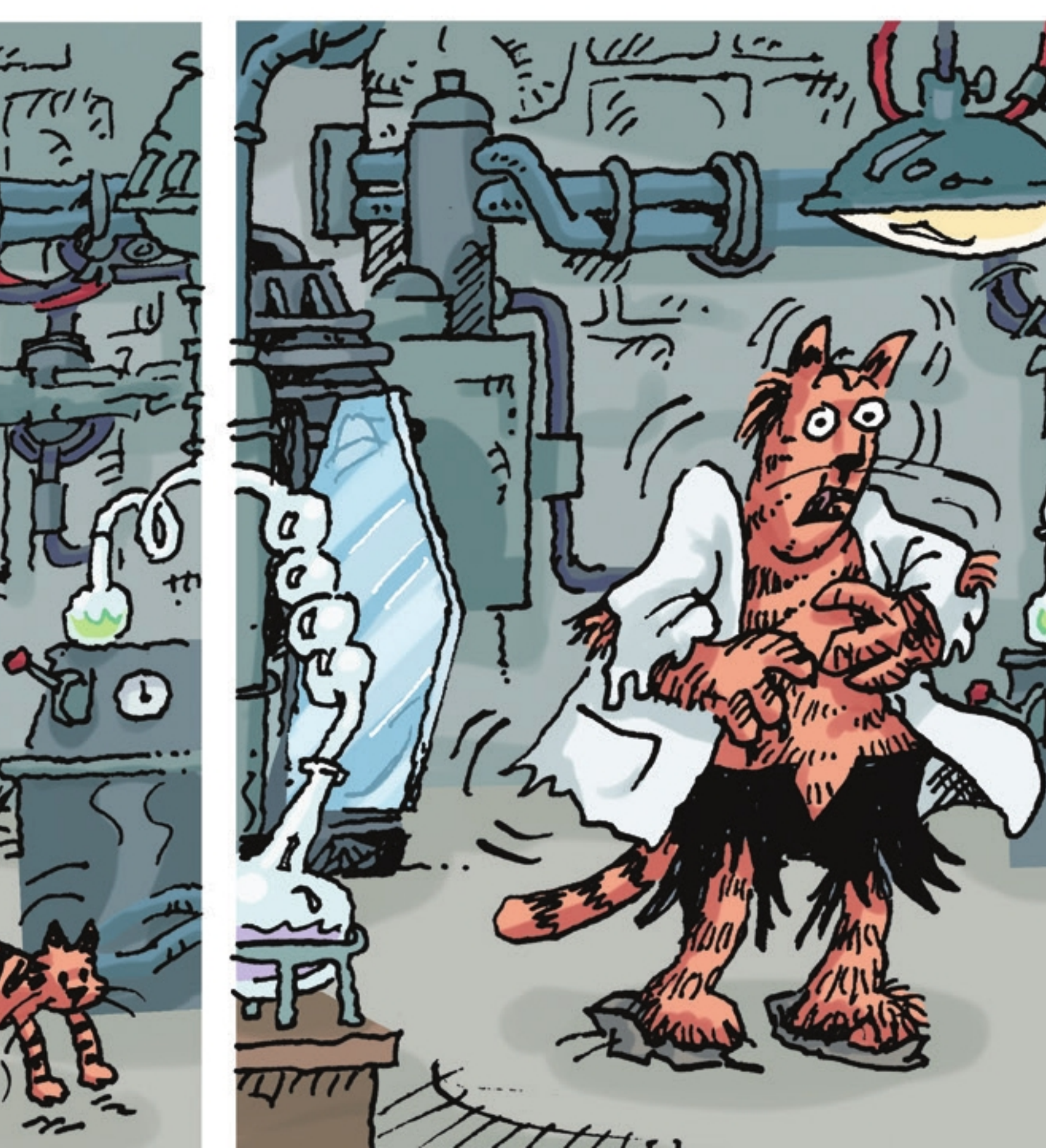
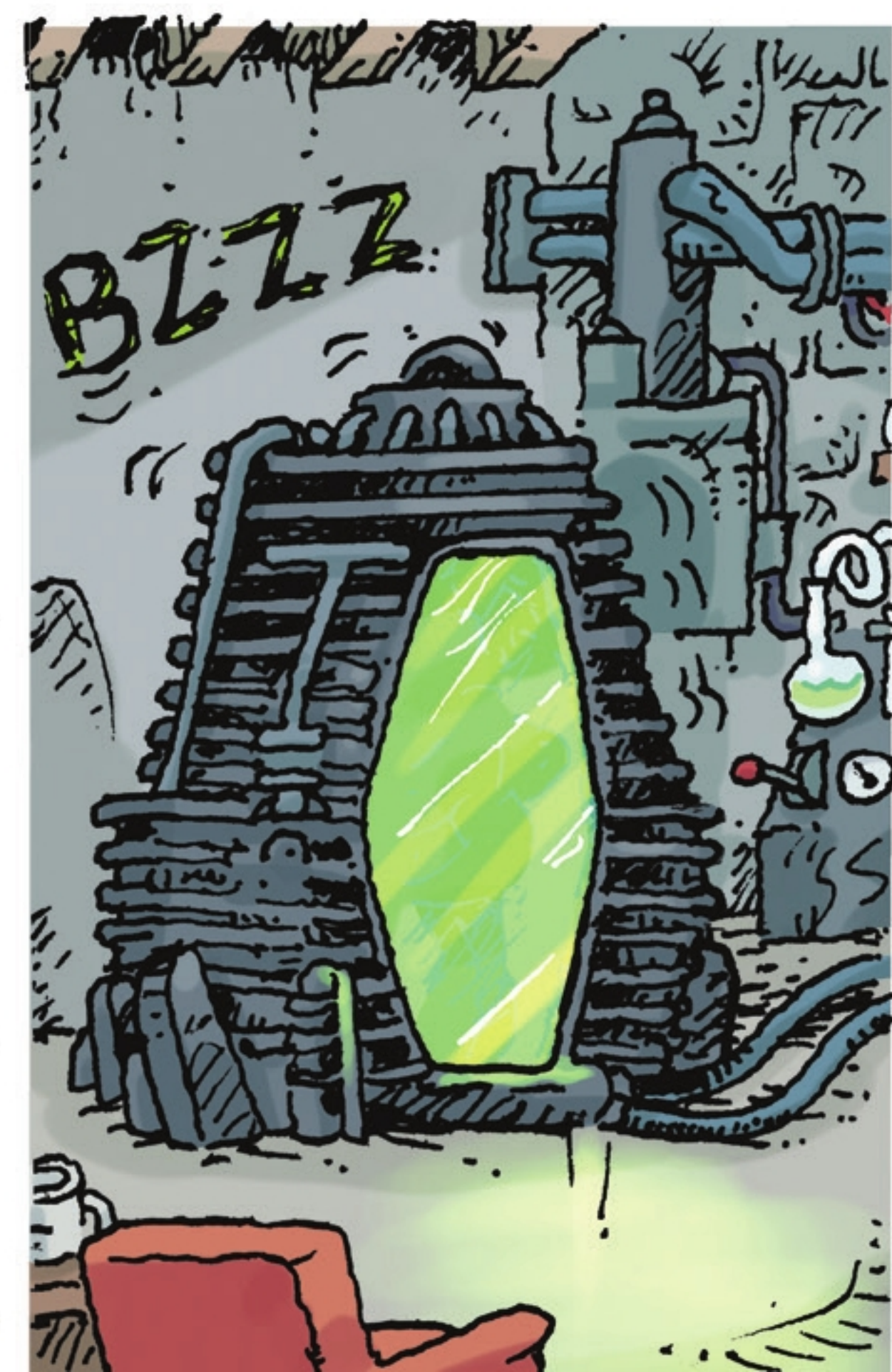
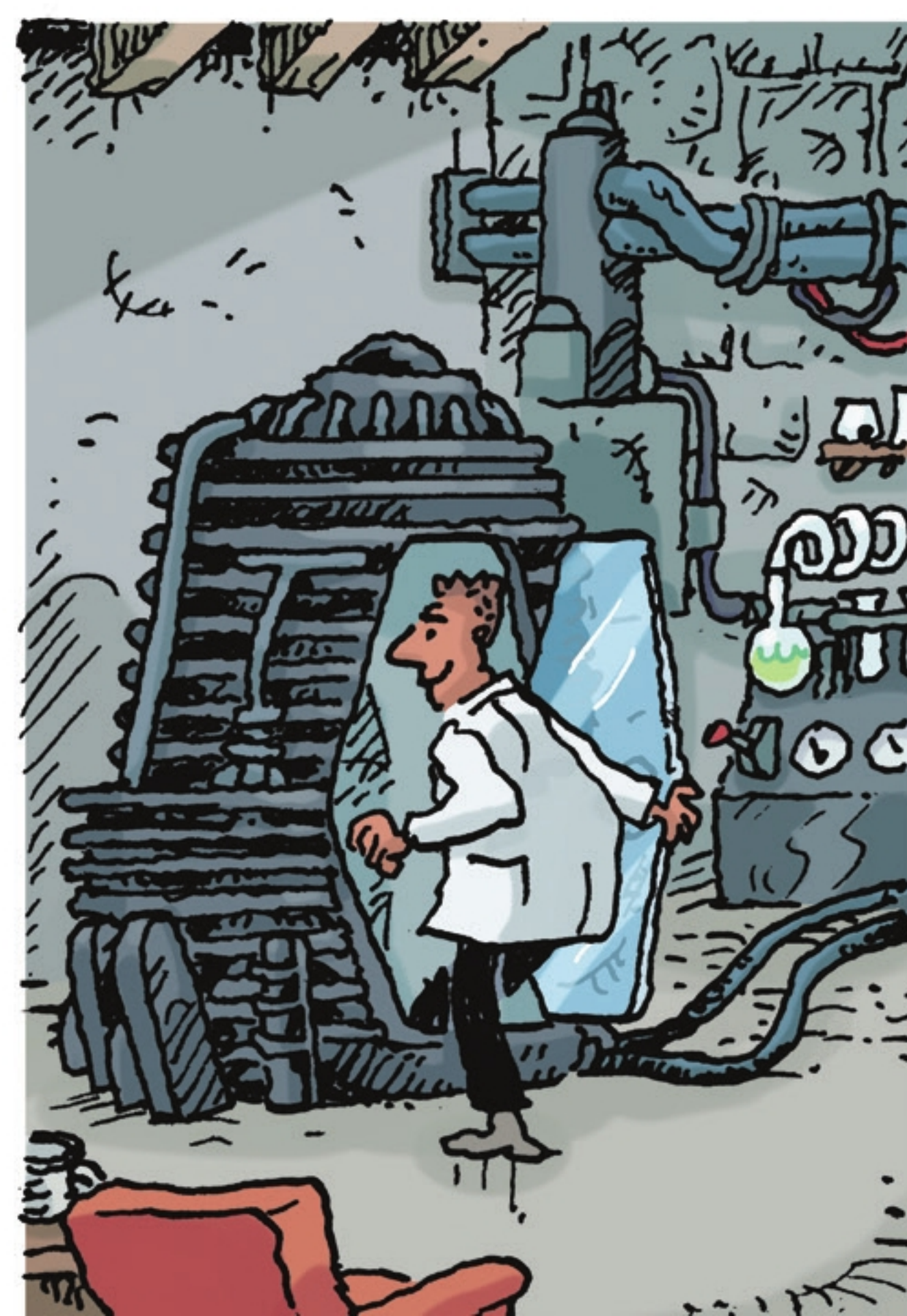
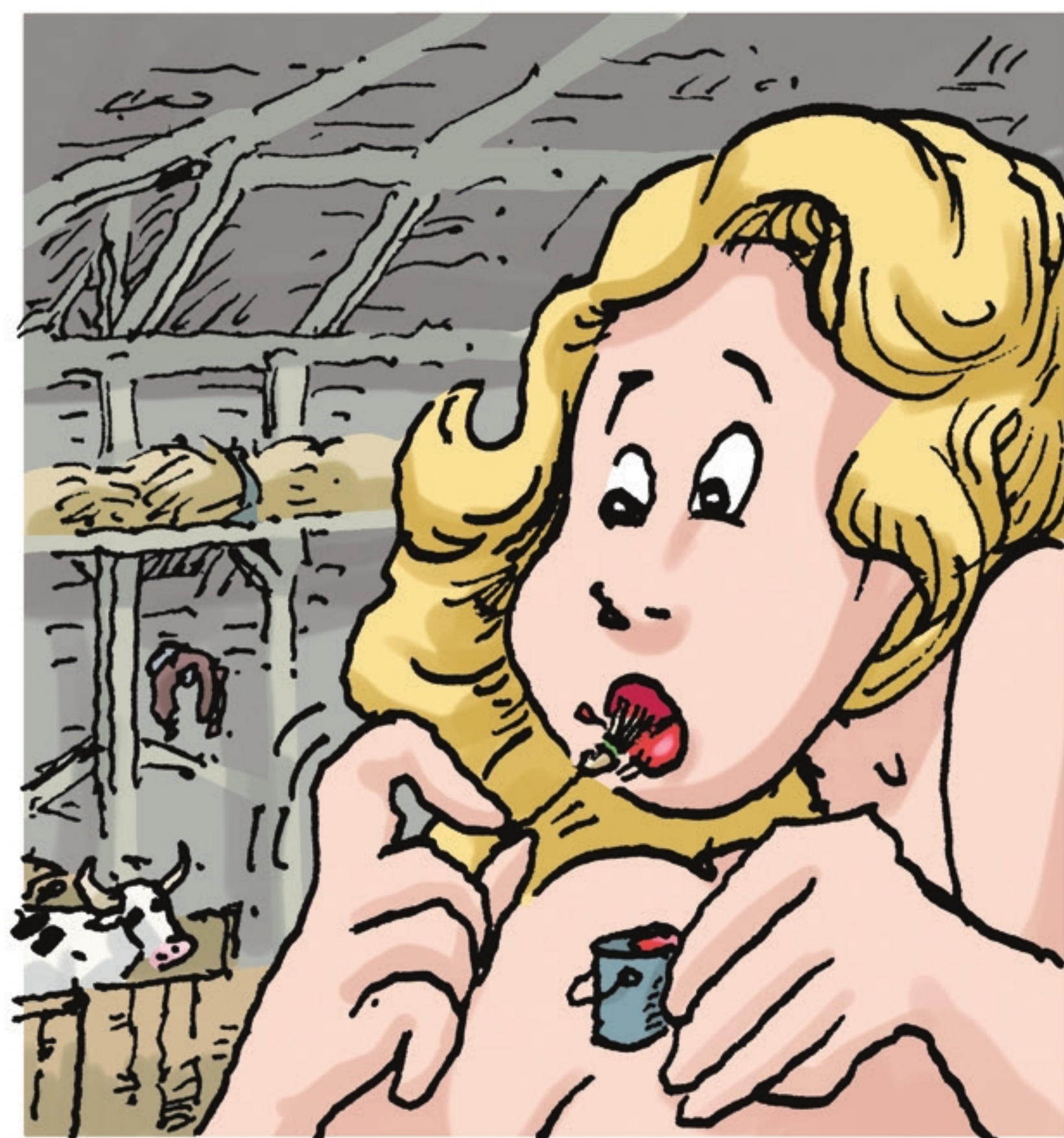
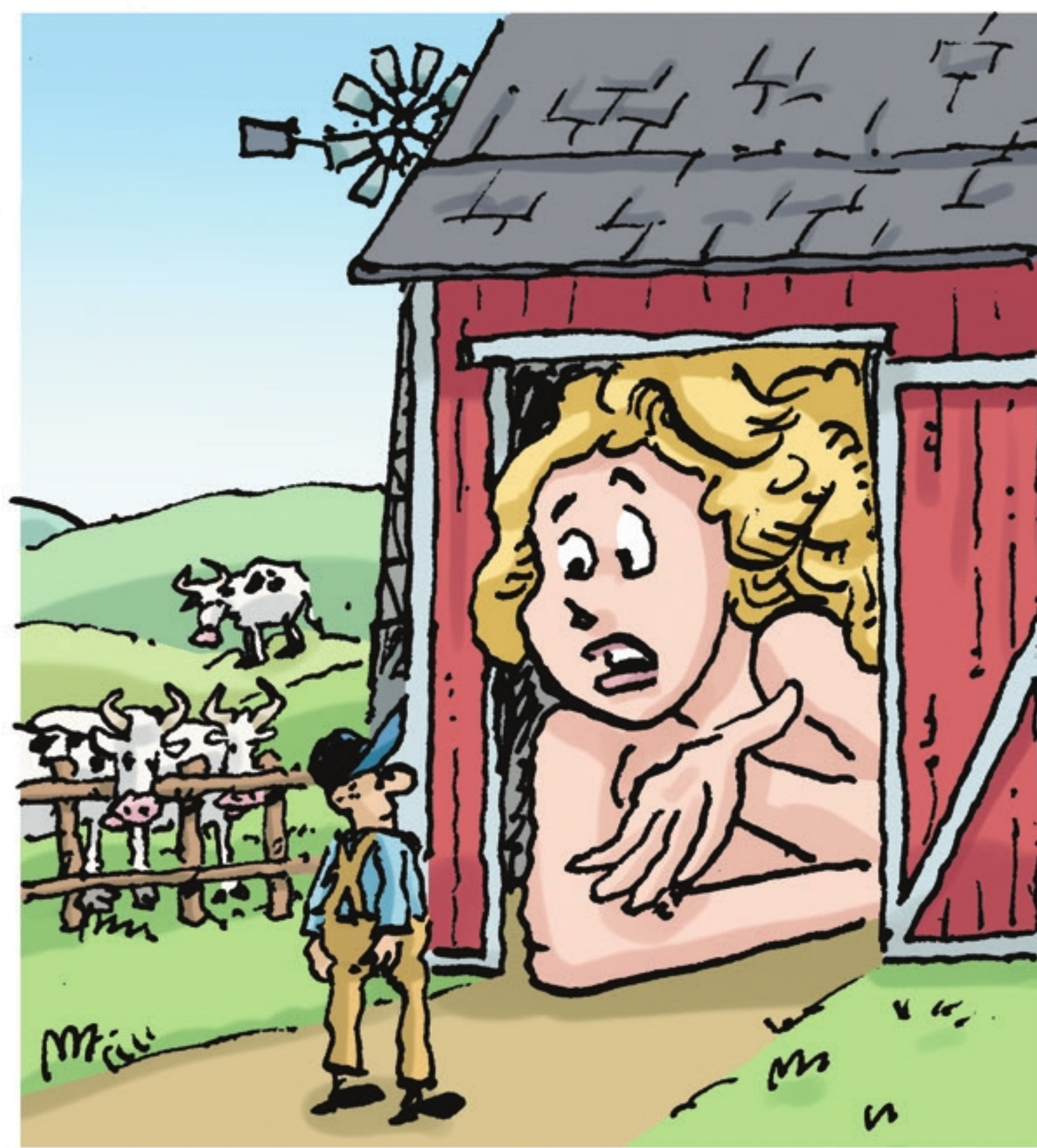
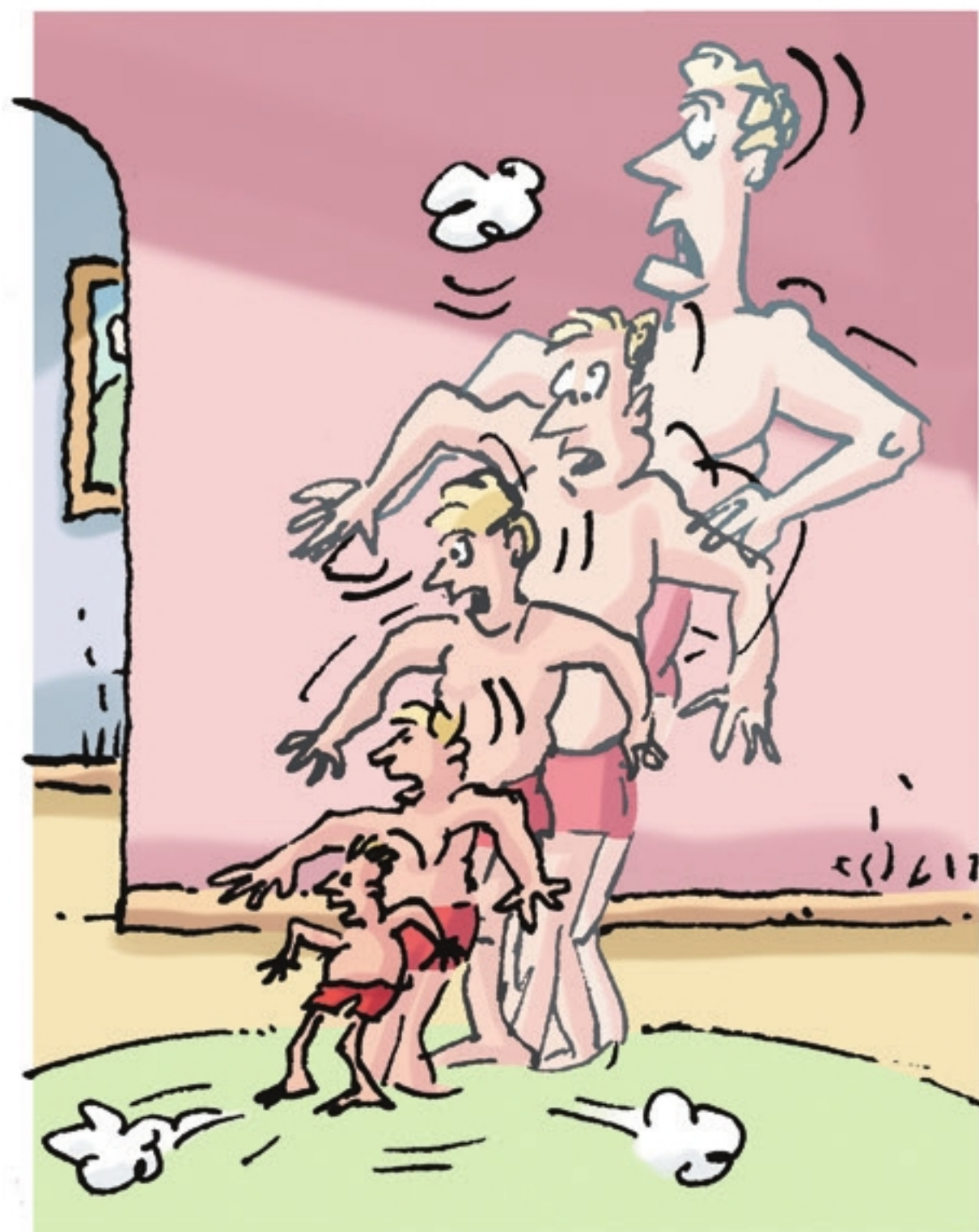
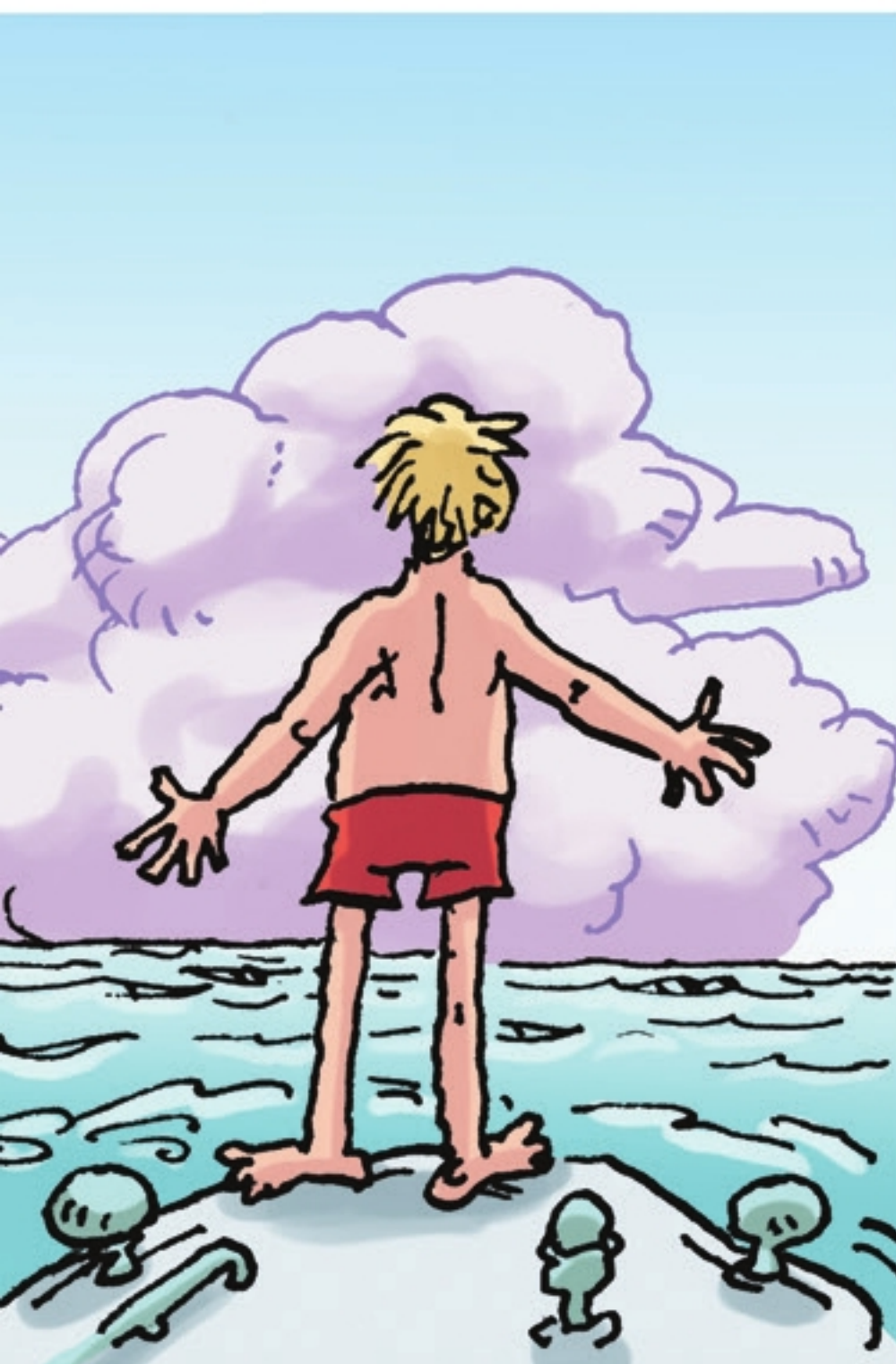
SERGIO ARAGONÉS
 PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK



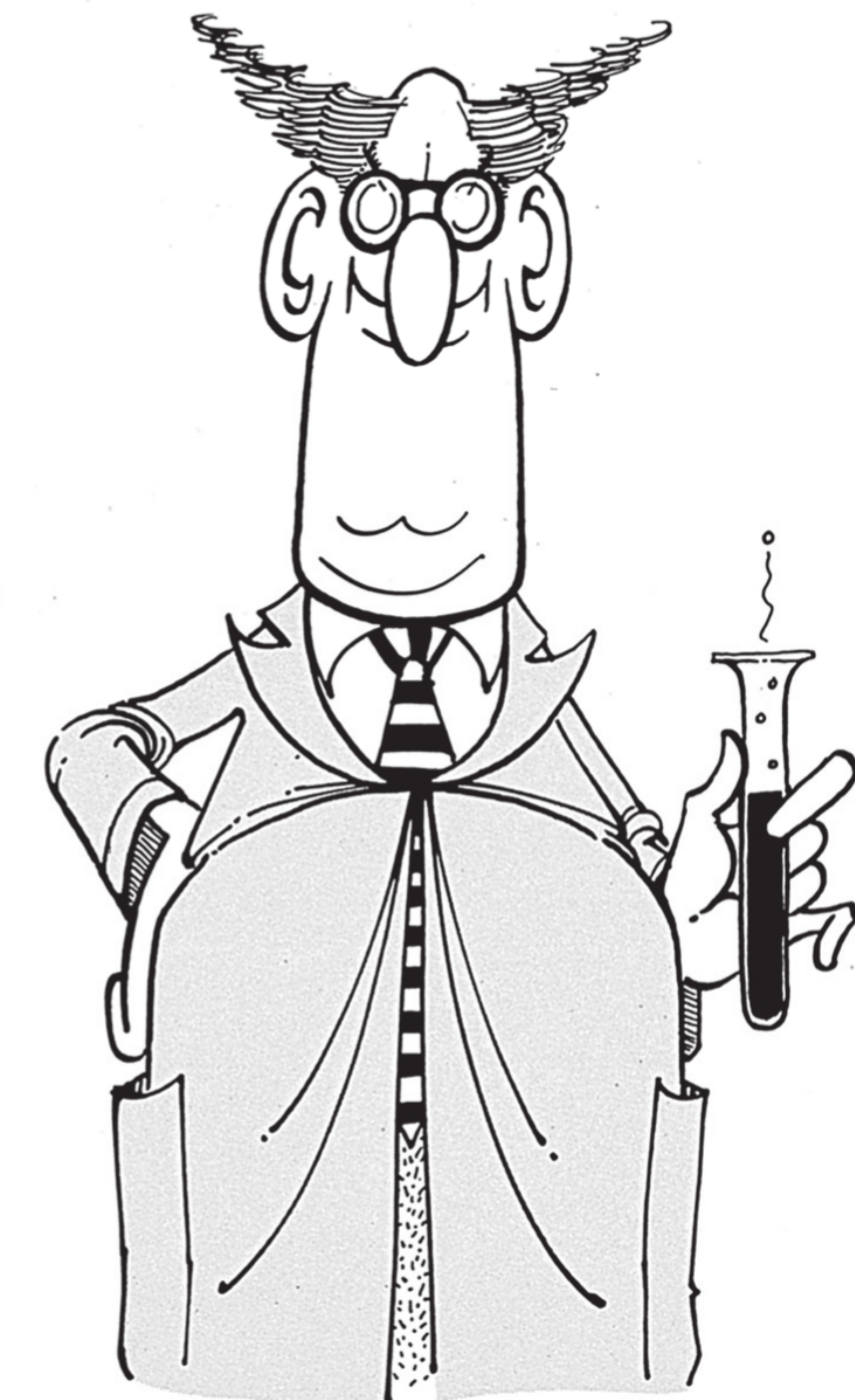
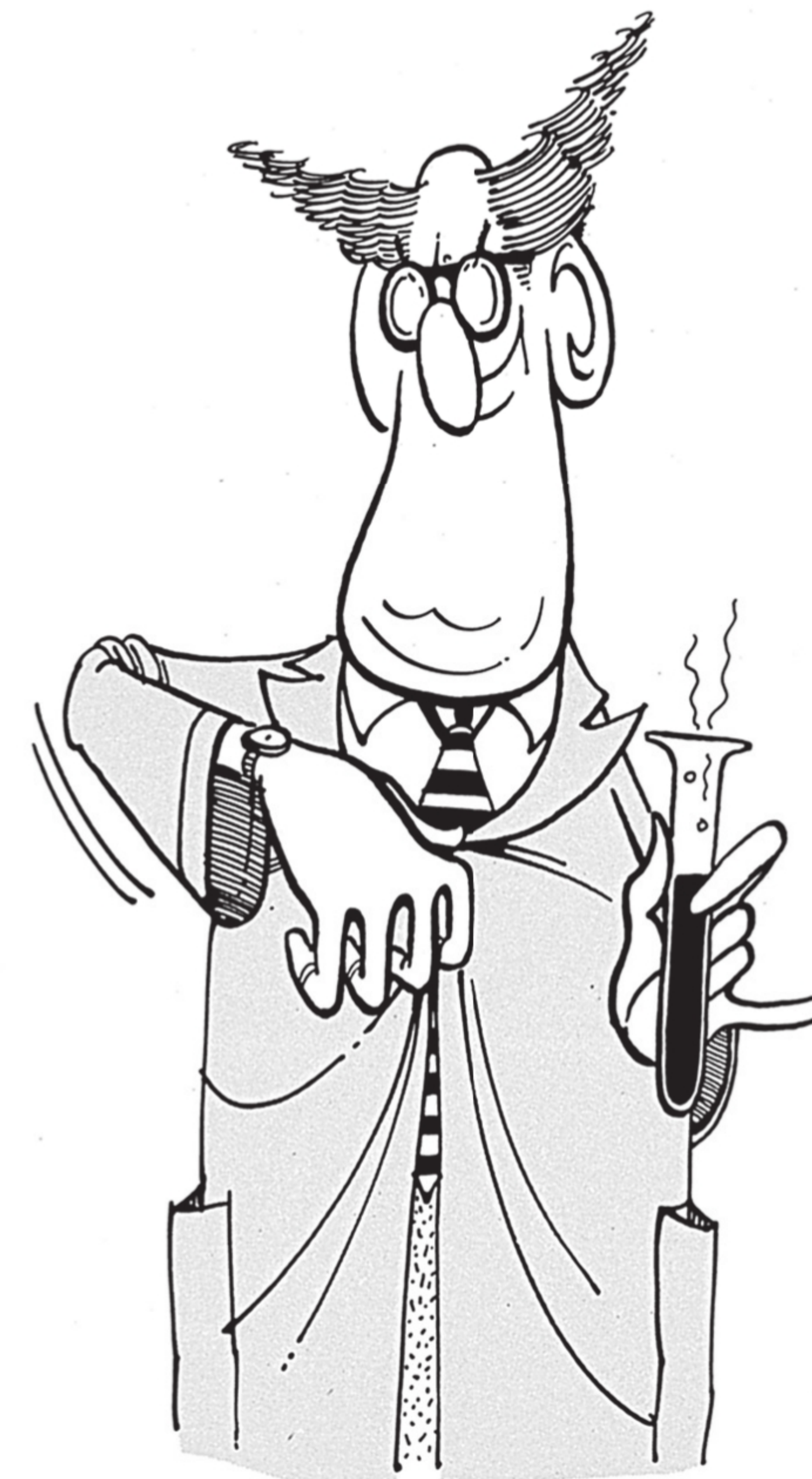
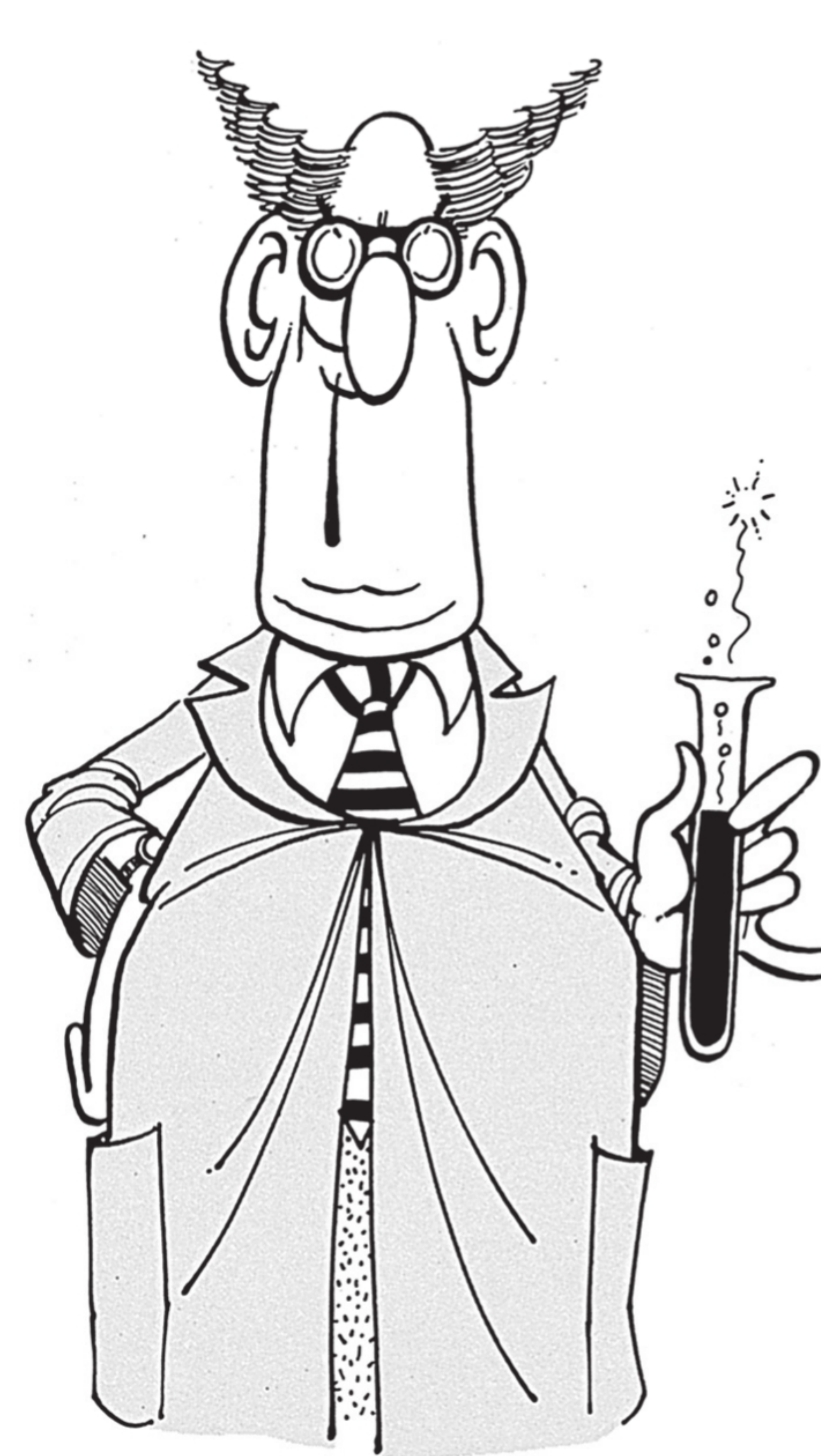
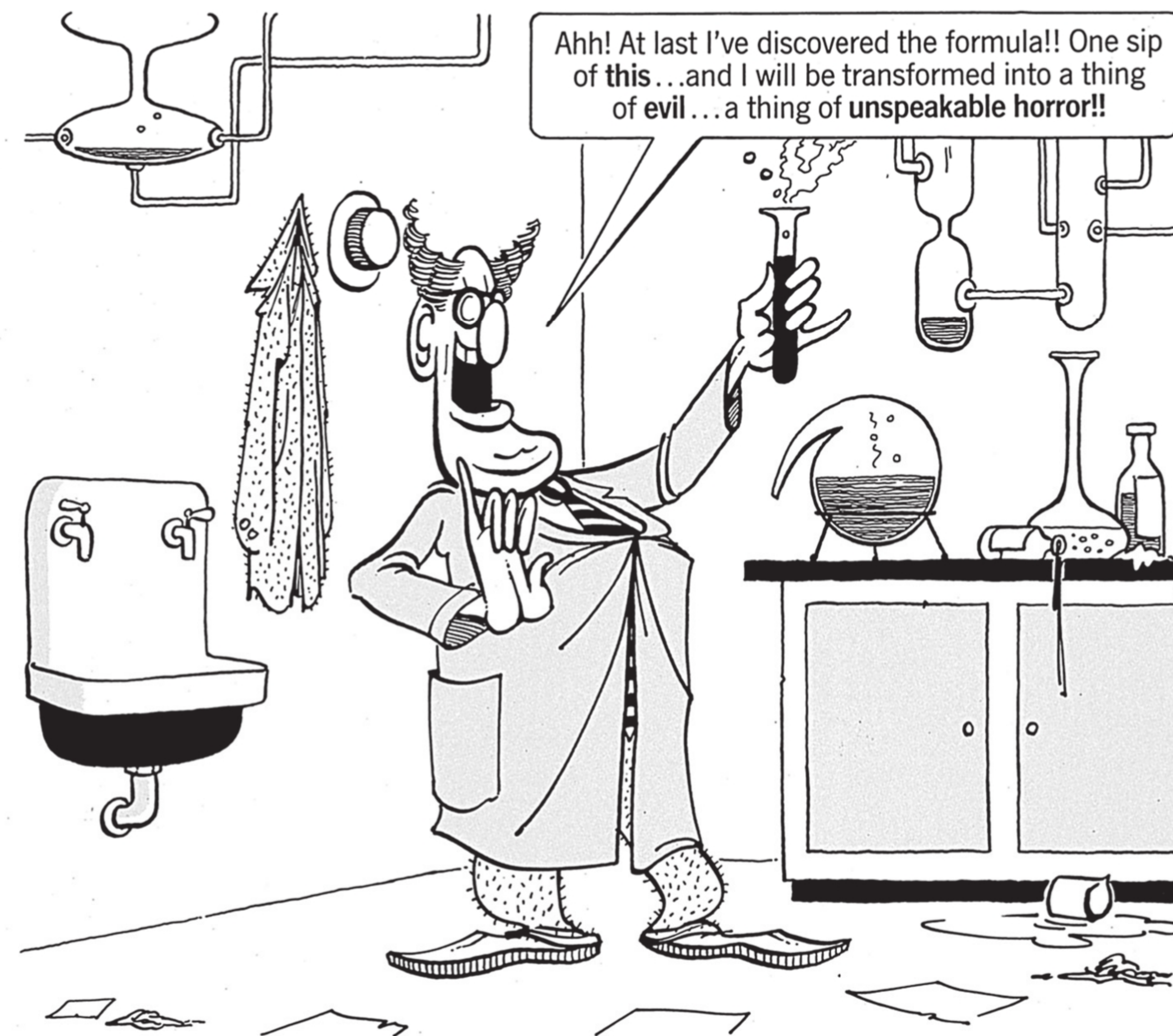
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



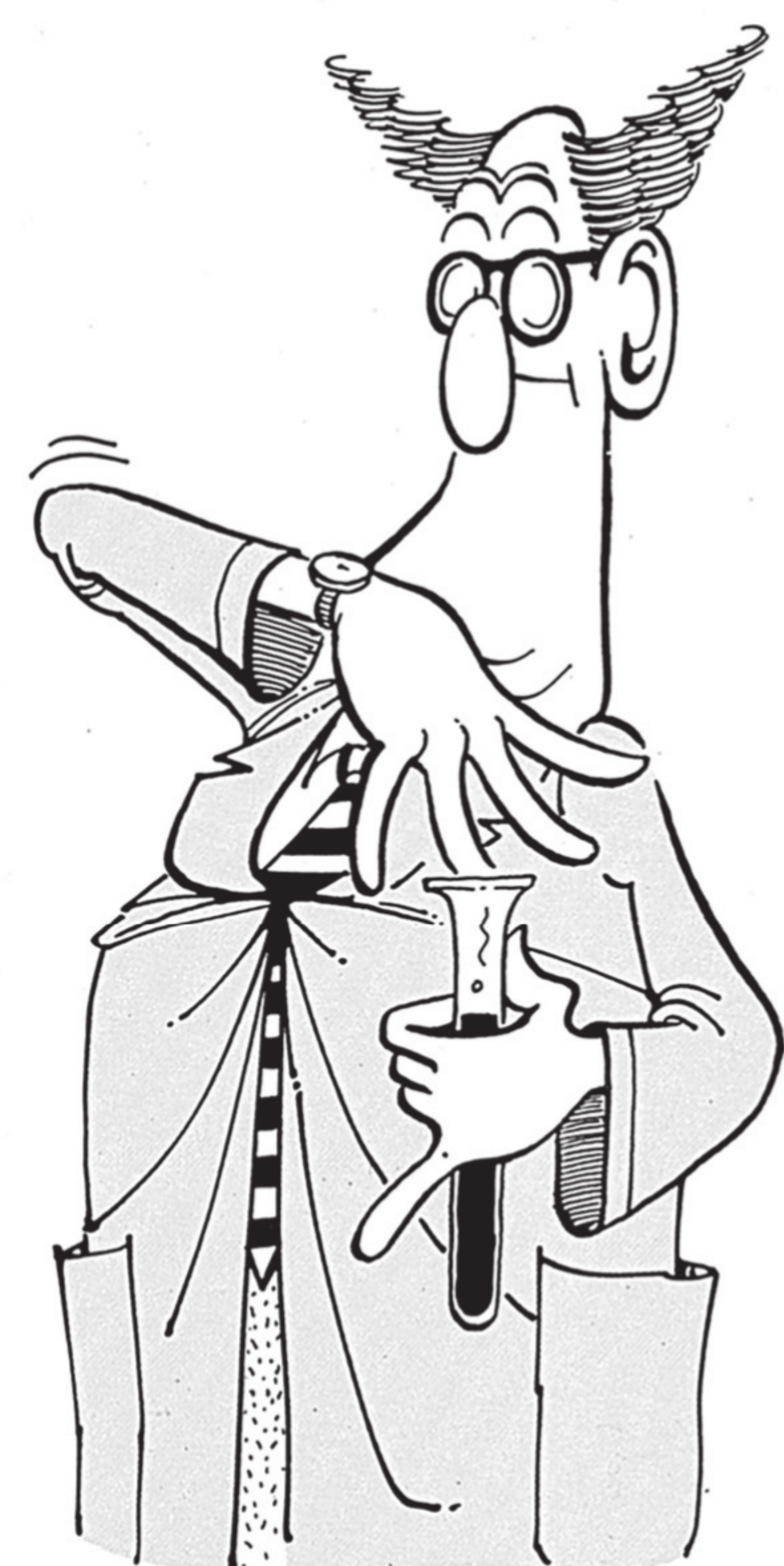


When Don Martin is mixing the drinks, you can rest assured that the results will be "Bottoms Up!"... especially when he tries to duplicate the experiments of his idols:

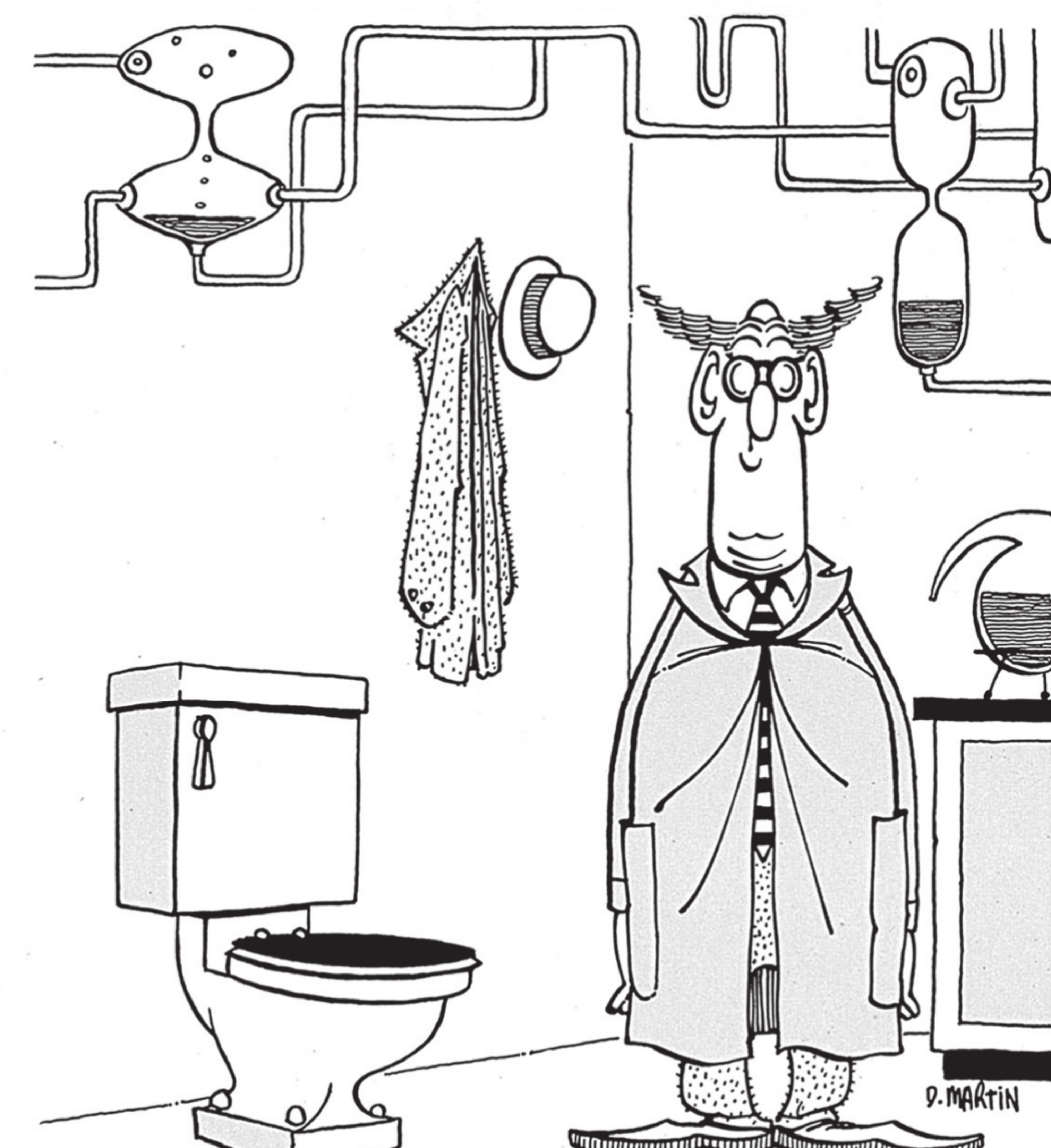
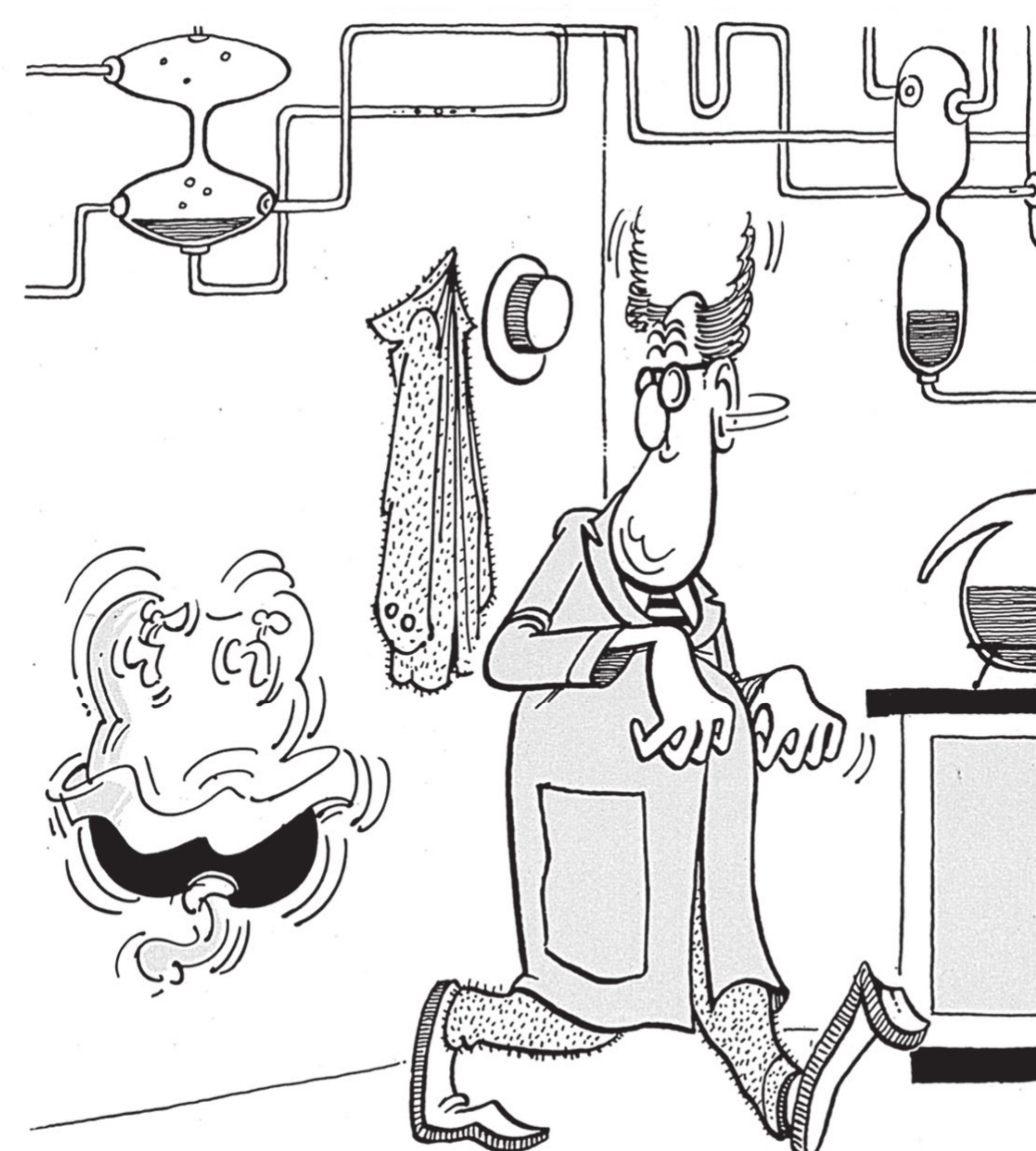
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

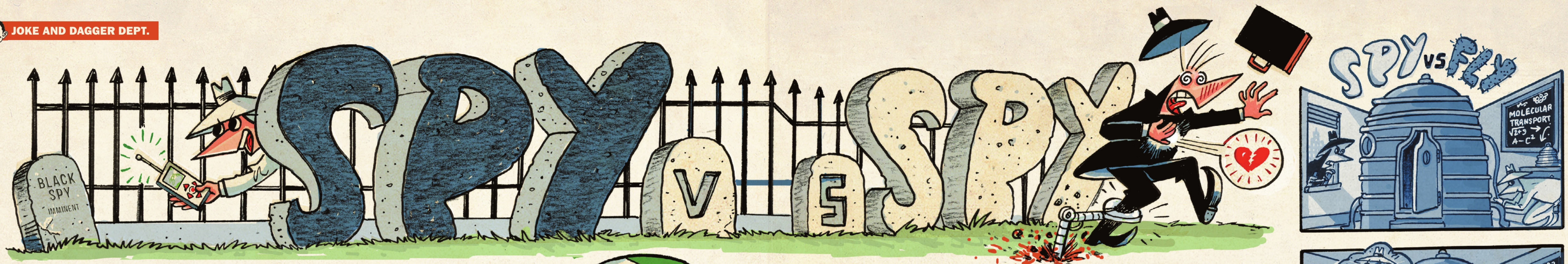


WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**

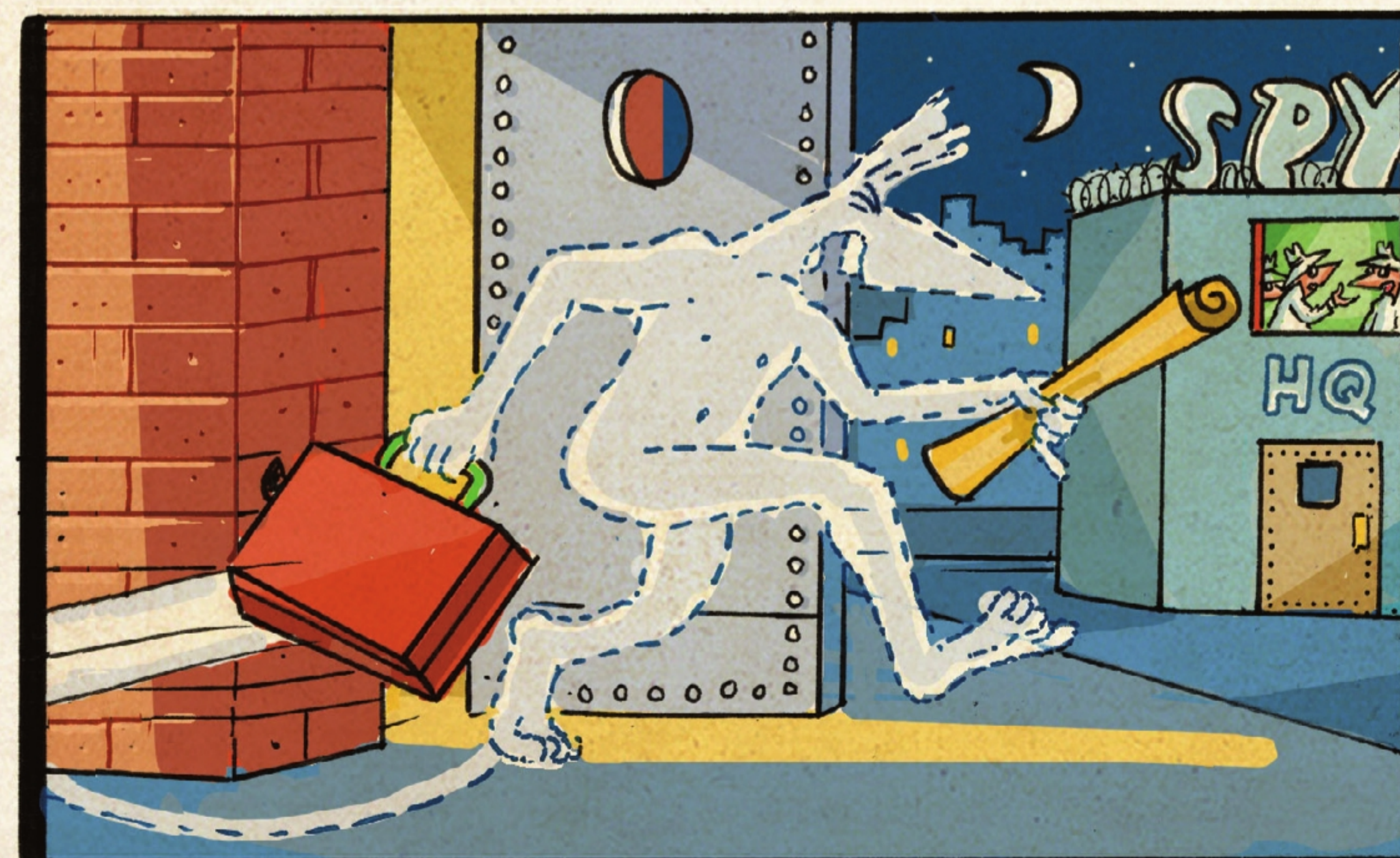
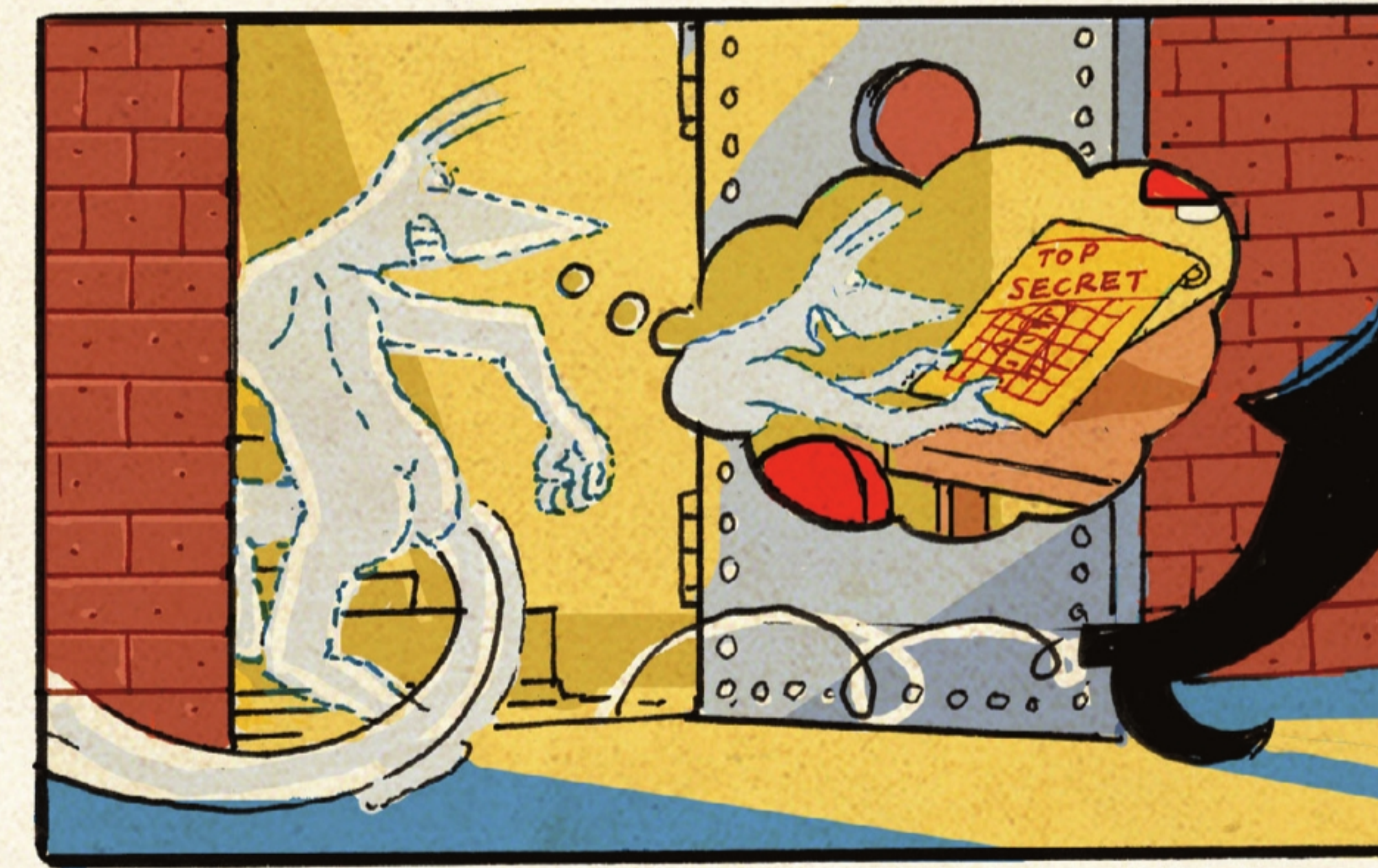
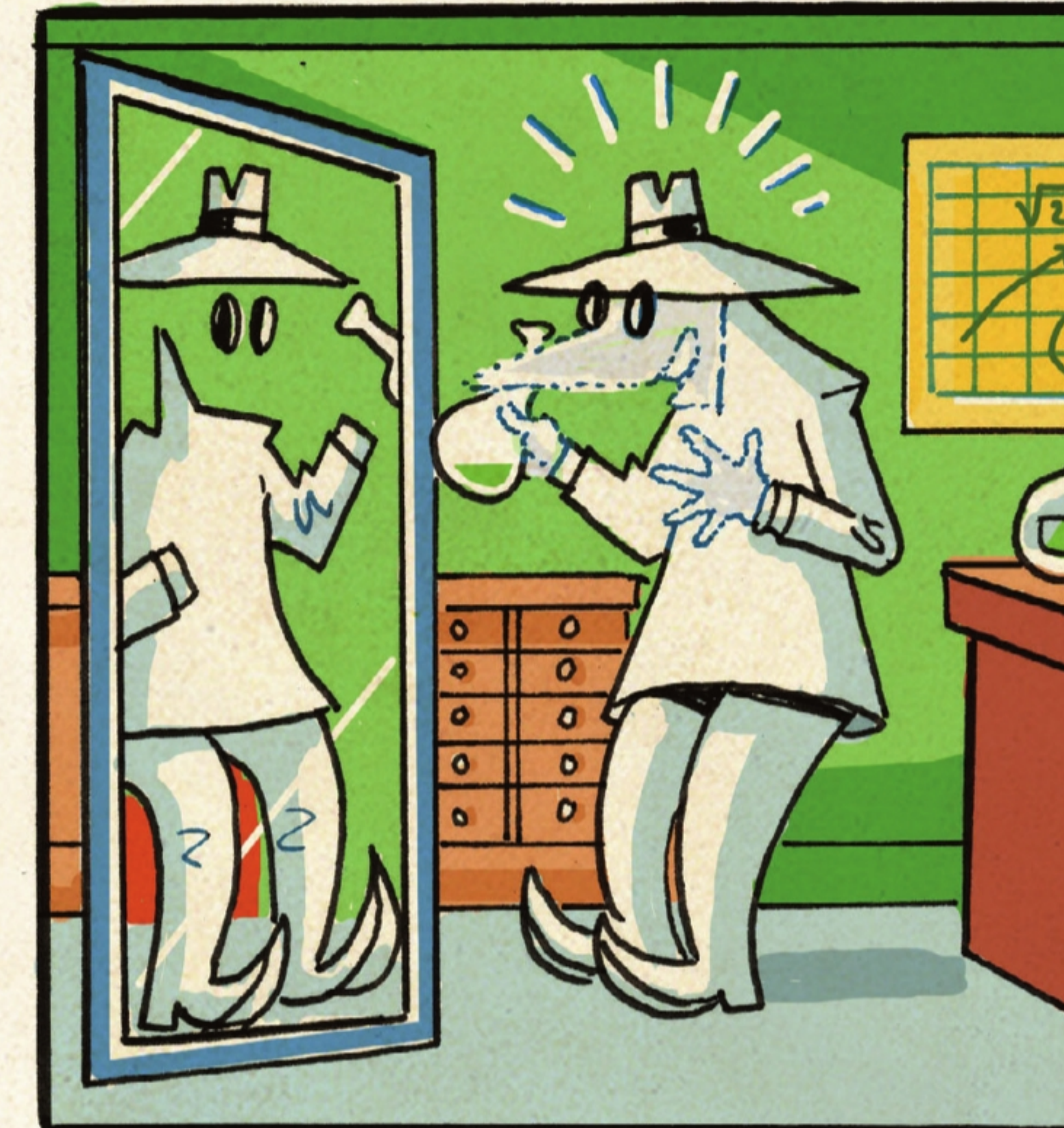


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #77, MAR 1963





WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



KUPER

Have you ever wondered what the creatures who populate the world invisible to the naked eye are thinking? The science editors at MAD felt this question has gone unanswered far too long! Unfortunately, that question will still remain unanswered by this article, which we call...

A MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

WRITER **PHIL HAHN** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**



Okay, Buster!
Where's the heartburn!?



Curious! It appears to be some sort of invisible shield!!



Isn't that disgusting! One lousy bit part in a "Stripe" commercial...and he goes Hollywood on us!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #70, APR 1962

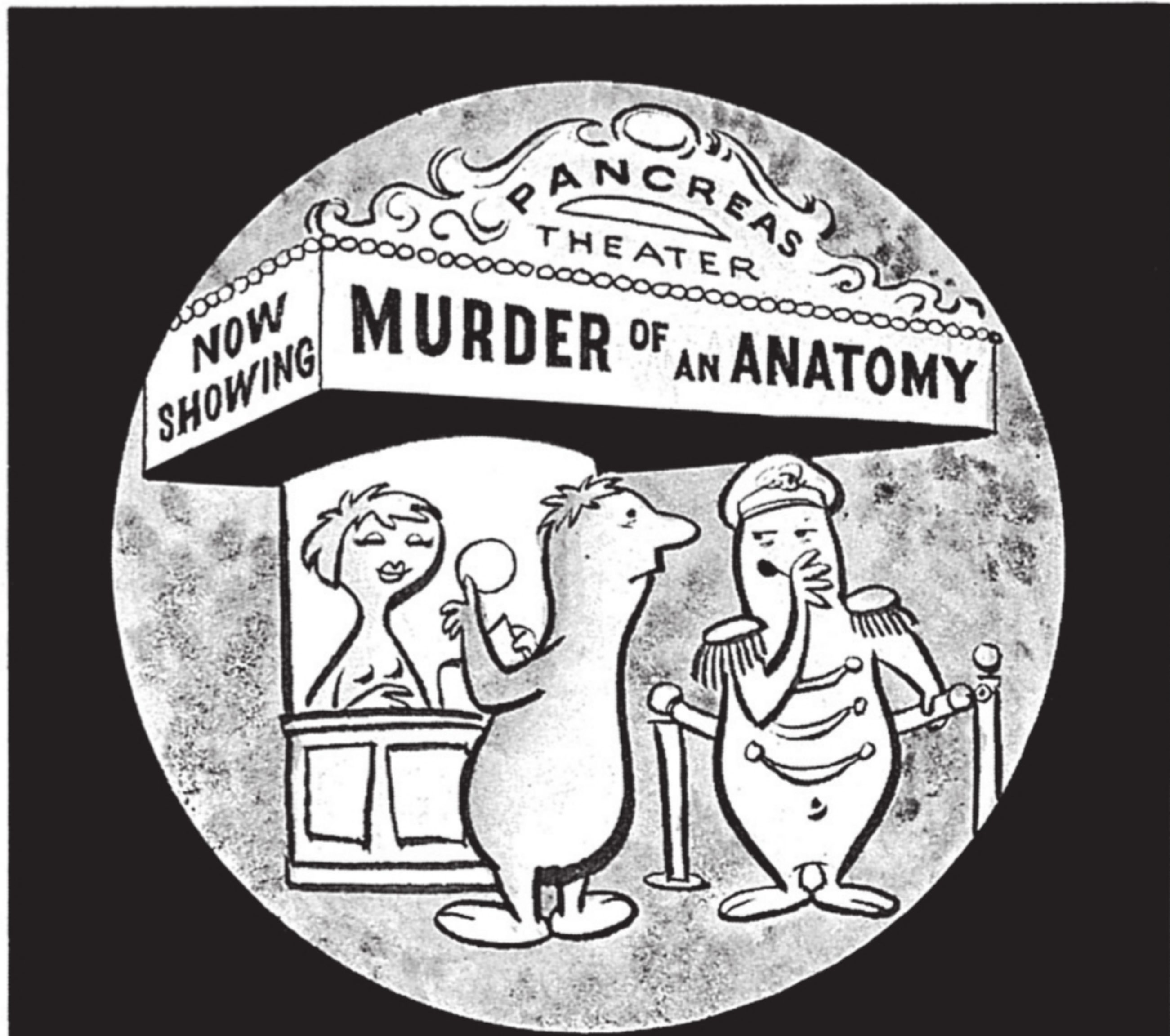
My problem is this recurring nightmare in which I discover I'm not a germ at all... just a psychosomatic illusion!



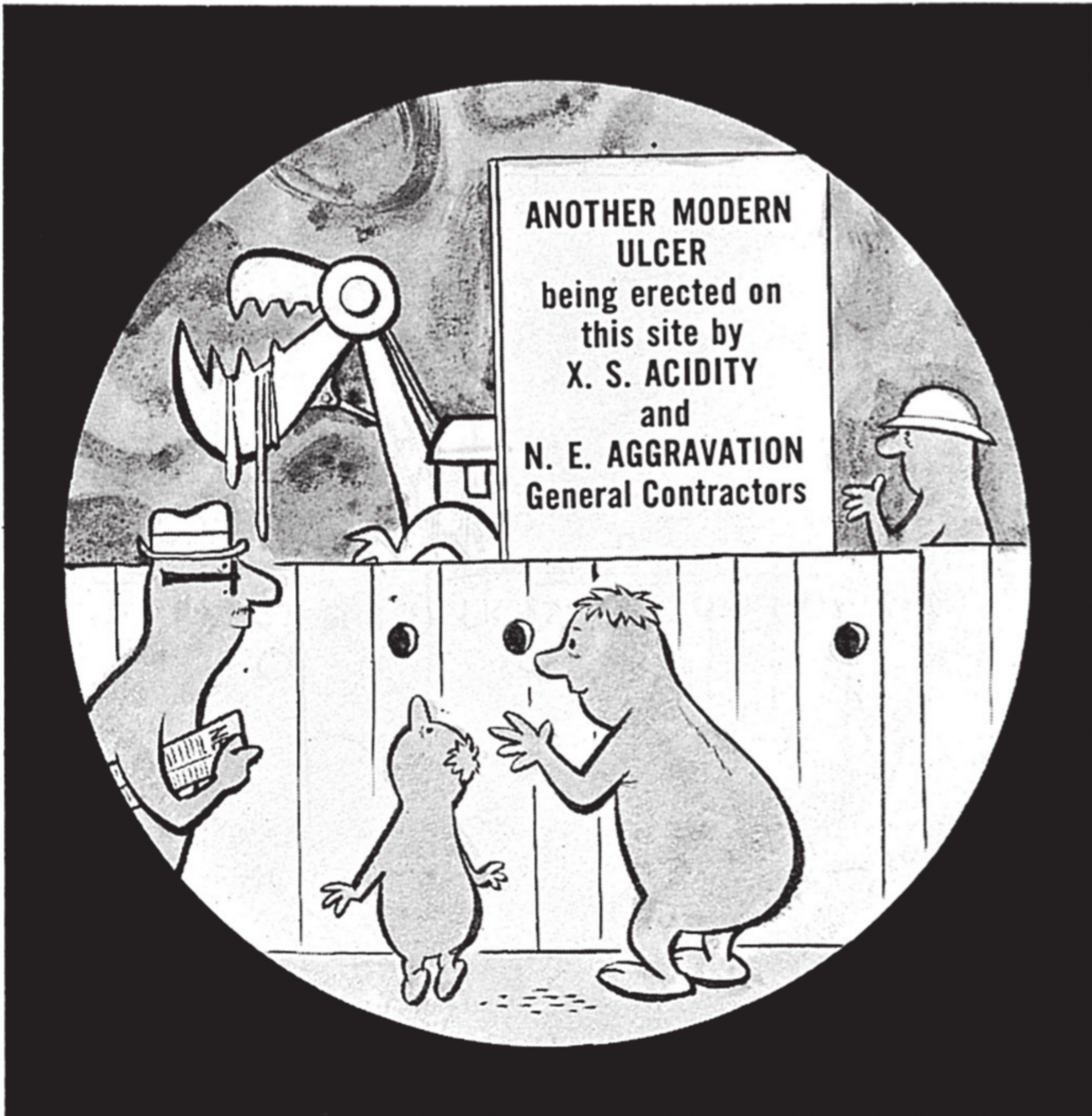
Then, Gentlemen, when you reach this point, a sneeze will automatically eject you, and you will be orbiting in outer space! Any questions?



To arms! To arms! The Miracle Drugs are coming!



The bacteria did it!



Whattya say we all go down t'de Stomach...an' start a rumble!?





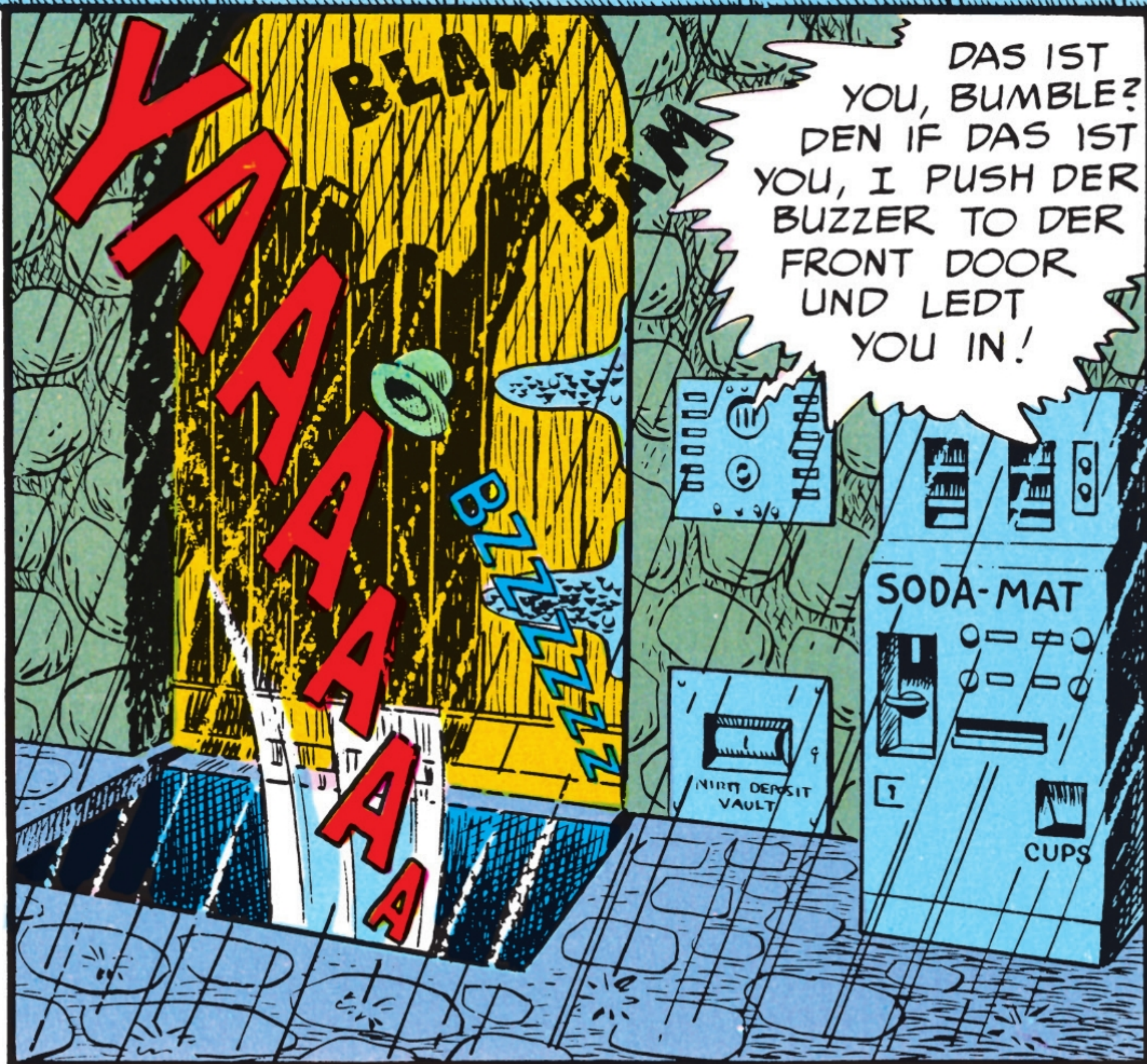
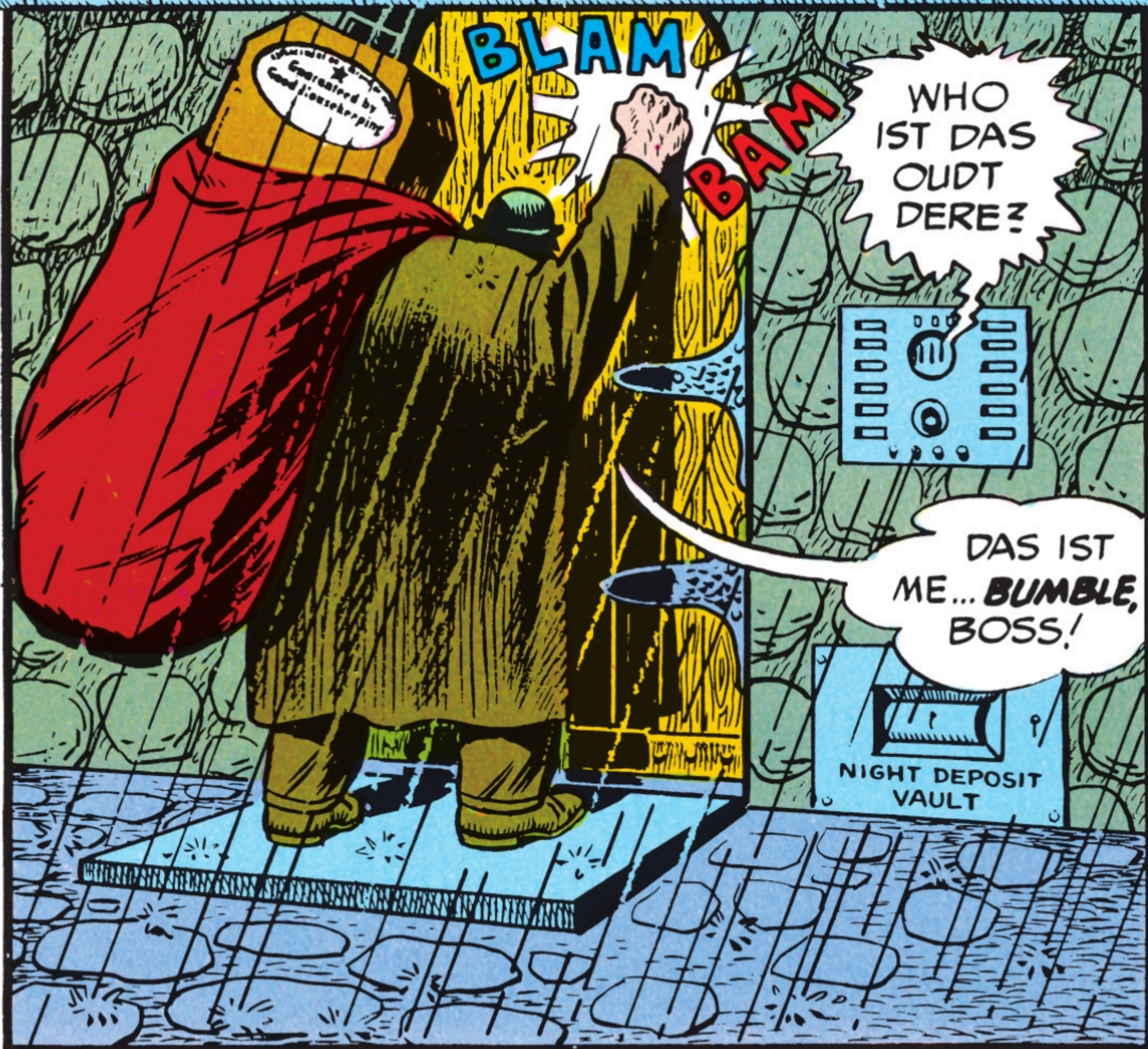
THE SCENE FOR THIS REAL CRAZY STORY IS SET IN THE LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN OF VEEBLEFETZER! A FIGURE, BENT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF A GRISLY RED SACK, IS SEEN TOILING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE CASTLE OF BARON VON STEIN!...BARON FRANCESCO NAPOLEON STEIN...KNOWN FOR SHORT AS...

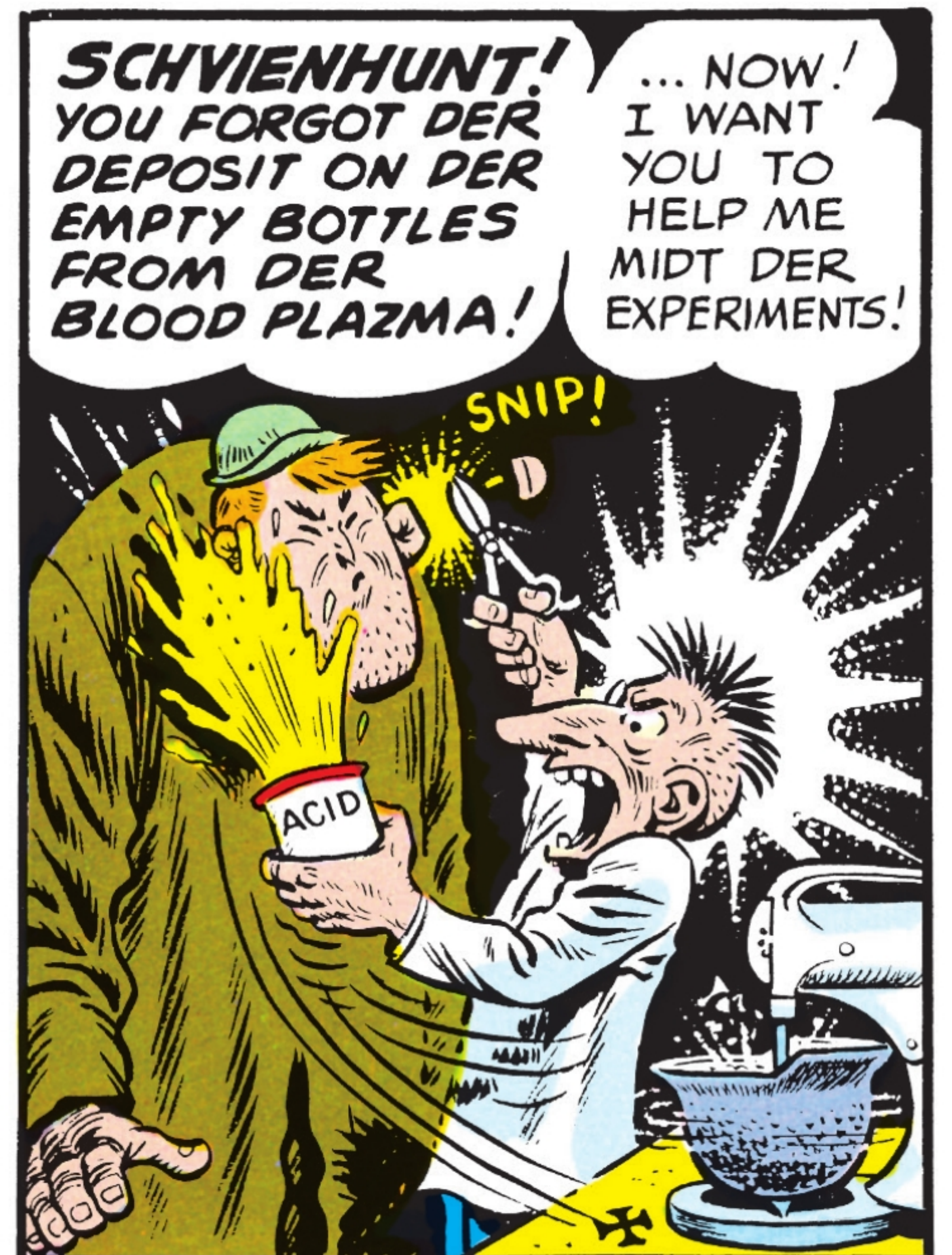
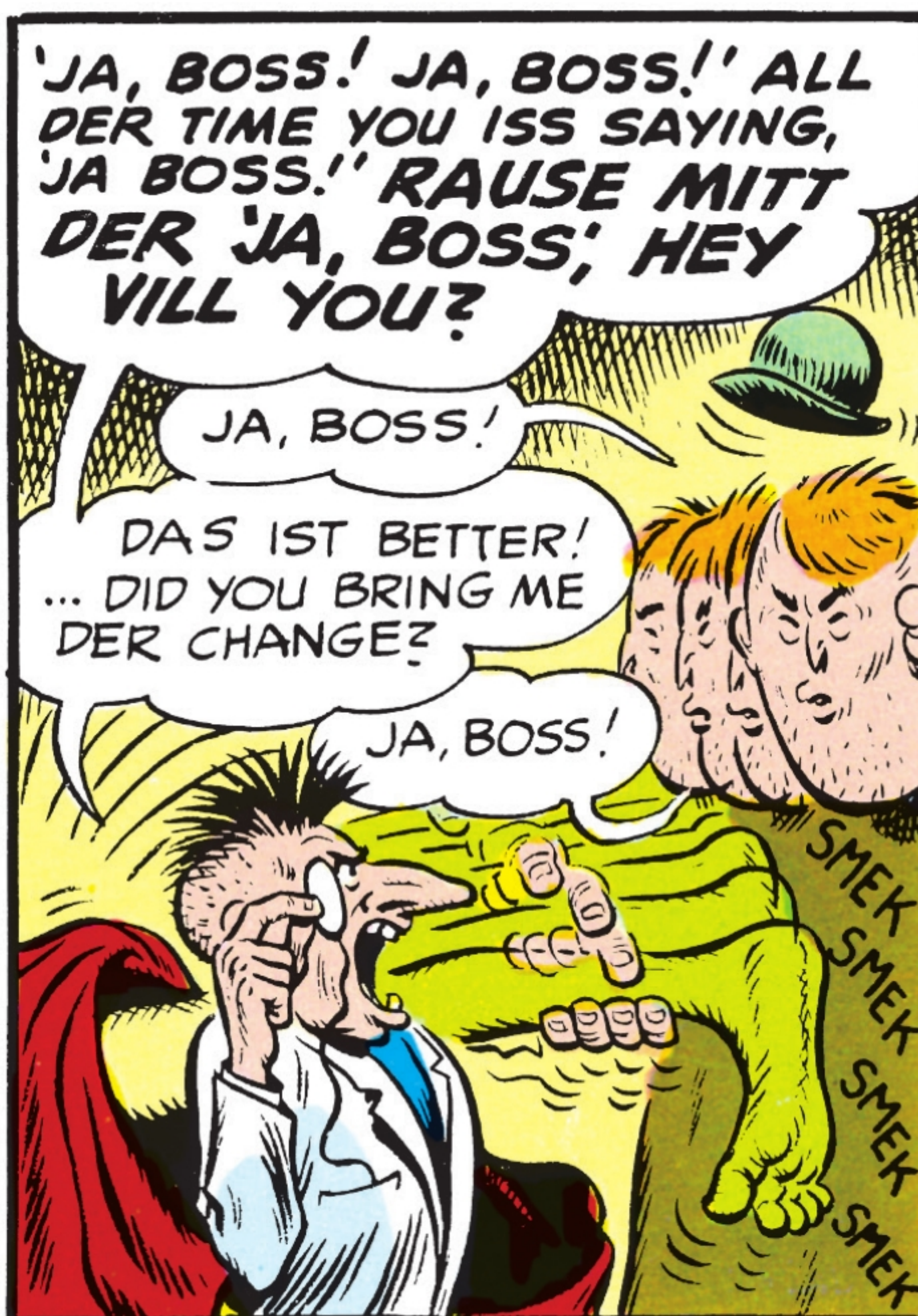
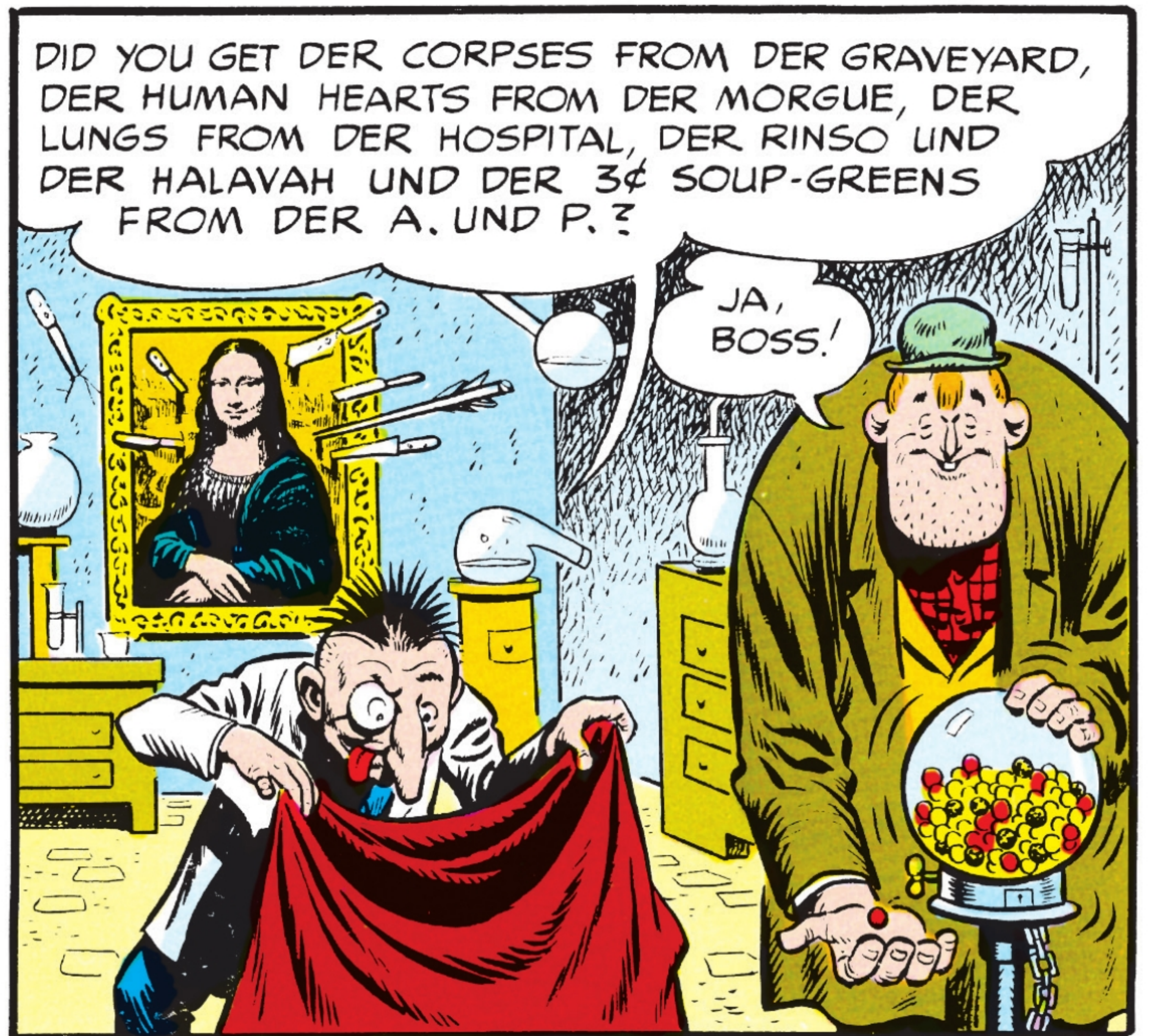
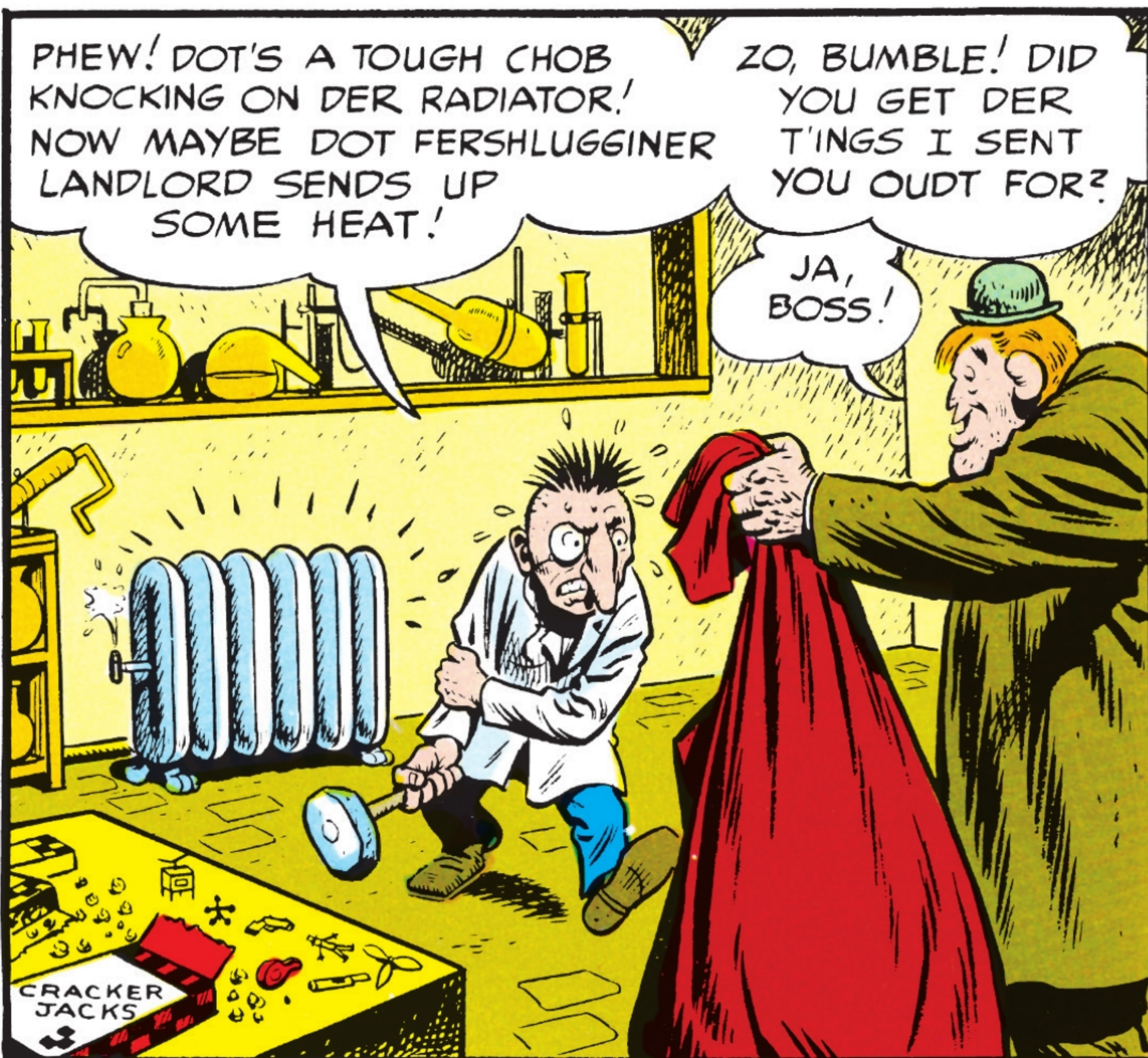
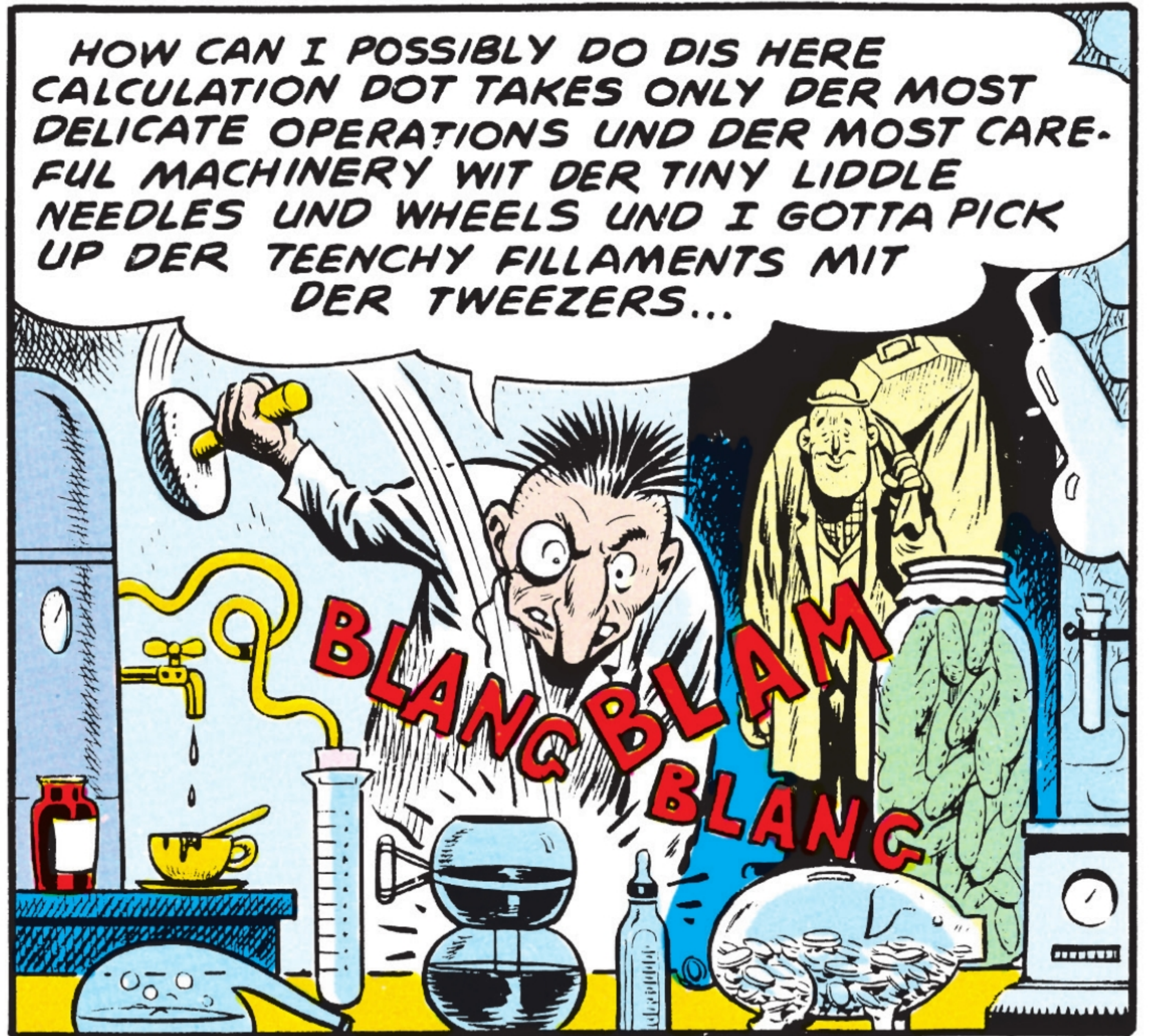
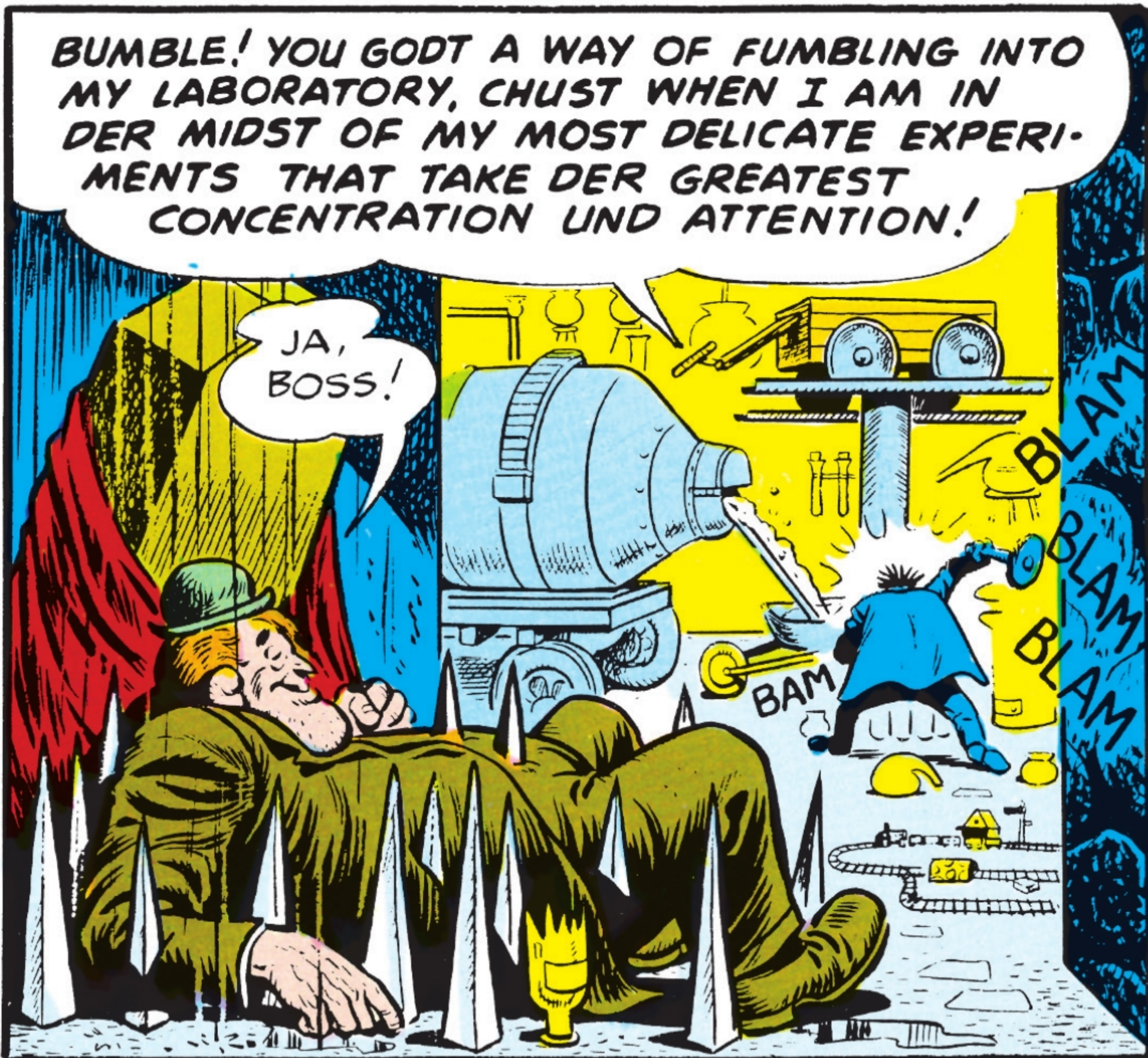
FRANK N. STEIN!



WRITER HARVEY KURTZMAN ARTIST WILL ELDER

TURN NEXT CIRCLE
FOR
HOWARD JOHNSON'S





UND **NOW**...VE OPERATE! VE GOT TO MAKE EFFRYTING VERY **SANITARY**!

BUT BOSS! DAT'S WHERE I DUG UP DA BODIES FROM...THE **SANITARY**!

DUMPKOFF! DAS IST **SEMETARY**, NOT **SANITARY**!

SANITARY IS THE FIRST NAME OF THAT GUY WHO COMES ON CHRISTMAS! ... **SANITARY** CLAUSE!

UND NOW DOT VE GOT DER HANDS CLEANED... DER FACE WASHED... DER STOCKINGS CHANGED... DER SHOES ON, AND DER NOSE BLOWED... WE GO... INTO DER **OPERATING ROOM** WHERE WE HAVE... **DER MACHINE**!

...**ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WORKING TO CREATE LIFE... TO TAKE DIFFERENT PORTIONS OF DEAD BODIES... PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND MAKE A NEW SUPERHUMAN BODY THAT LIVES... AND WITH THIS MAGNIFICENT MACHINE... WITH THIS FANTASTIC MACHINE I CAN DO IT! WITH THIS PHENOMENAL MACHINE I CAN PUT THE PORTIONS TOGETHER!**

SOME FANTASTIC MACHINE, HA, BOY?

I GOT LITTLE ATTACHMENTS WITH THIS MACHINE! I CAN MAKE BUTTONHOLES... MONOGRAMS... PLENTY THINGS, BOY!

WHIRRRRR

LATA TEE-DA B

UND NOW TO GIVE IT DER HAND-STITCHING! YOU **GOT TO HAVE** DER HAND-STITCHING IN DER LAPELS UND IN DER SHOULDERS! IT IS A VUNDERBAR T'ING I GOT HERE... PLAIN PIPE RACKS, OR ELSE I COULD NEFER AFFORD TO SEW TOGEDDER DIS HERE MONSTER!

LEE-TA TTYA

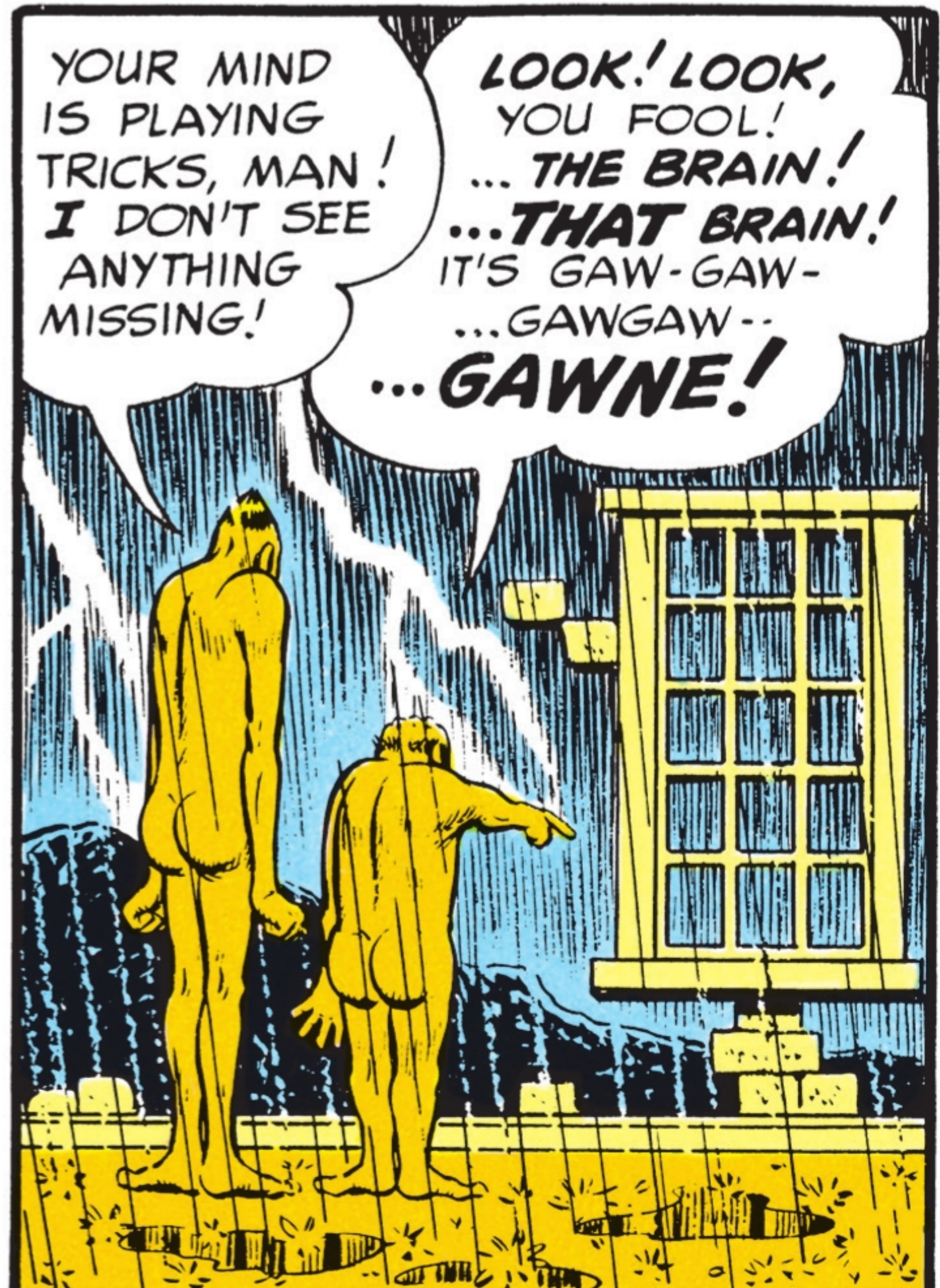
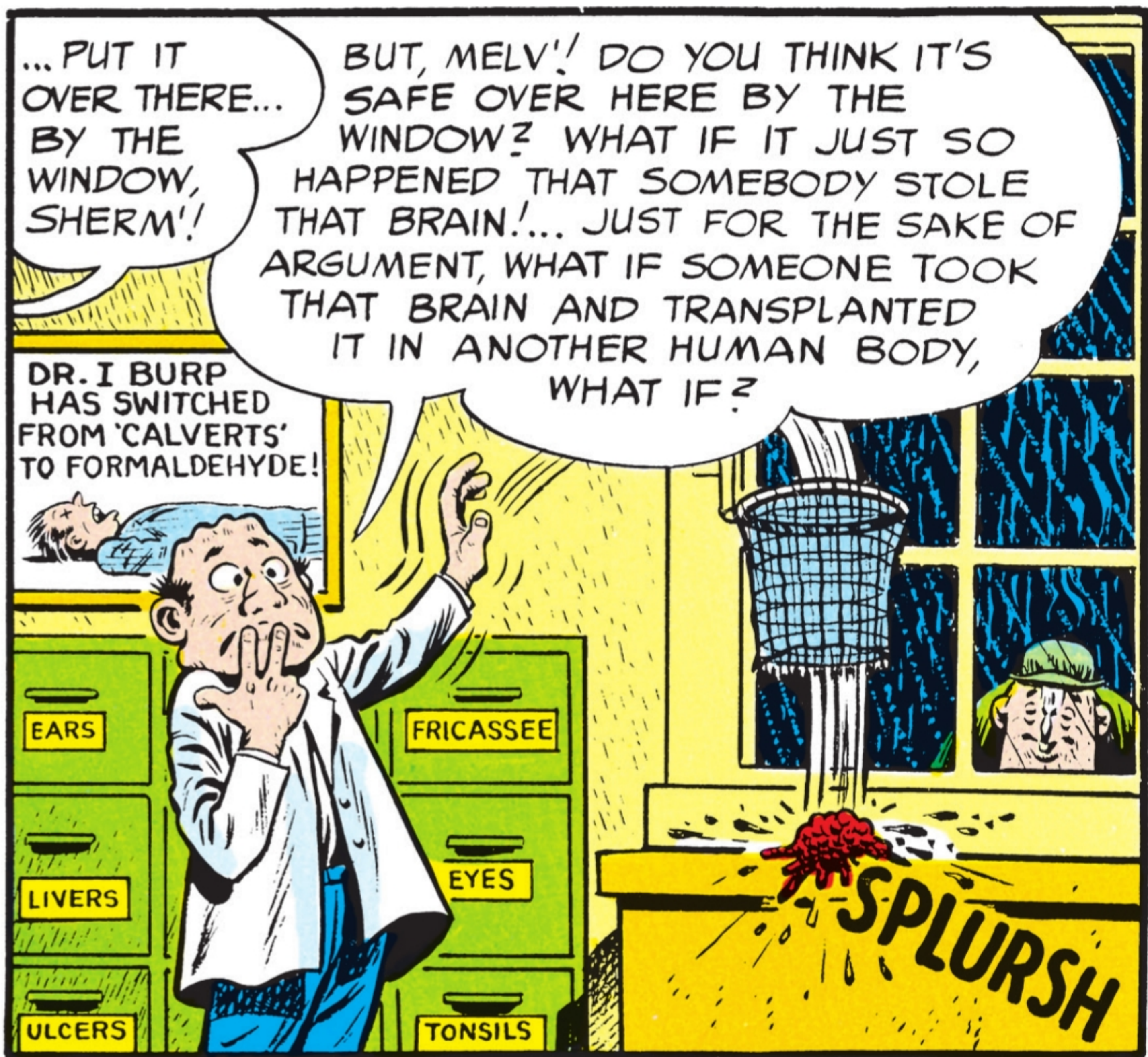
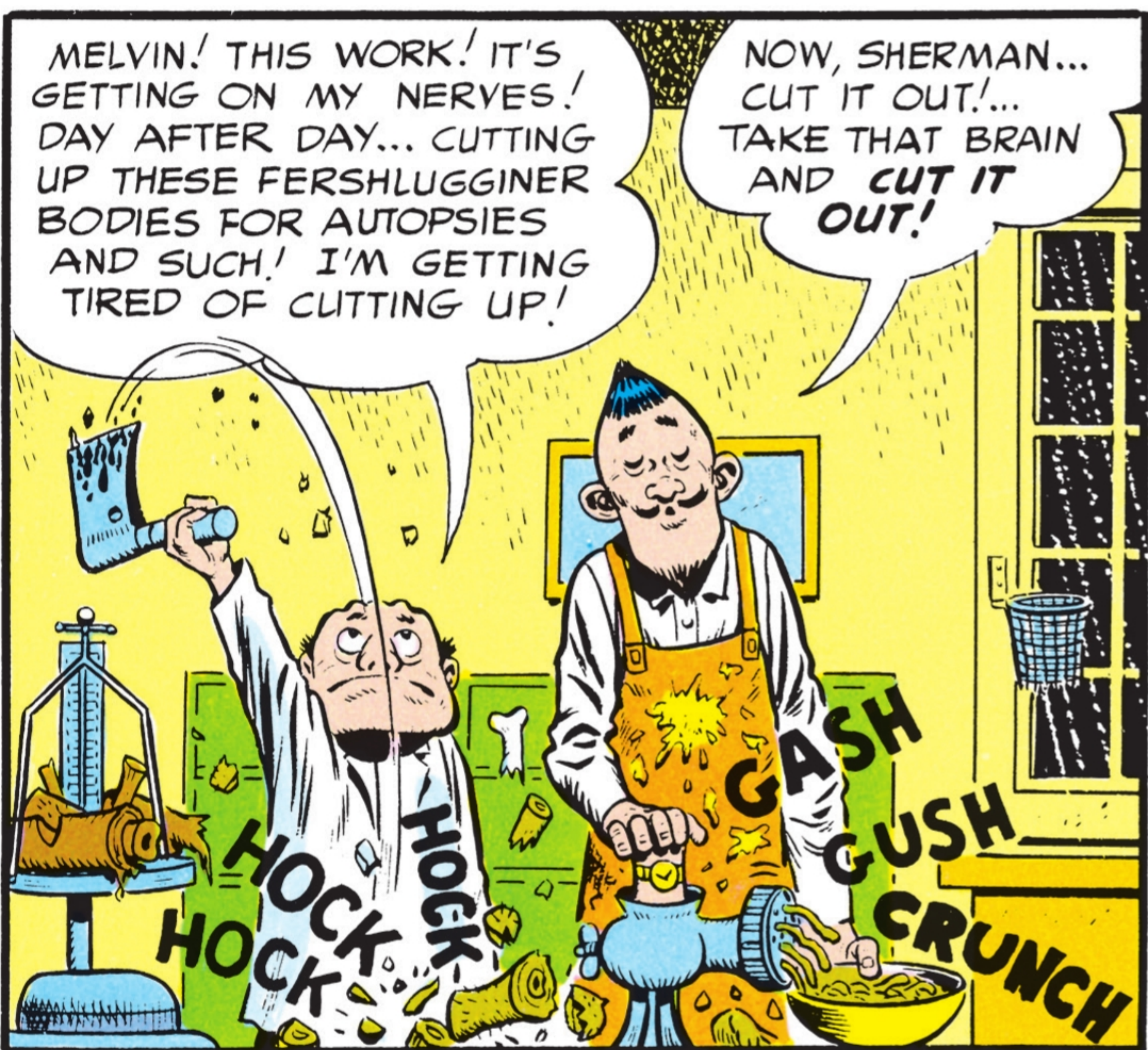
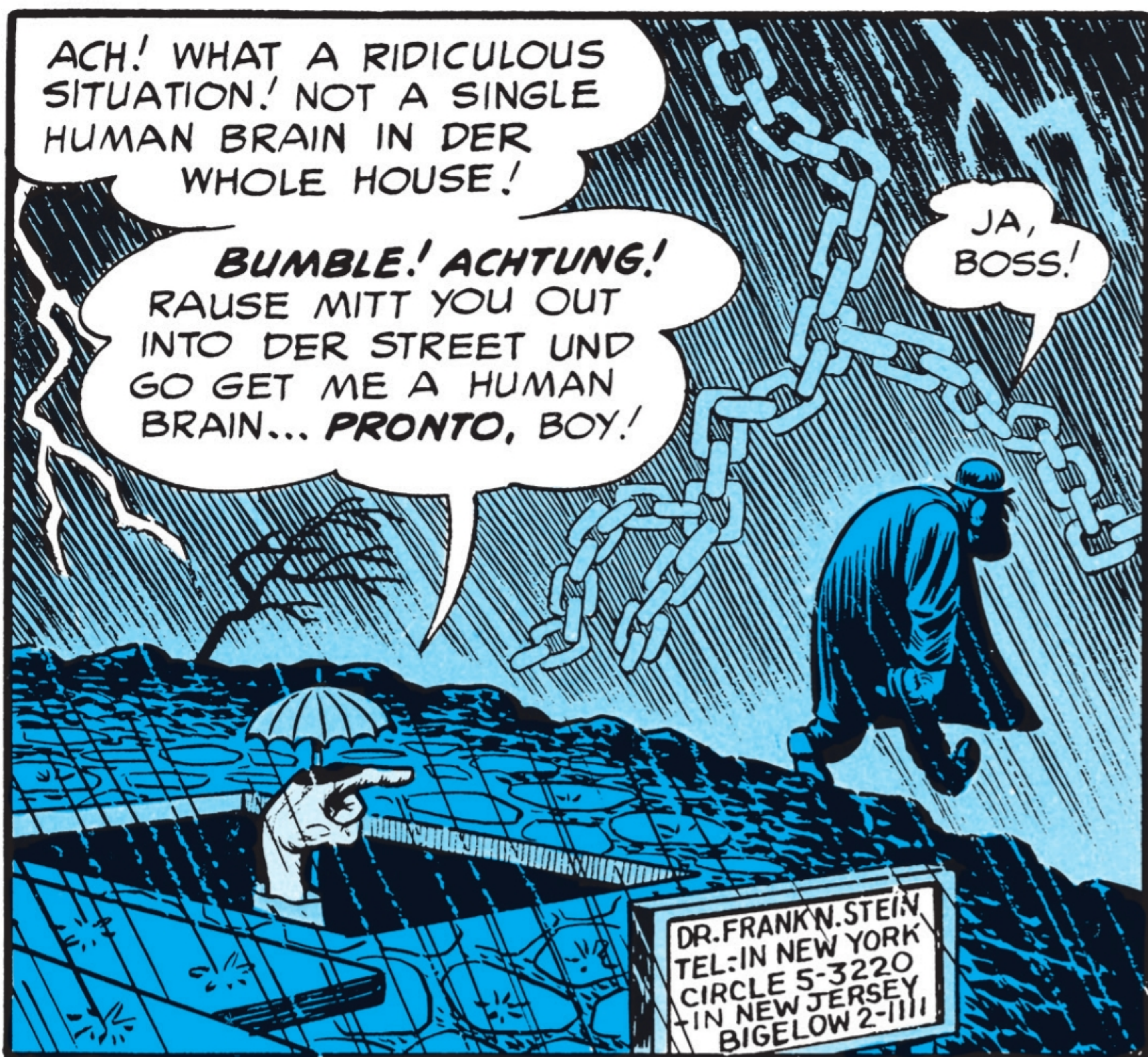
HA!... AT LAST! DER BODY IS COMPLETE! NOW I GOT TO PUT DER **INSIDE** INTO DER **OUTSIDE**!... LET ME SEE NOW! FIRST I PUT IN A LIDDLE **BIG** INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN... A LIDDLE **LIDDLE** INTESTINE!... DEN I PUT IN A LIDDLE **WISHBONE**... A LIDDLE **FUNNY-BONE**... A PINCH OF SALT MIT A DASH OF PAPRIKA... UND A SPLASH OF SCOTCH...

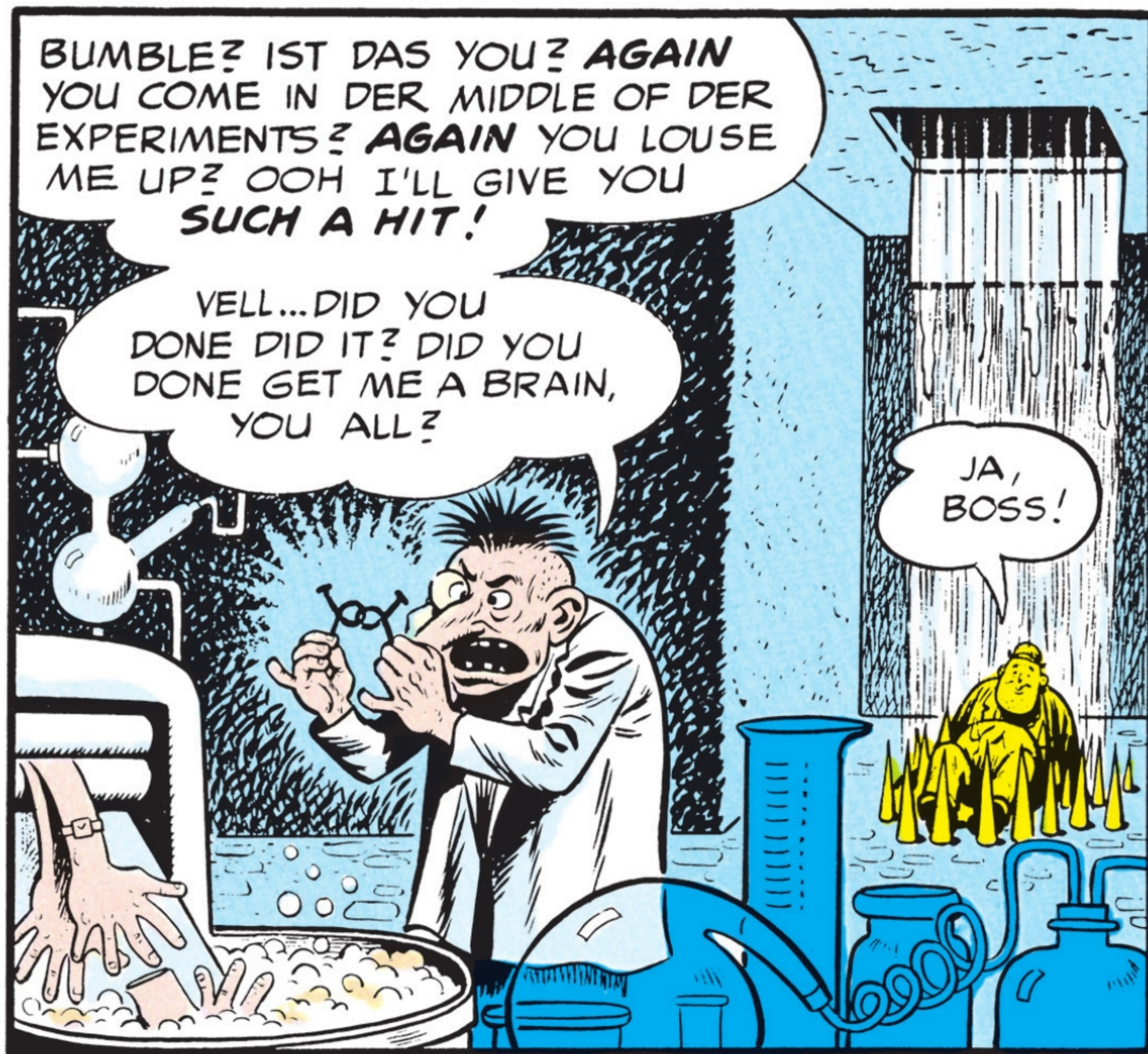
BUT SOMEHOW I THINK ISS MISSING ZOMET'ING, ISS MISSING, I THINK... IS MISSING... **A BRAIN!**

ACH DU LIEBER! HOW CAN I COMPLETE MY EXPERIMENT WITHOUT A BRAIN? A MAN CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT A BRAIN... CAN HE, BUMBLE?...WAIT A MINUTE! AFTER LOOKING AT YOU, BUMBLE, I CHANGE MY OPINION!

NOM DU CHIEN... SURELY I MUST HAVE A LITTLE LEFT-OVER BRAIN HERE IN MY TOOL BOX!

SPLAT

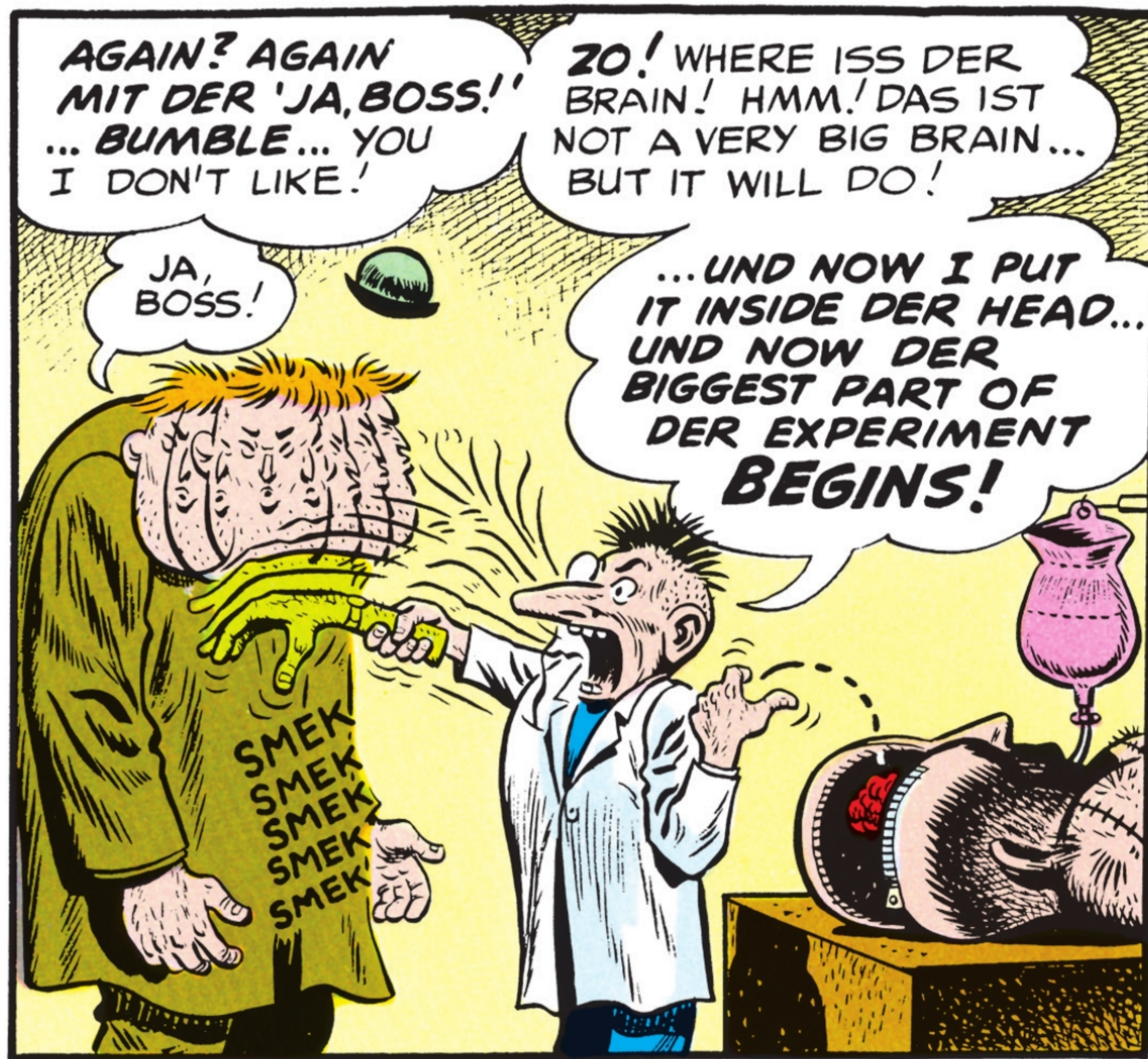




BUMBLE? IST DAS YOU? **AGAIN**
YOU COME IN DER MIDDLE OF DER
EXPERIMENTS? **AGAIN** YOU LOUSE
ME UP? OOH I'LL GIVE YOU
SUCH A HIT!

VELL...DID YOU
DONE DID IT? DID YOU
DONE GET ME A BRAIN,
YOU ALL?

JA,
BOSS!

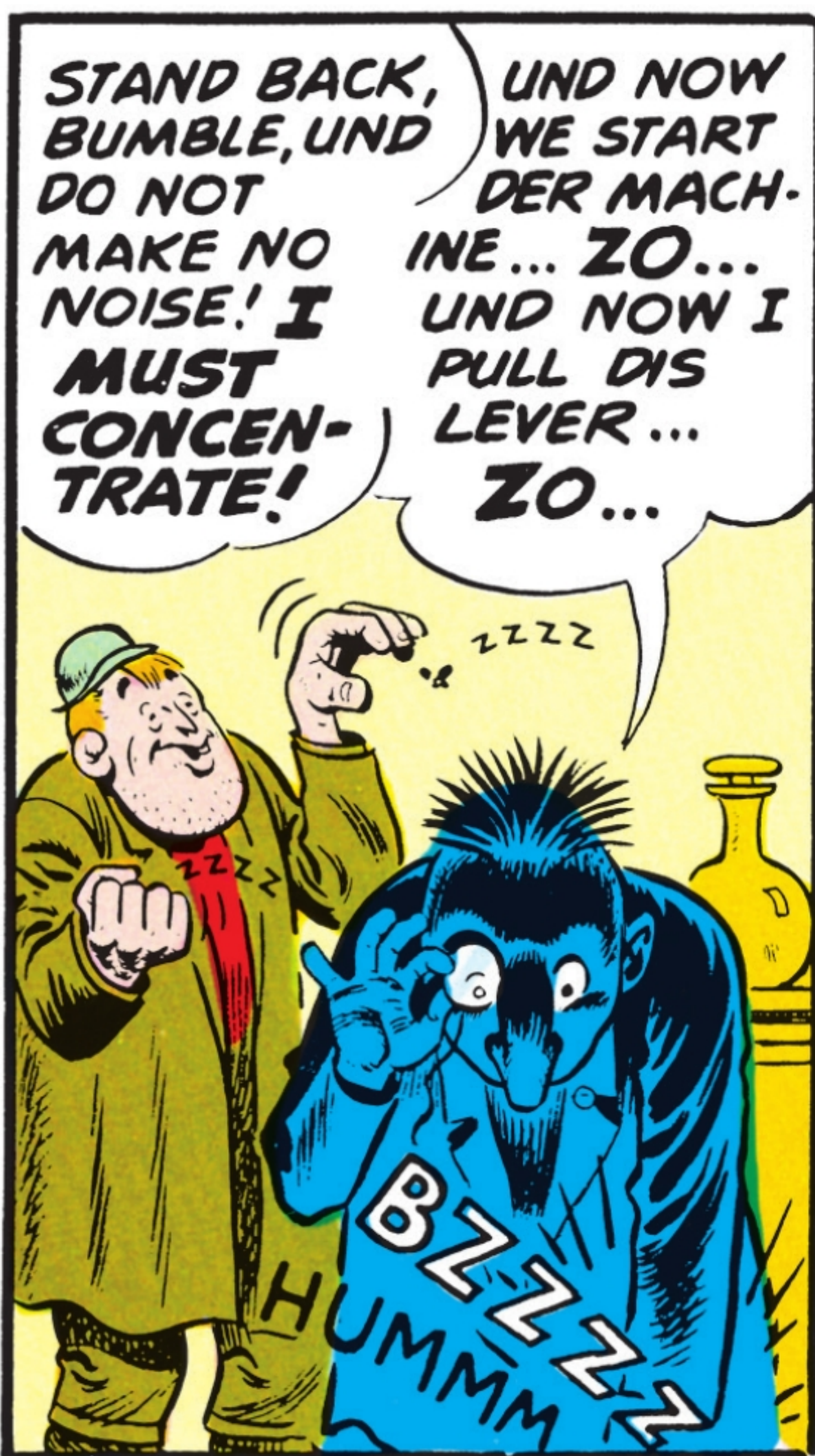


AGAIN? AGAIN
MIT DER 'JA, BOSS!'
... **BUMBLE...** YOU
I DON'T LIKE!

ZO! WHERE ISS DER
BRAIN! HMM! DAS IST
NOT A VERY BIG BRAIN...
BUT IT WILL DO!

JA,
BOSS!

...UND NOW I PUT
IT INSIDE DER HEAD...
UND NOW DER
BIGGEST PART OF
DER EXPERIMENT
BEGINS!



STAND BACK,
BUMBLE, UND
DO NOT
MAKE NO
NOISE! I
MUST
CONCEN-
TRATE!

UND NOW
WE START
DER MACH-
INE... **ZO...**
UND NOW I
PULL DIS
LEVER...
ZO...



AHA! UMHUM!
AHA! HOHO!
HOHAH!
...**ZO!**
...1,000
...2,000
...3,000
DER LIGHTS
ISS BLINK-
ING... DER
BELL IS
RINGING!
NOW...

QUEEK
QUEEK
PLIK
PLOK
PLIK
PLUK
BZZ



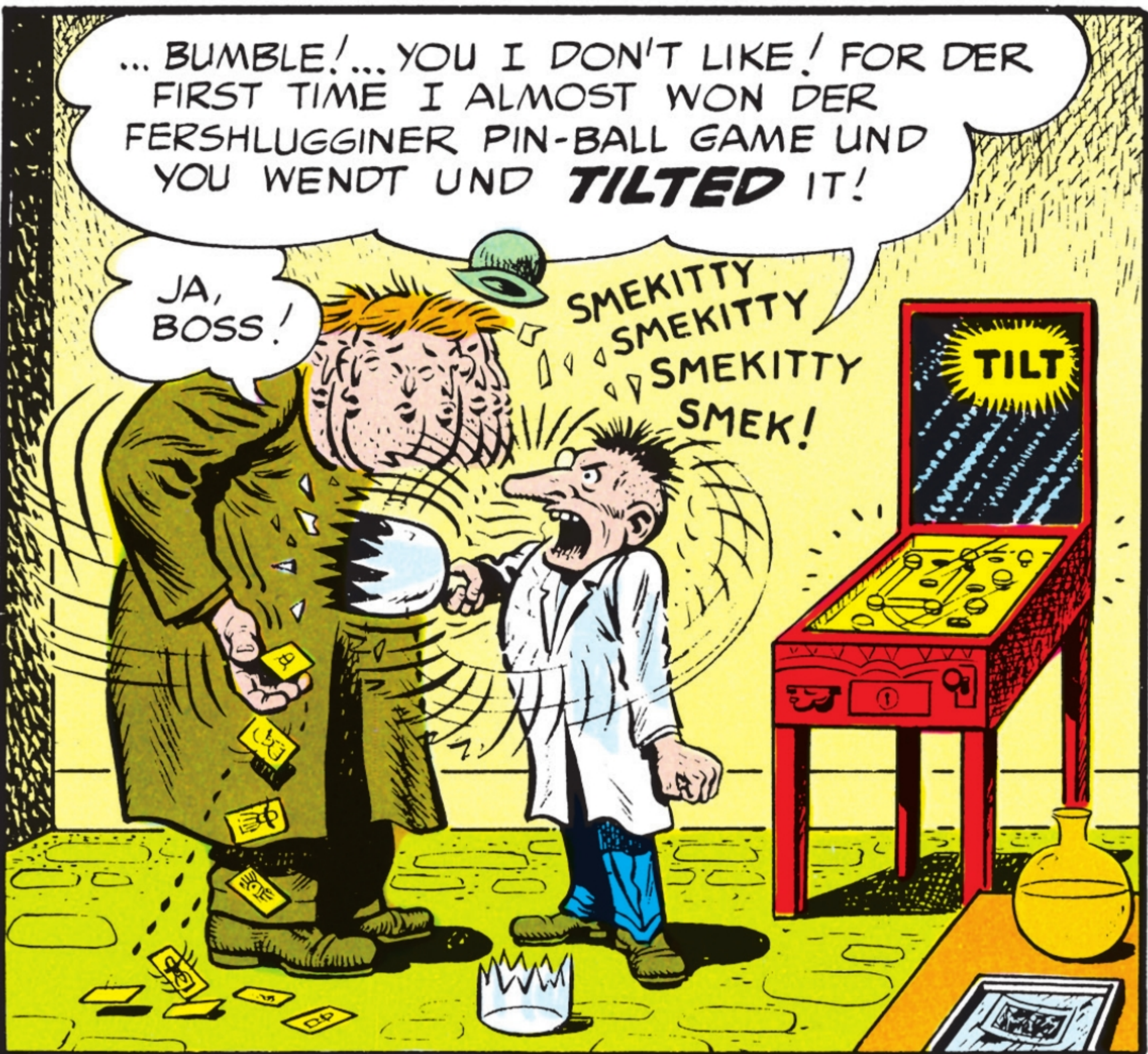
NOW...
I PULL
DIS
LEVER...
ZO...

ACH!
SOMETHING
ISS GOING
WRONG!
QUICK, BUMBLE!
PUSH DER
MACHINE
HERE



... YOU
ARE
PUSHING
DER
MACHINE
TOO
MUCH...

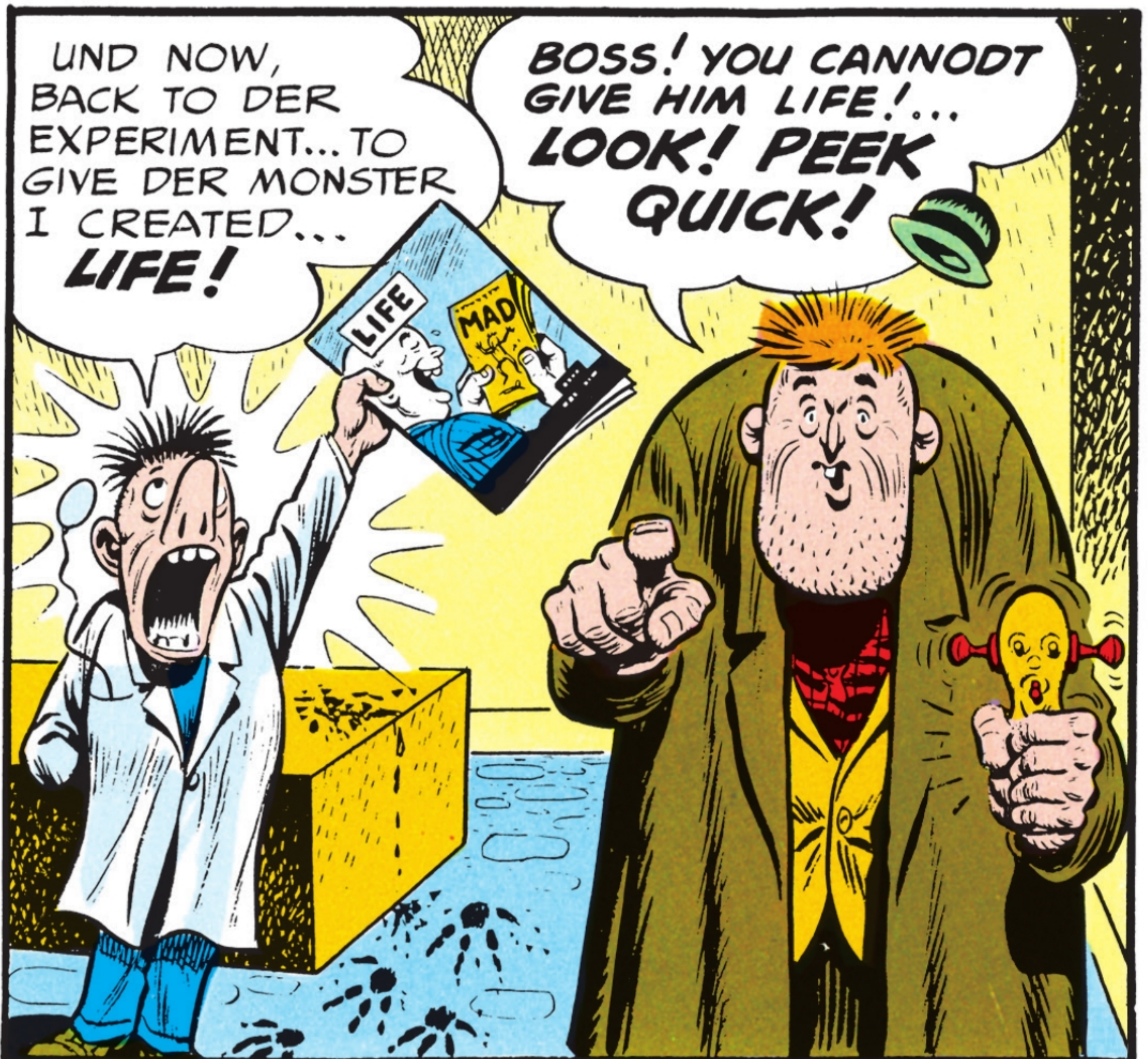
GEDT
BACK,
BUMBLE!
...**NO...**
NOOOO...



... **BUMBLE!**... YOU I DON'T LIKE! FOR DER
FIRST TIME I ALMOST WON DER
FERSHLUGGINER PIN-BALL GAME UND
YOU WENDT UND **TILTED** IT!

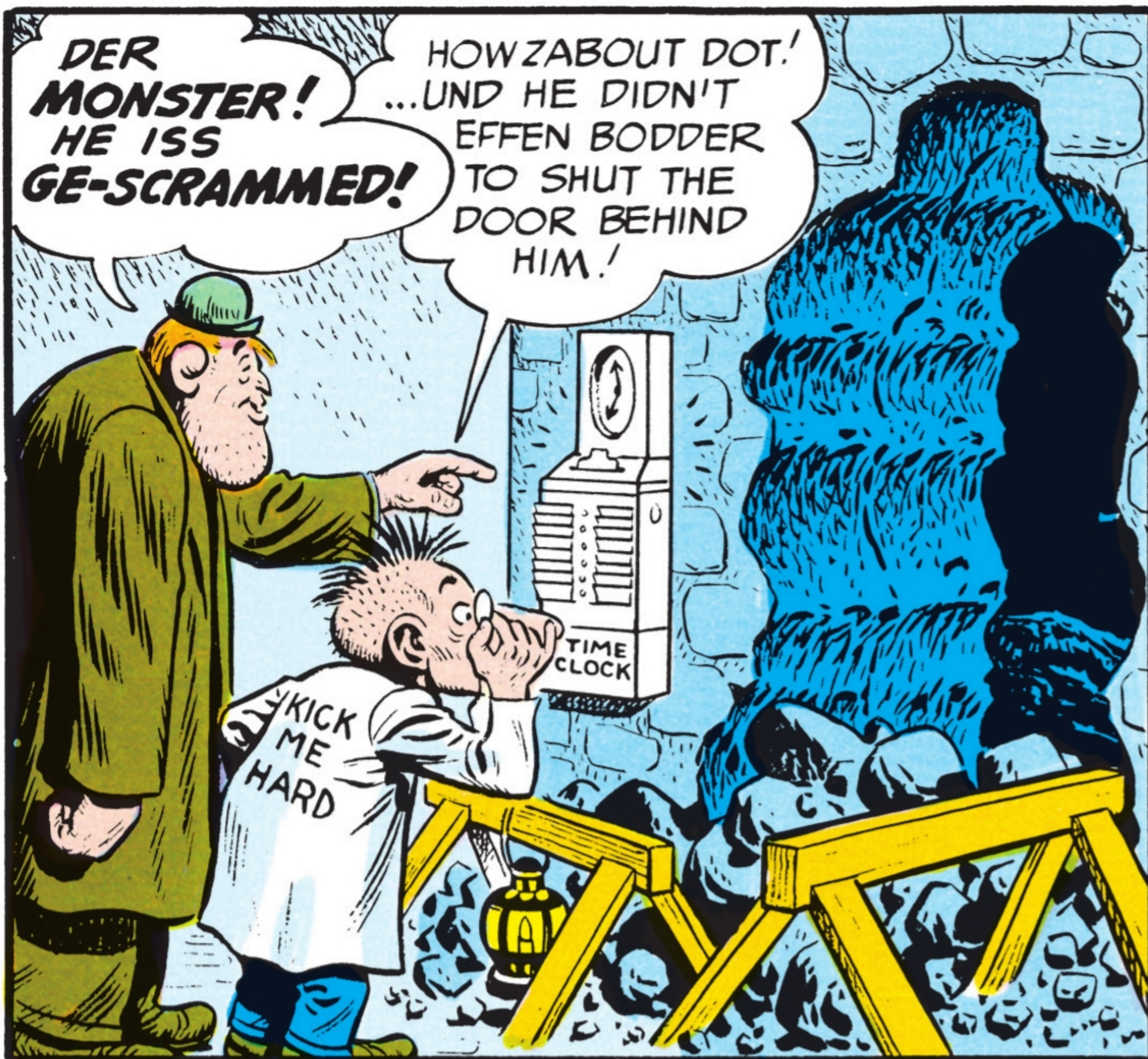
JA,
BOSS!

SMEKITTY
SMEKITTY
SMEKITTY
SMEK!



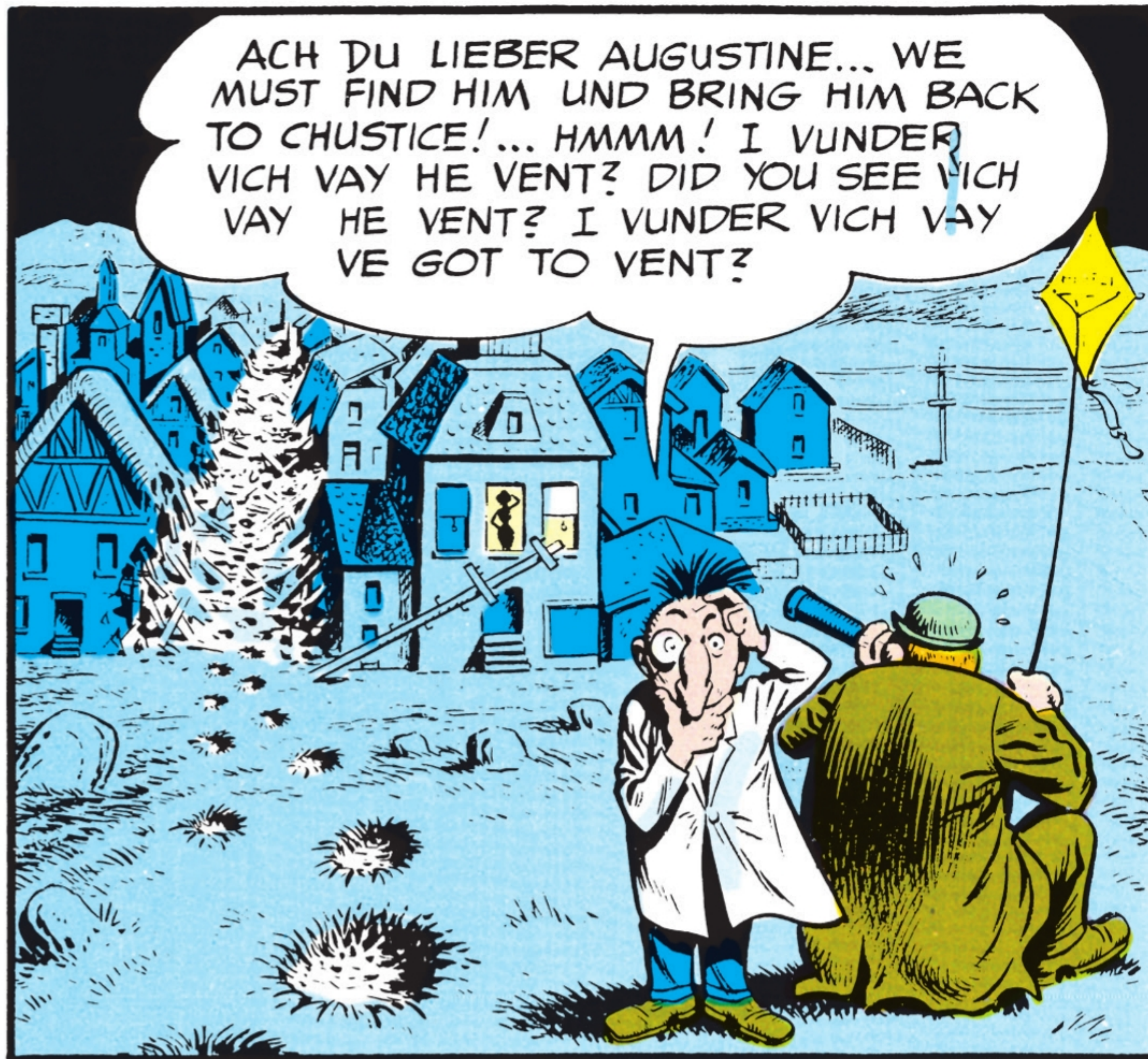
UND NOW,
BACK TO DER
EXPERIMENT... TO
GIVE DER MONSTER
I CREATED...
LIFE!

BOSS! YOU CANNODT
GIVE HIM LIFE!...
LOOK! PEEK
QUICK!



DER MONSTER! HE ISS GE-SCRAMMED!

HOWZABOUT DOT! ...UND HE DIDN'T EFFEN BODDER TO SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM!

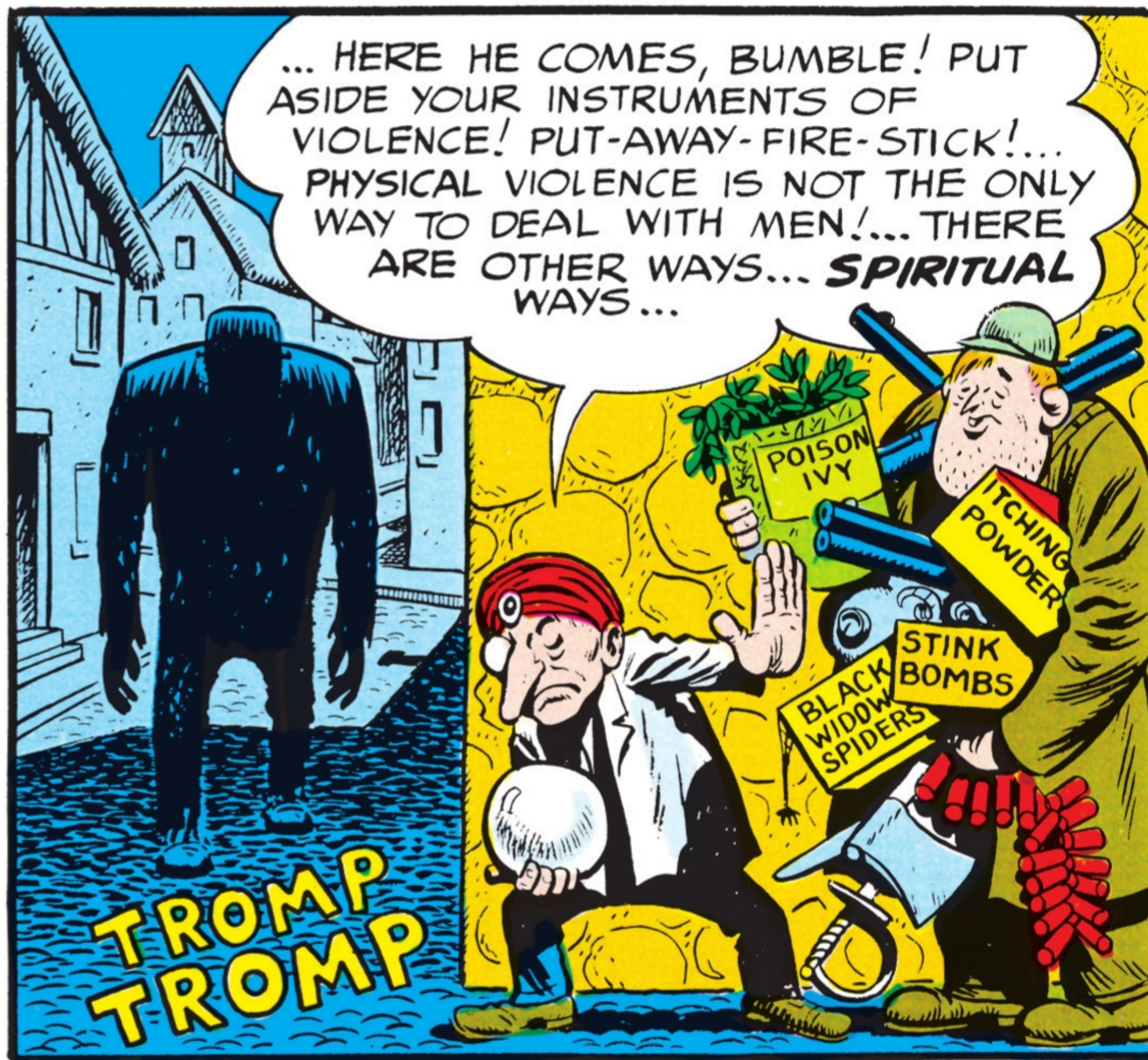


ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE... WE MUST FIND HIM UND BRING HIM BACK TO CHUSTICE! ... HMMM! I VUNDER VICH VAY HE VENT? DID YOU SEE VICH VAY HE VENT? I VUNDER VICH VAY VE GOT TO VENT?



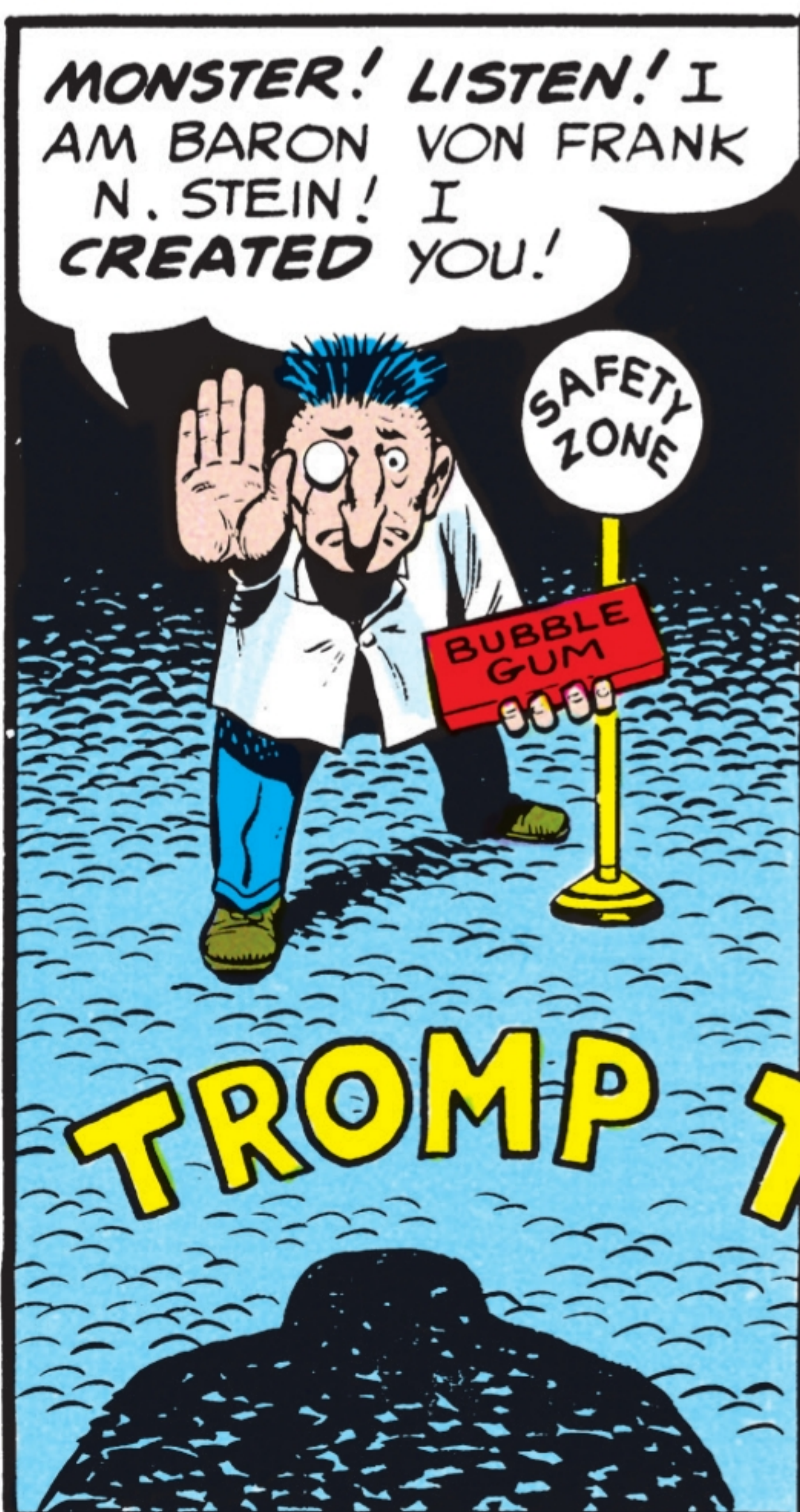
I RECKON HE WENT THATAWAY!

WE'LL SADDLE-UP, BUMBLE! LET'S BURN LEATHER! I THINK WE CAN HEAD 'IM OFF AT THE PASS!



... HERE HE COMES, BUMBLE! PUT ASIDE YOUR INSTRUMENTS OF VIOLENCE! PUT-AWAY-FIRE-STICK!... PHYSICAL VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WITH MEN!... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS... **SPIRITUAL** WAYS...

TROMP
TROMP



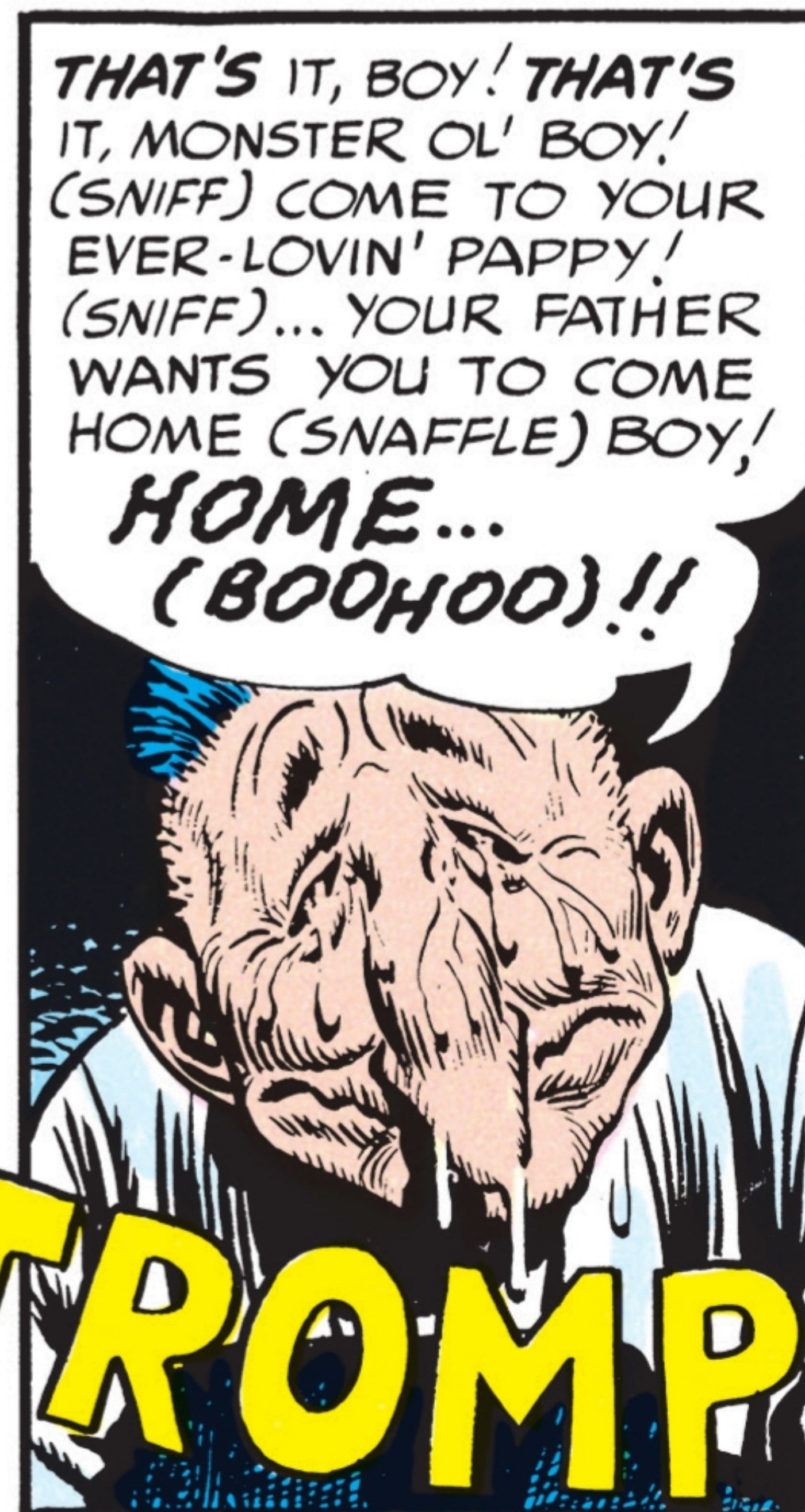
MONSTER! LISTEN! I AM BARON VON FRANK N. STEIN! I **CREATED** YOU!



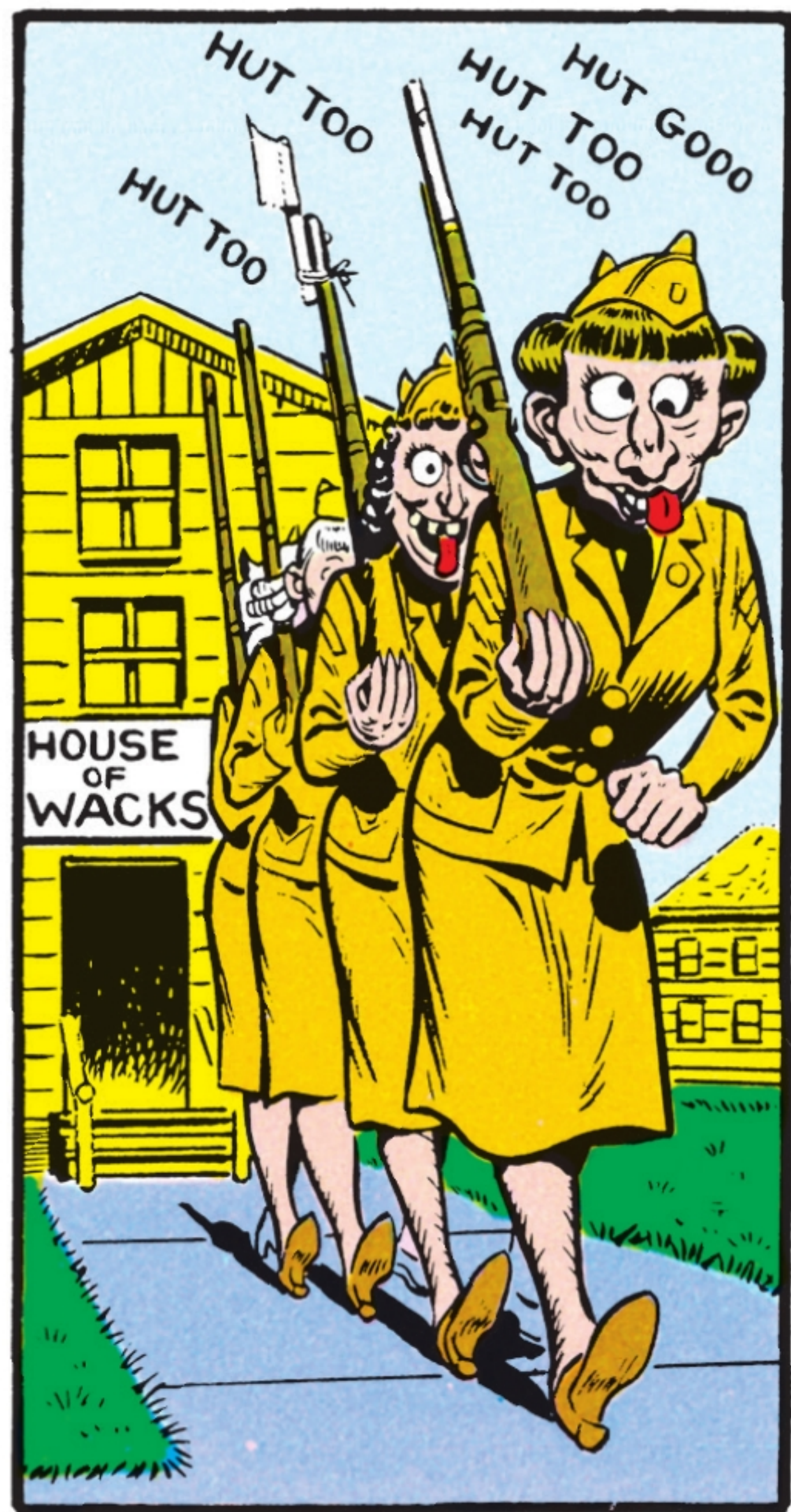
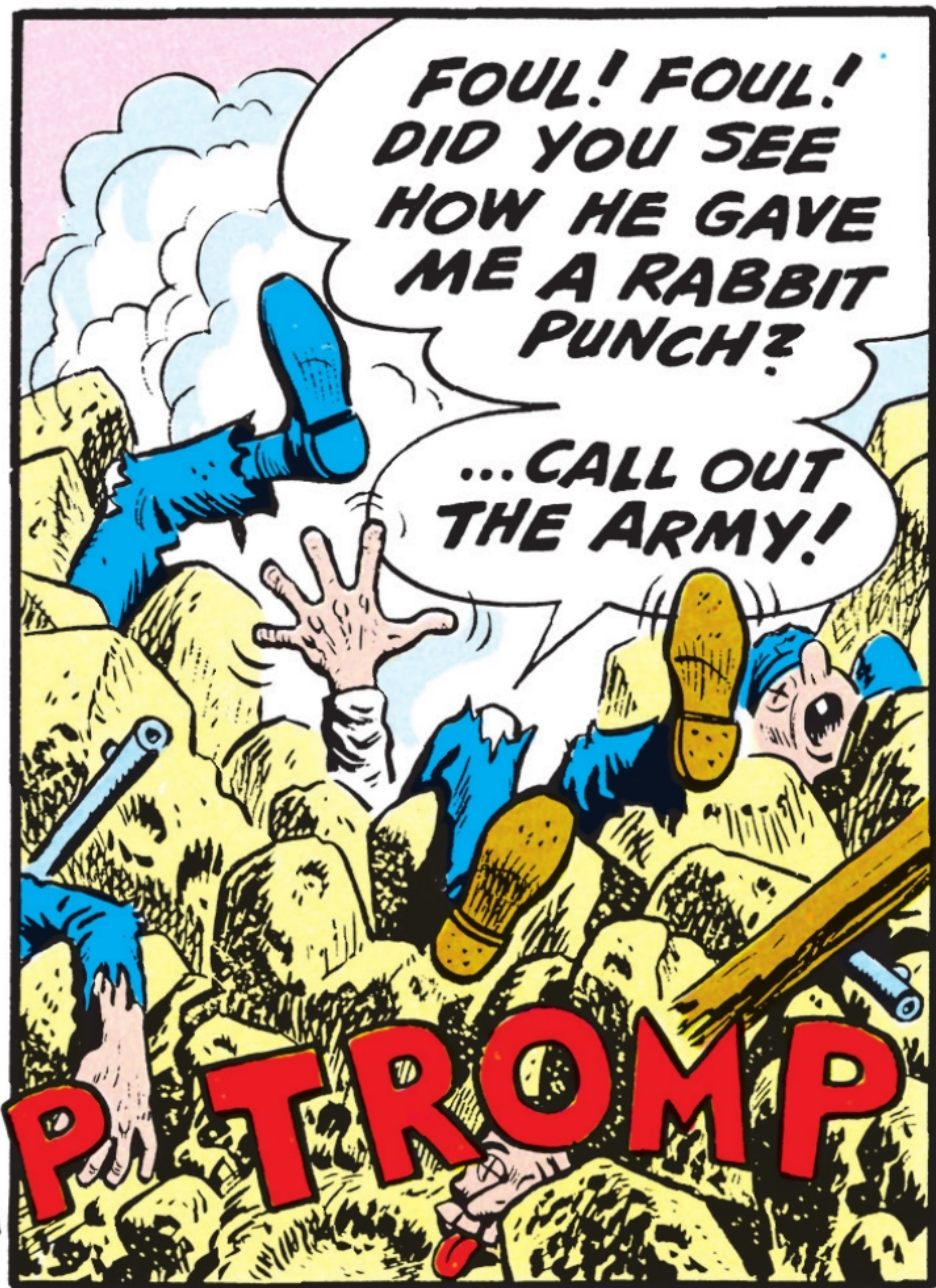
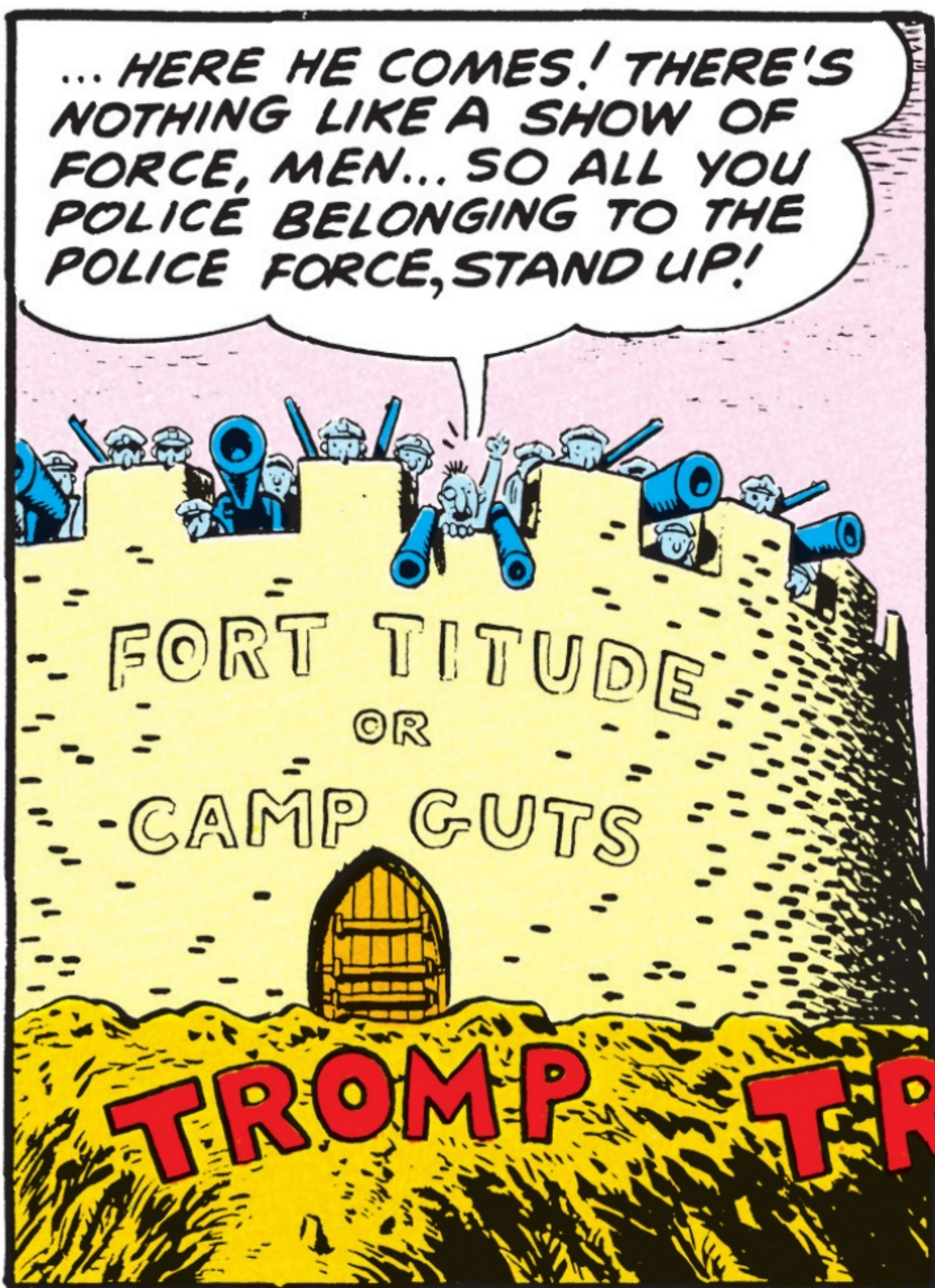
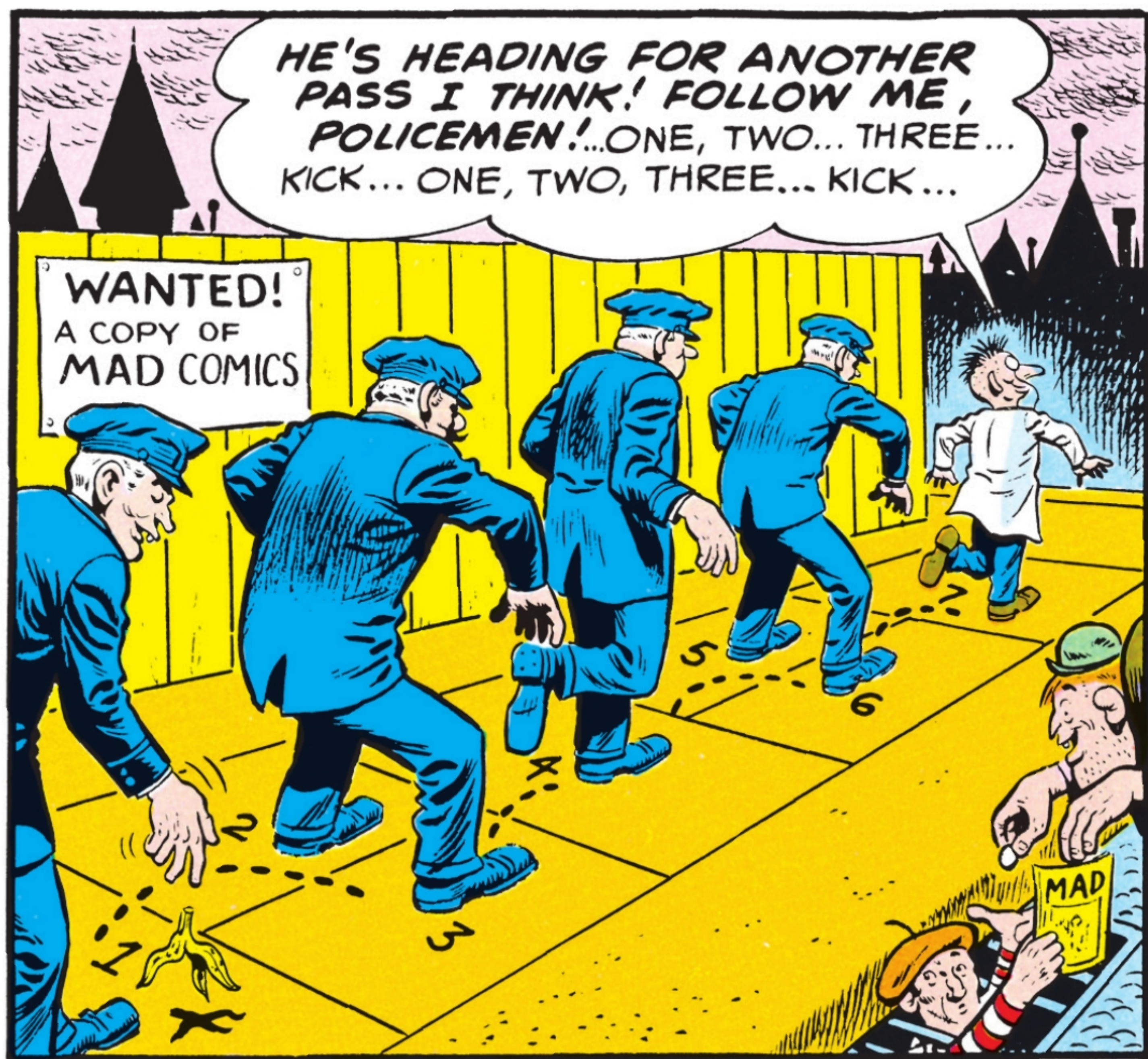
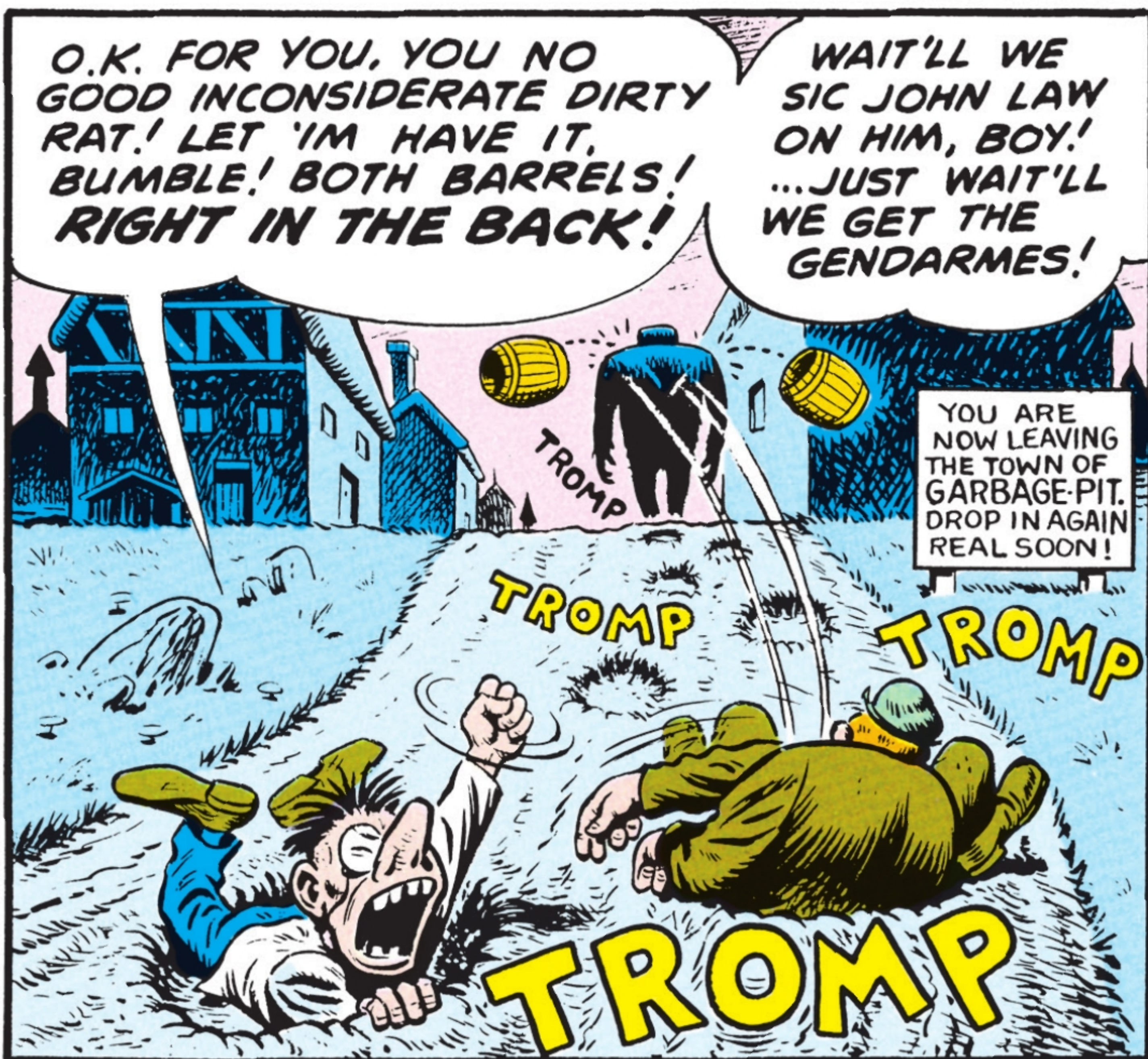
...I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I WEANED YOU FROM A CLUMP OF GEARS, NUTS AND BOLTS, BOY!

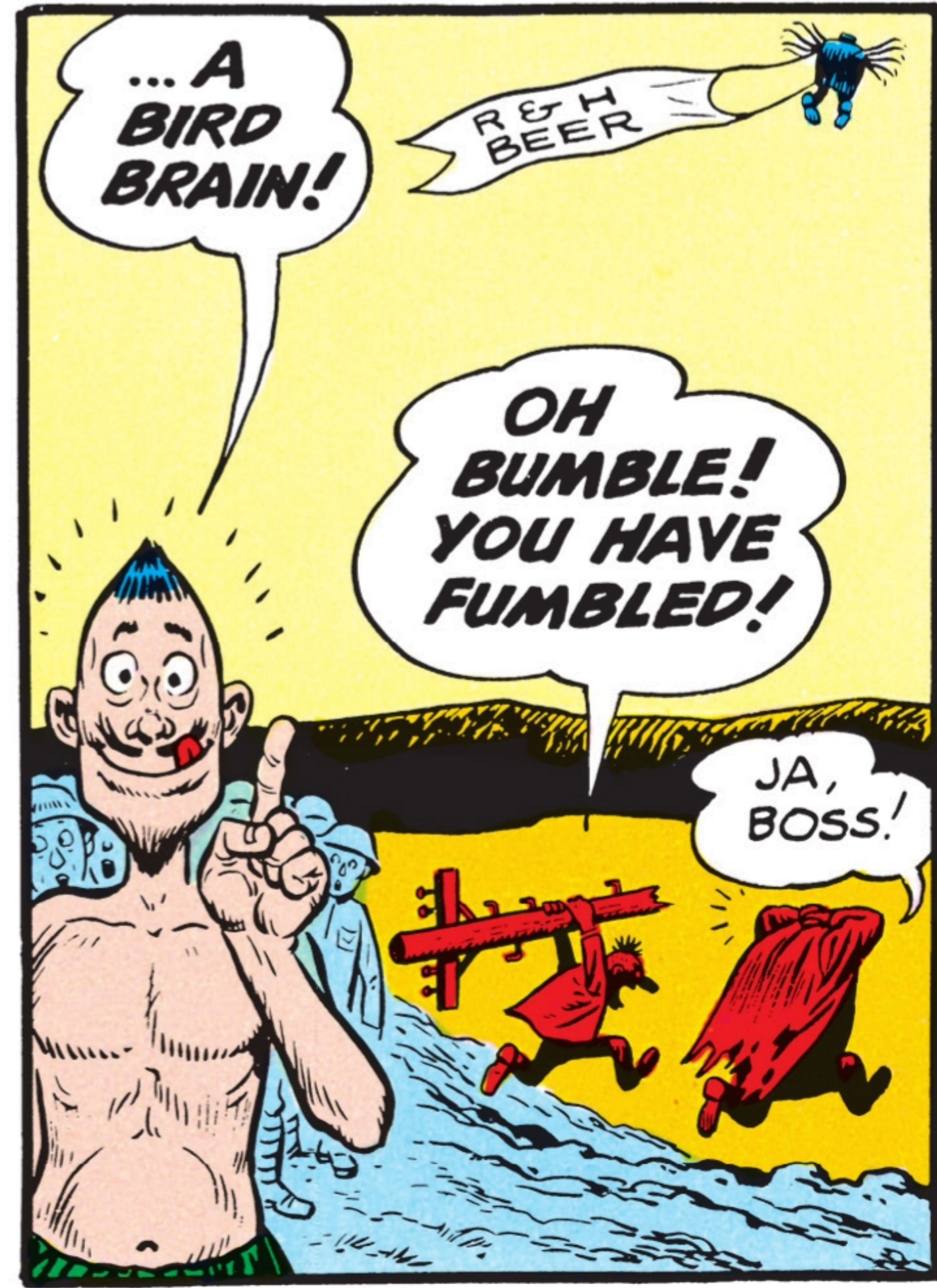
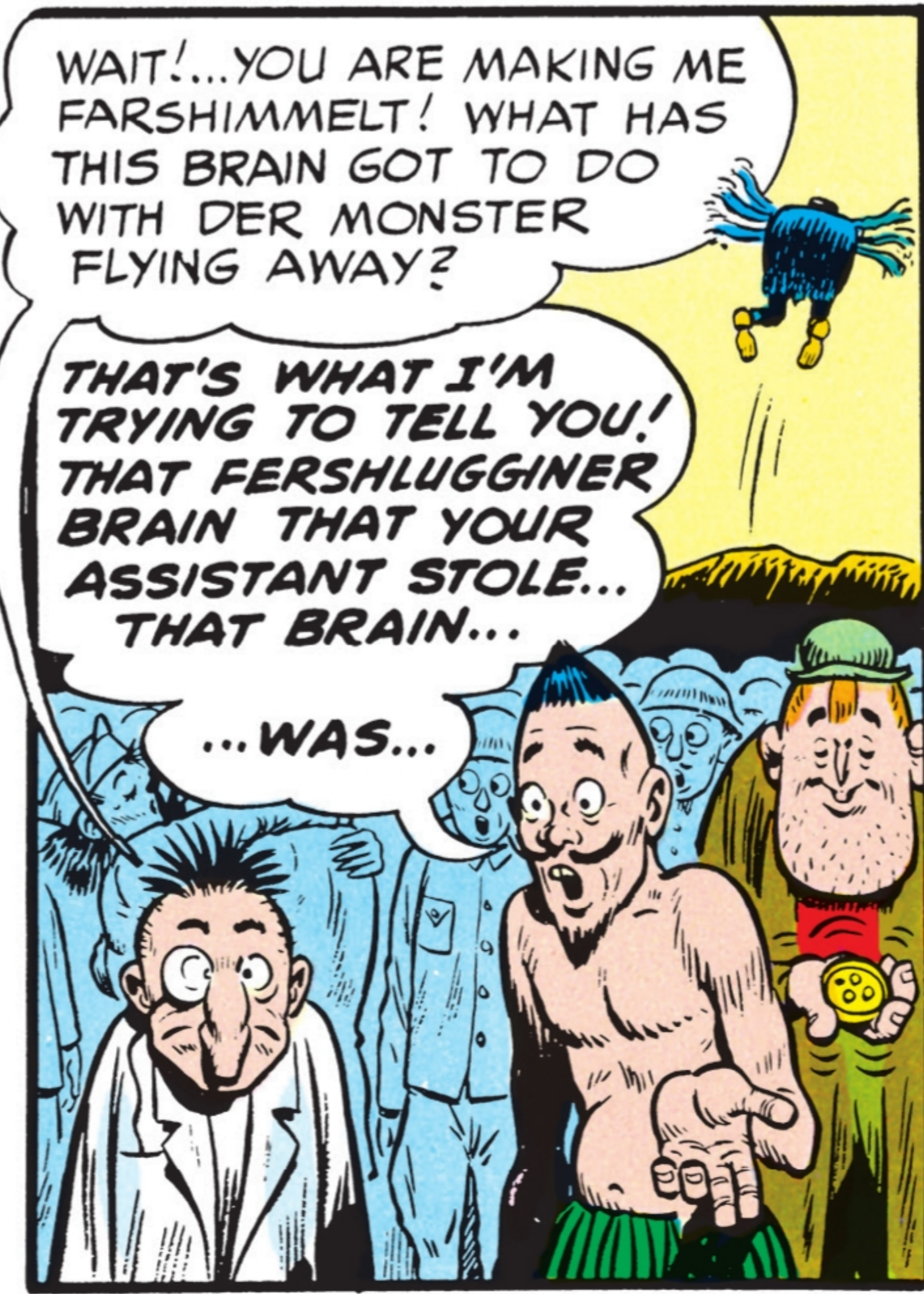
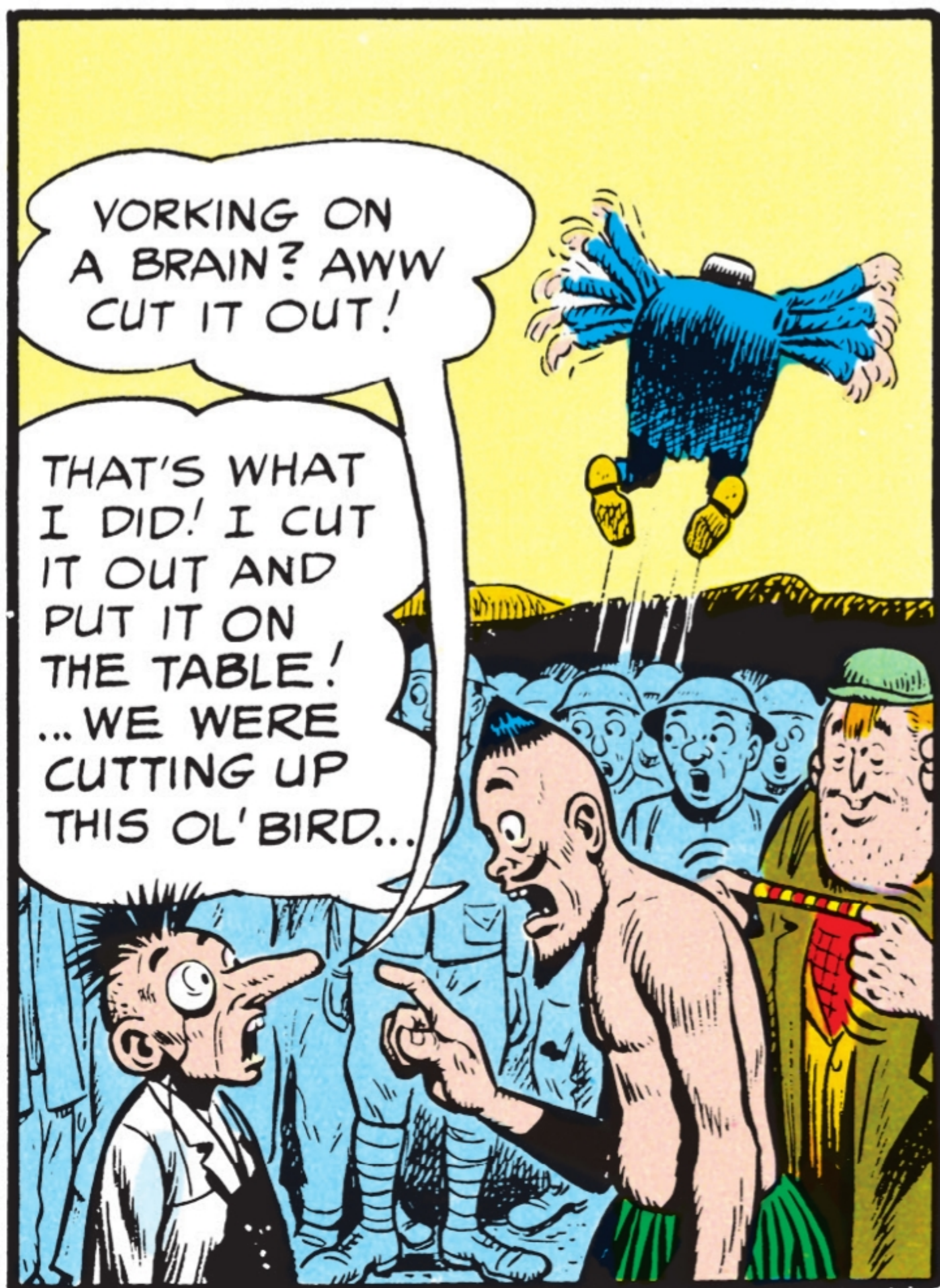
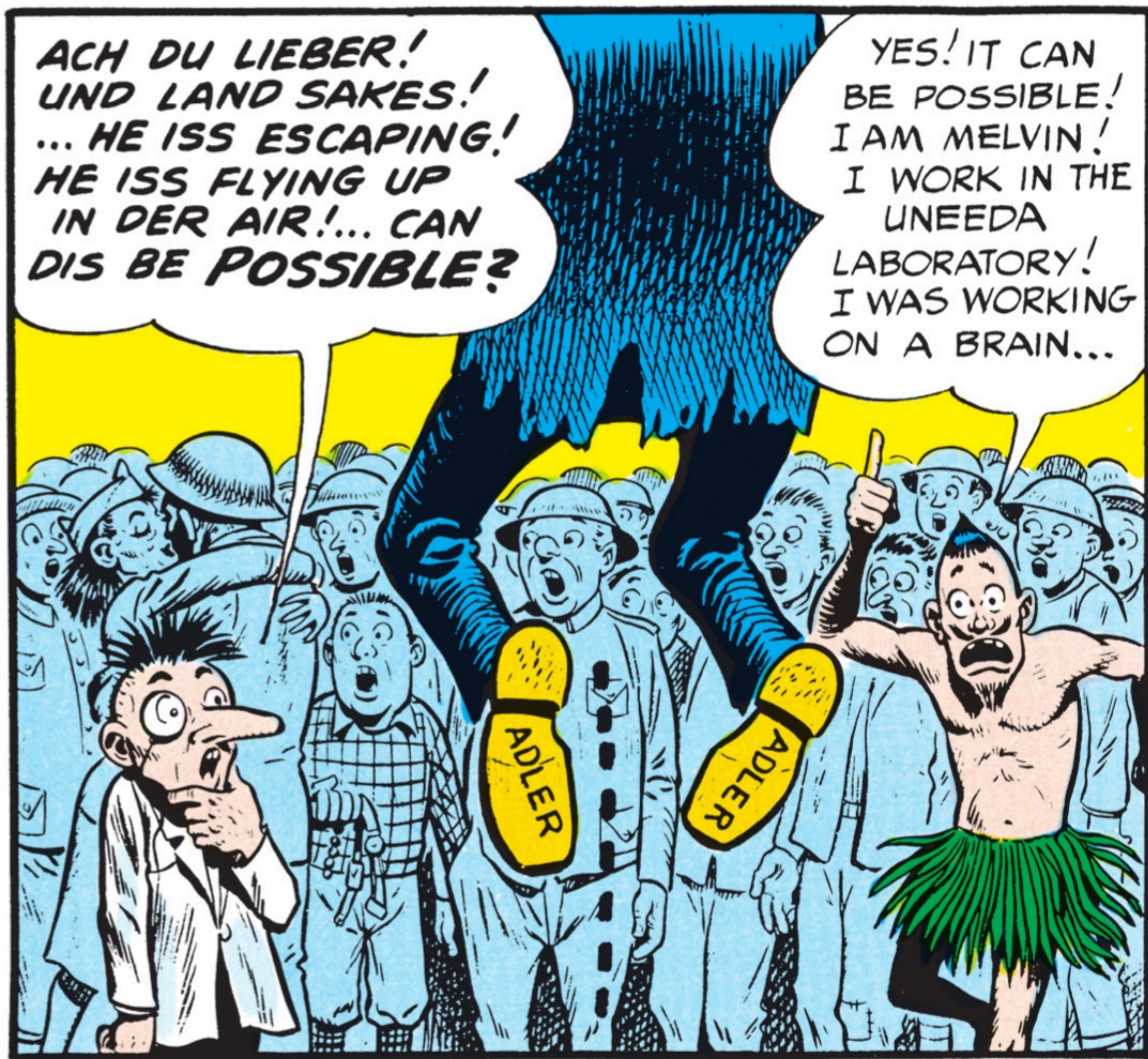
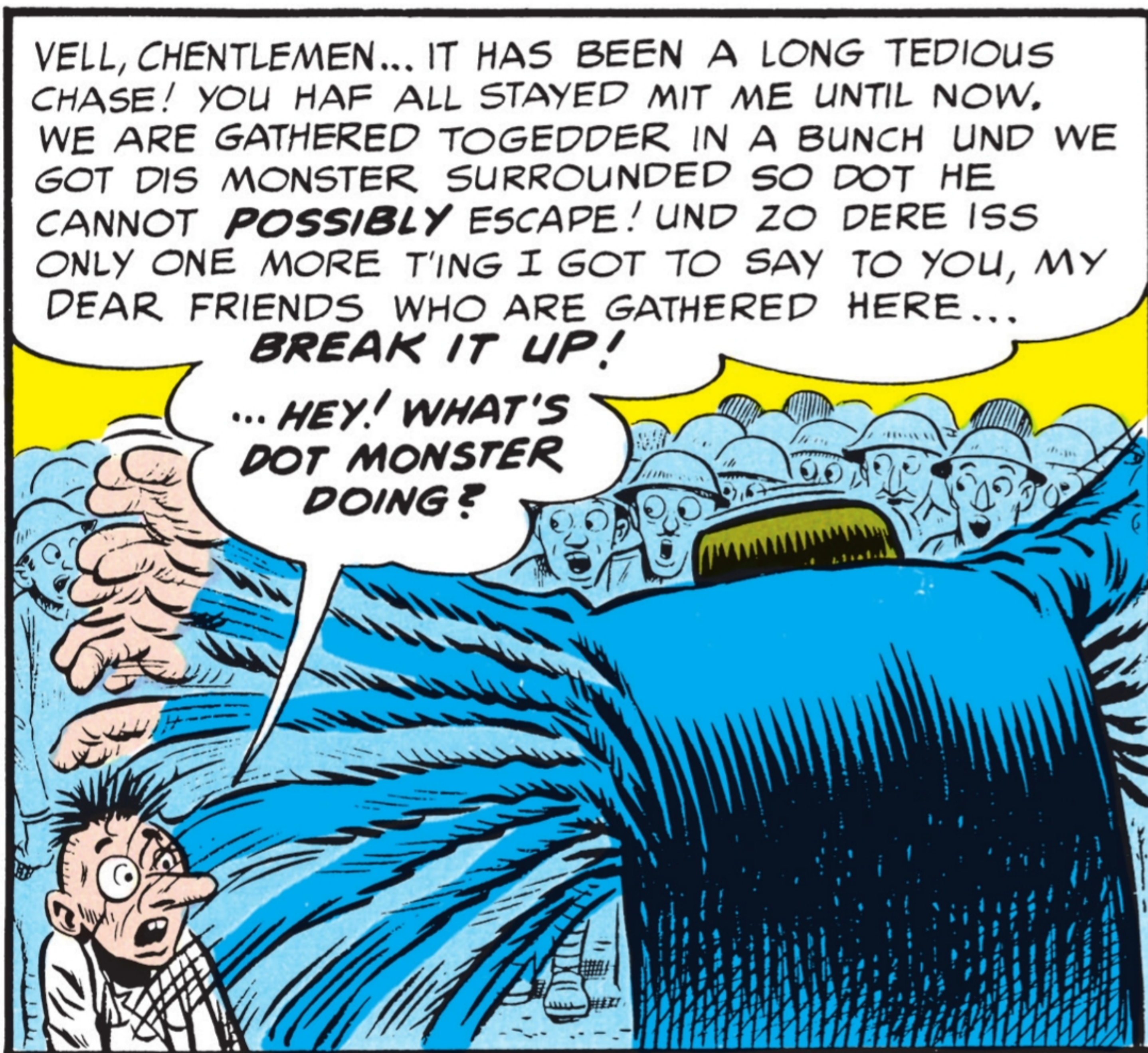
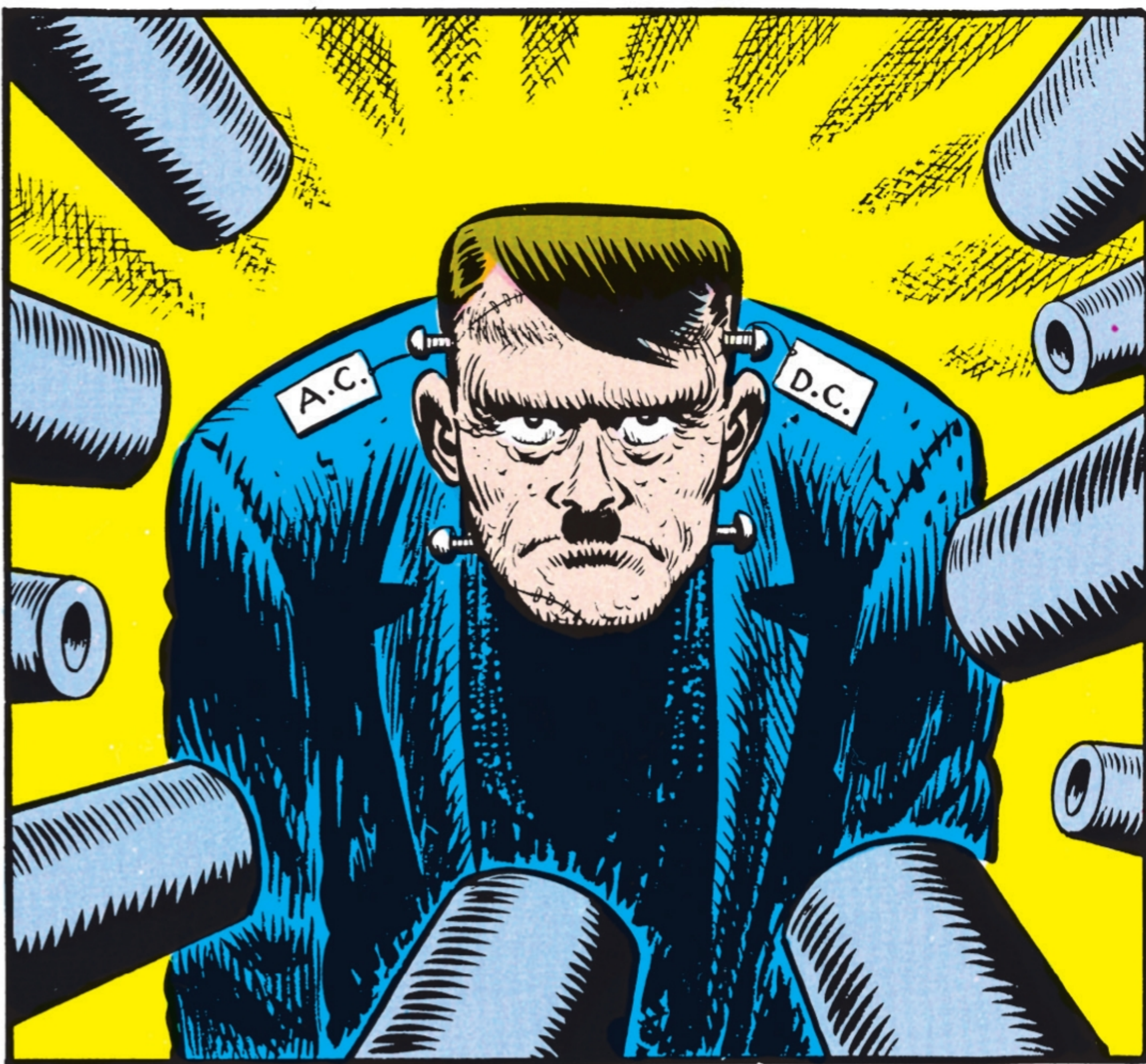
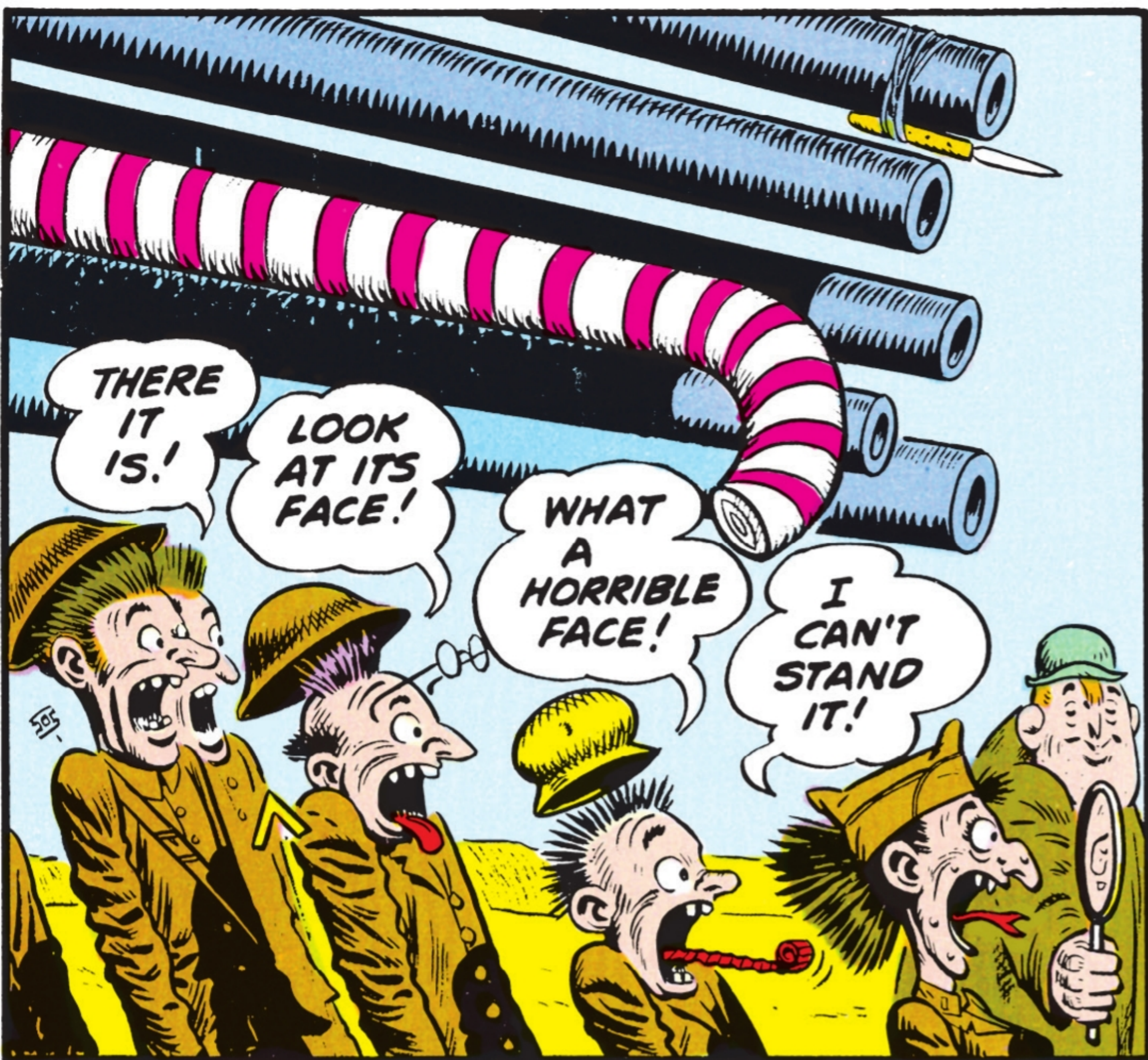


I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I CLEANED UP THE 13 AREAS OF THE BODY THAT BAD ODORS EMANATE FROM!... I GAVE YOU **LIFEBUOY!**



THAT'S IT, BOY! THAT'S IT, MONSTER OL' BOY! (SNIFF) COME TO YOUR EVER-LOVIN' PAPPY! (SNIFF)... YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO COME HOME (SNAFFLE) BOY! **HOME... (BOOHOO)!!**





Scenes We'd Like to See

The Monster and the Villagers



WRITER E. NELSON BRIDEWELL ARTIST JOE ORLANDO



Joe Orlando

THERES NO GHOUL LIKE AN OLD GHOUL DEPT.

Between terrorizing the populace, frightening little kids, and eating whoever you want, being a monster usually seems like a pretty glamorous thing. But what's often forgotten is that as they get older, monsters have to cope with the same depressing issues as aging mortal coots. So pop an Ex-lax, tighten your depends, and prepare to be scared stiff by this horrifically comprehensive list of...

Everyday Annoyances of ELDERLY MONSTERS

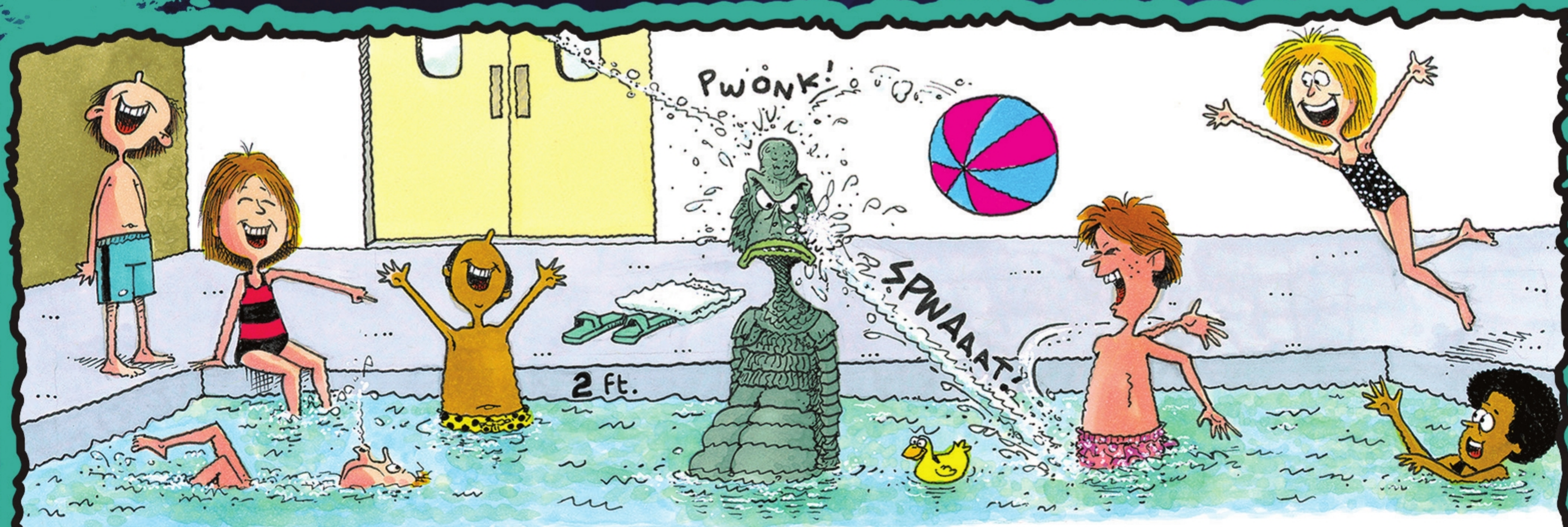
WRITER & ARTIST JOHN CALDWELL



Visible diaper lines.



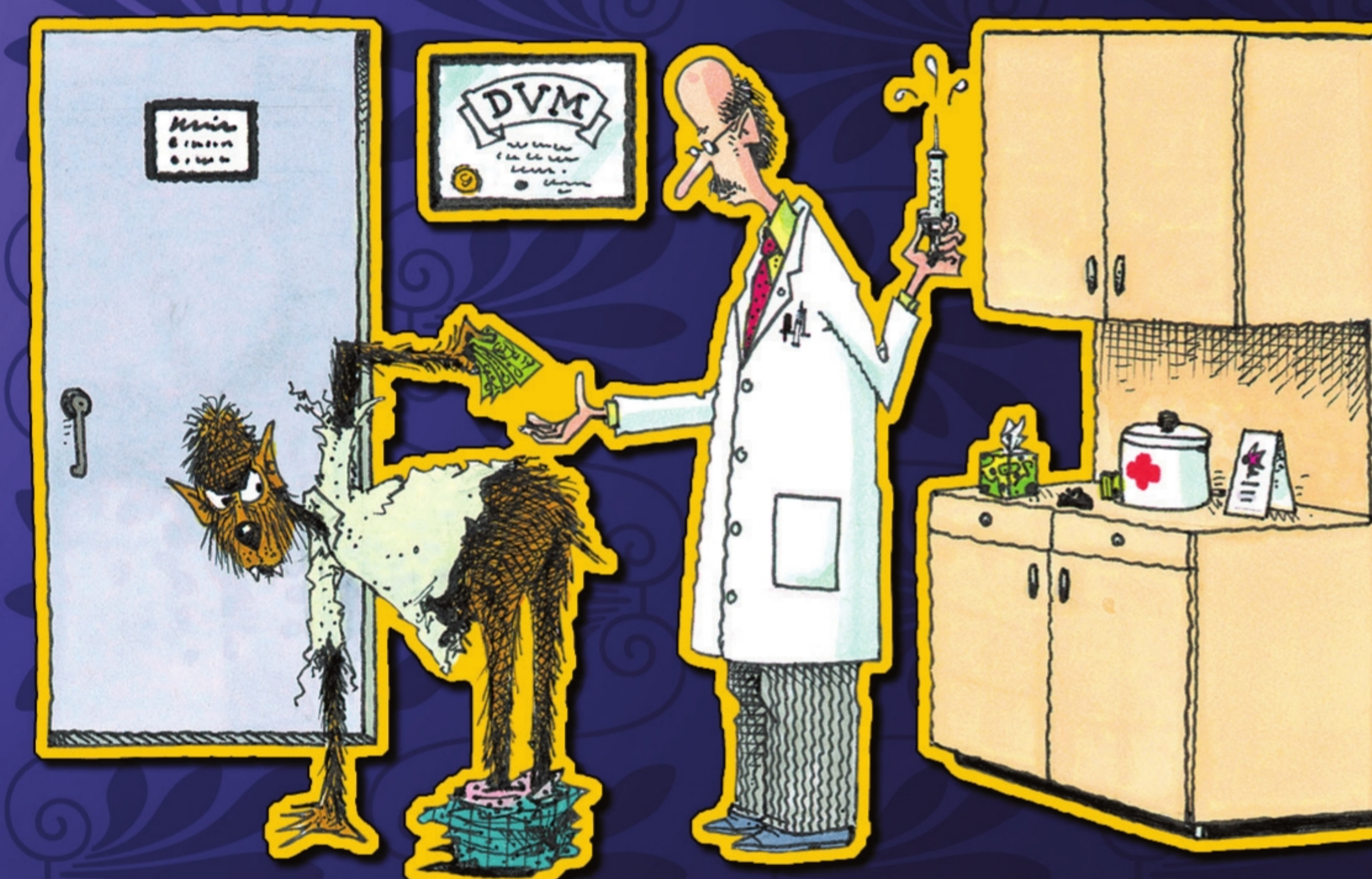
Needing another hip replacement and then getting conned into doing most of the digging.



Adult swim at the community center cut to a crummy two hours a day.



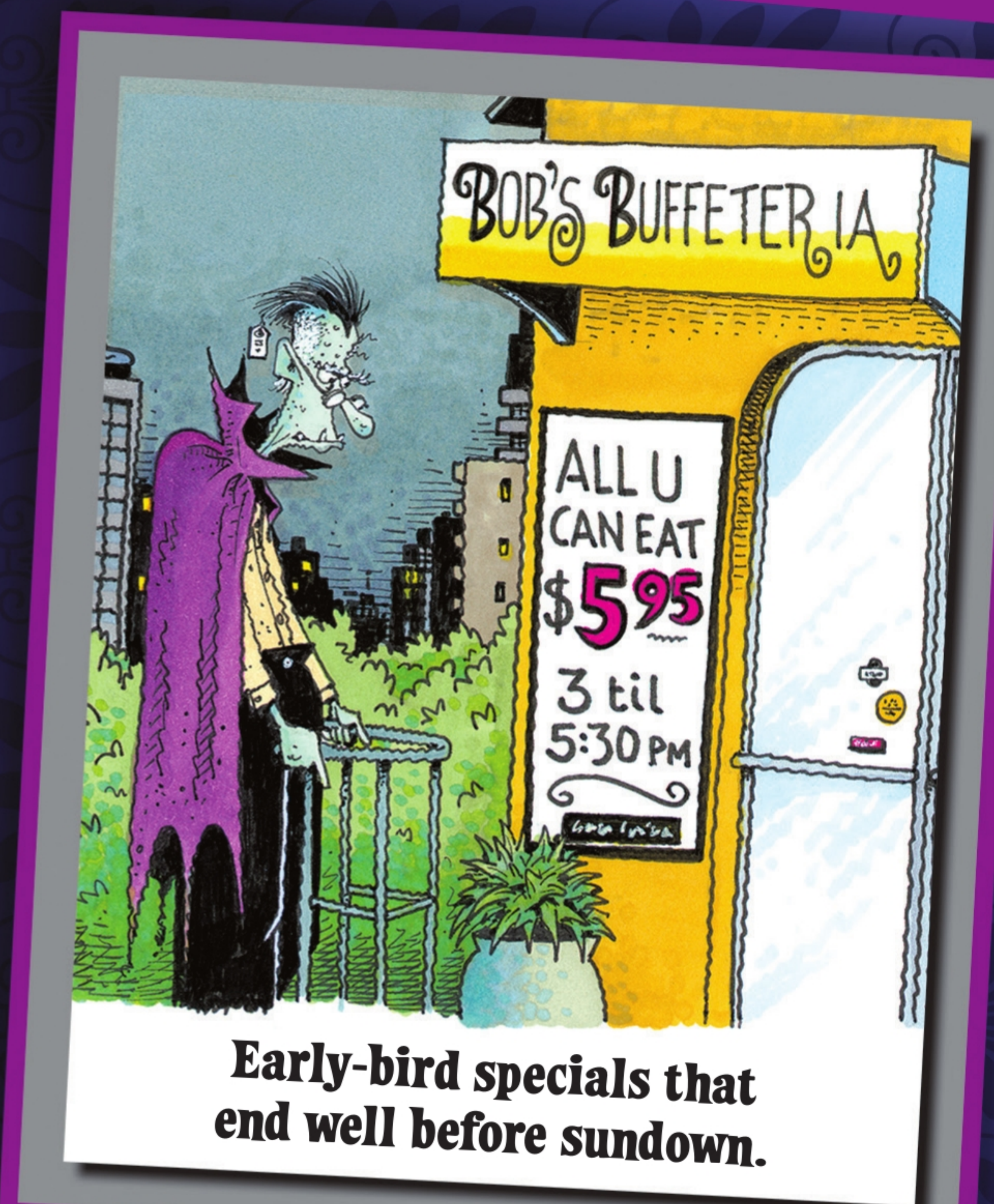
The eyesight ain't what it used to be.



Having to deal with the fact that Medicare doesn't cover distemper boosters.



Measly alimony check from Ol' Bolt-Brain barely keeps her in Bingo money.



Early-bird specials that end well before sundown.



Being relegated to living out his remaining years as "The Phantom of the Polka."

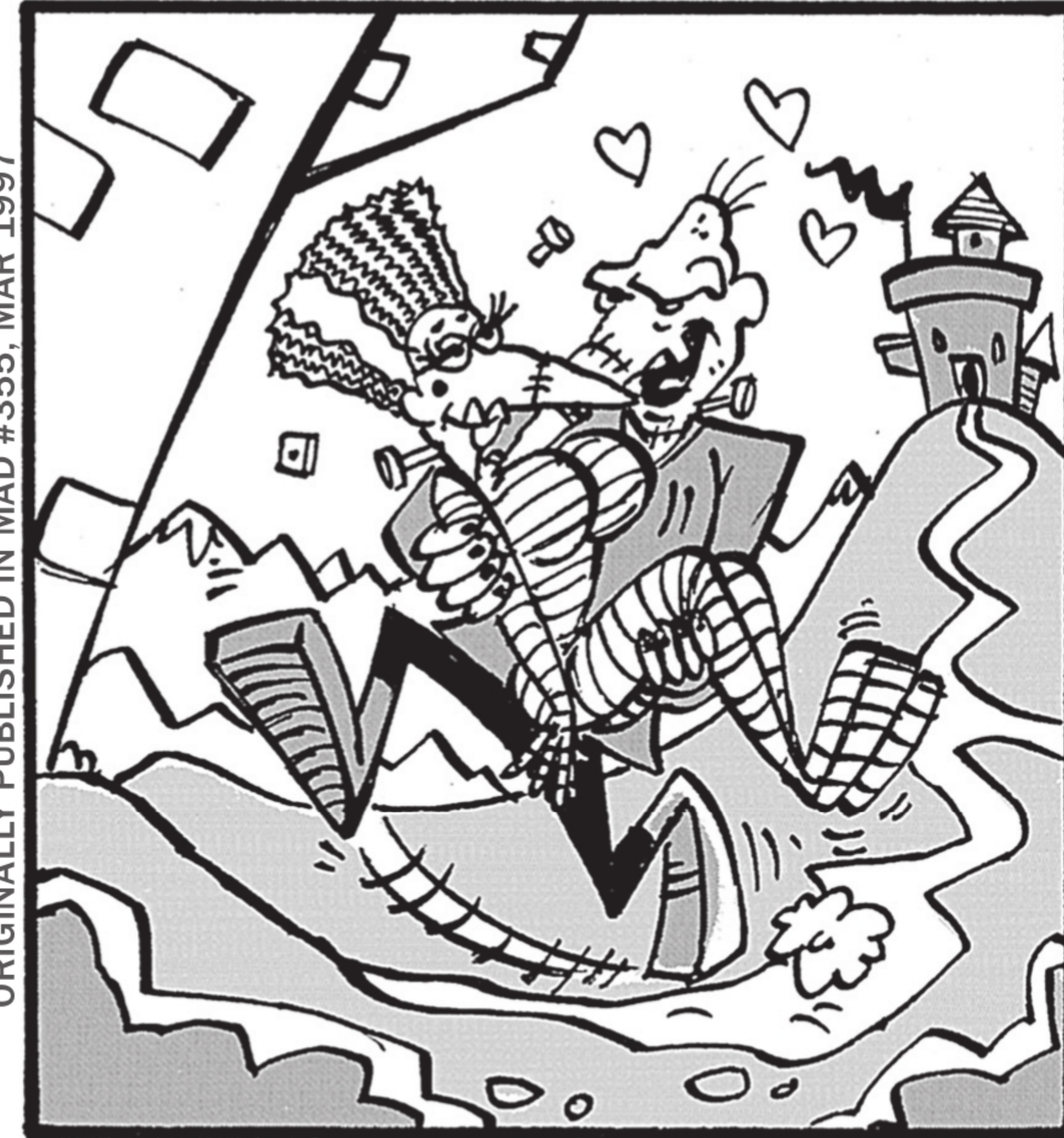
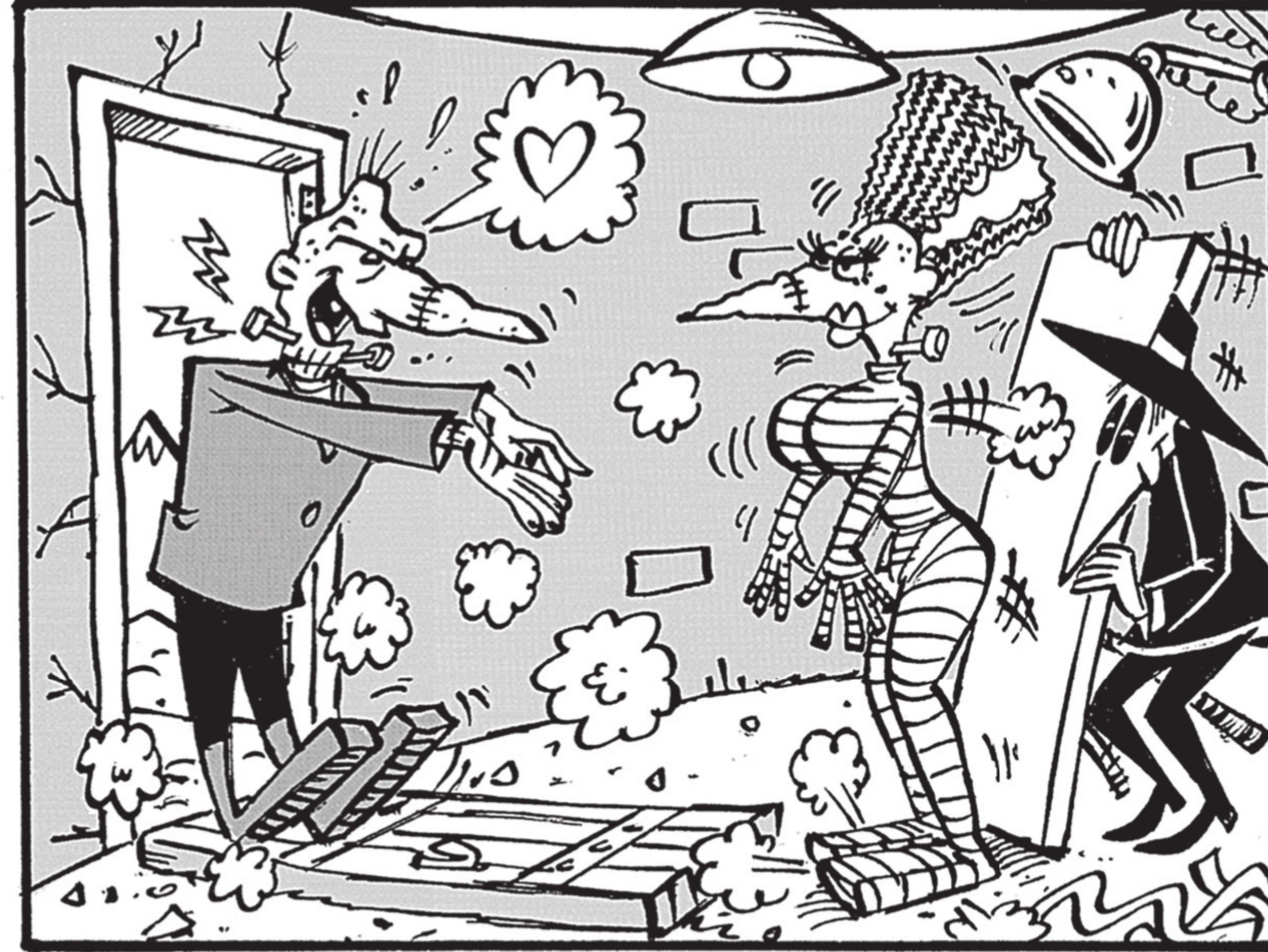


Having to gum commuter trains.

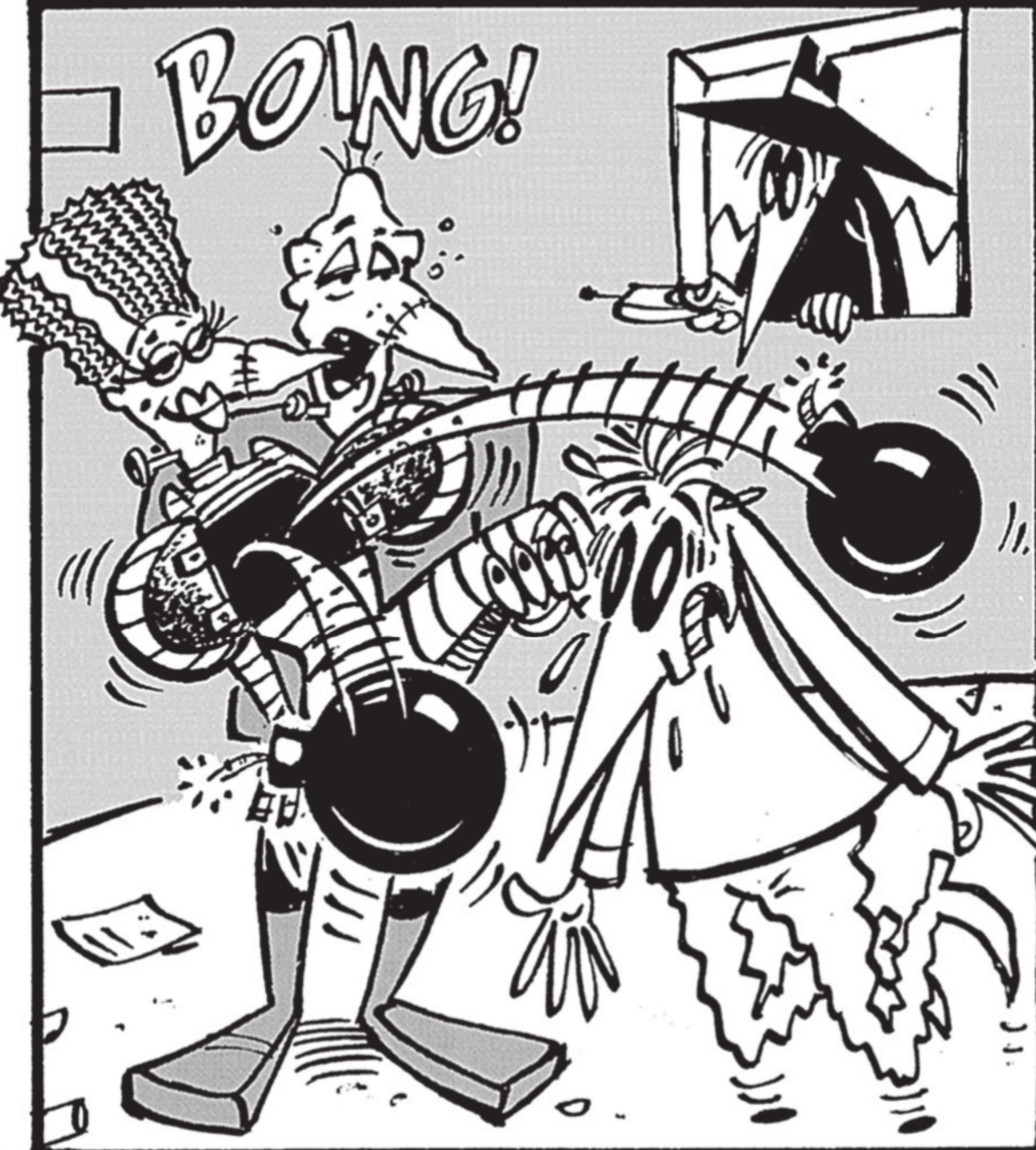
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #515, JUN 2012



WRITER DUCK EDWING ARTIST DAVE MANEK



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #355, MAR 1997

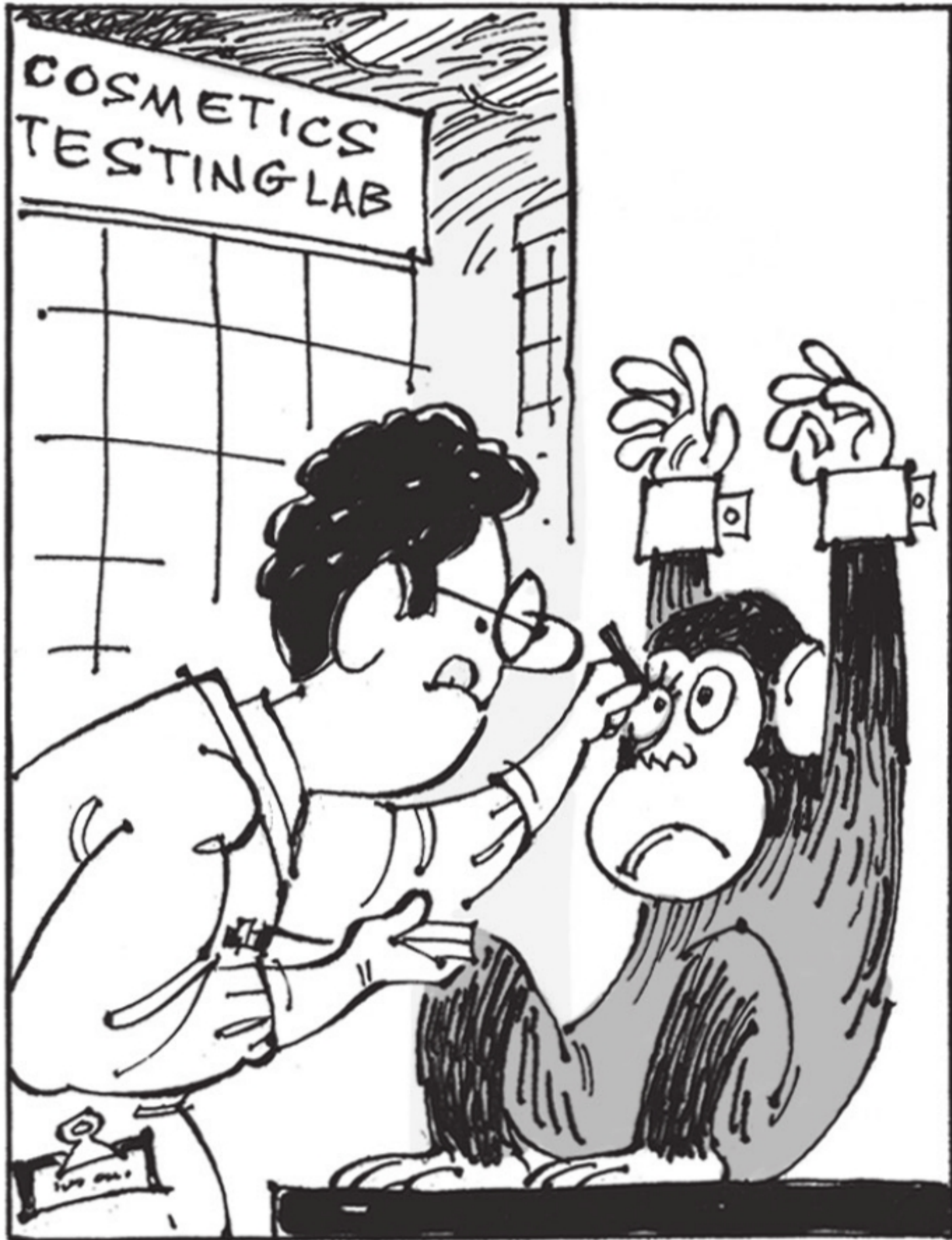


DASTARDLY
DR. BUNK'S
MAD
MONSTER
LAB!!





ONE FINE DAY IN THE ANIMAL TESTING LAB



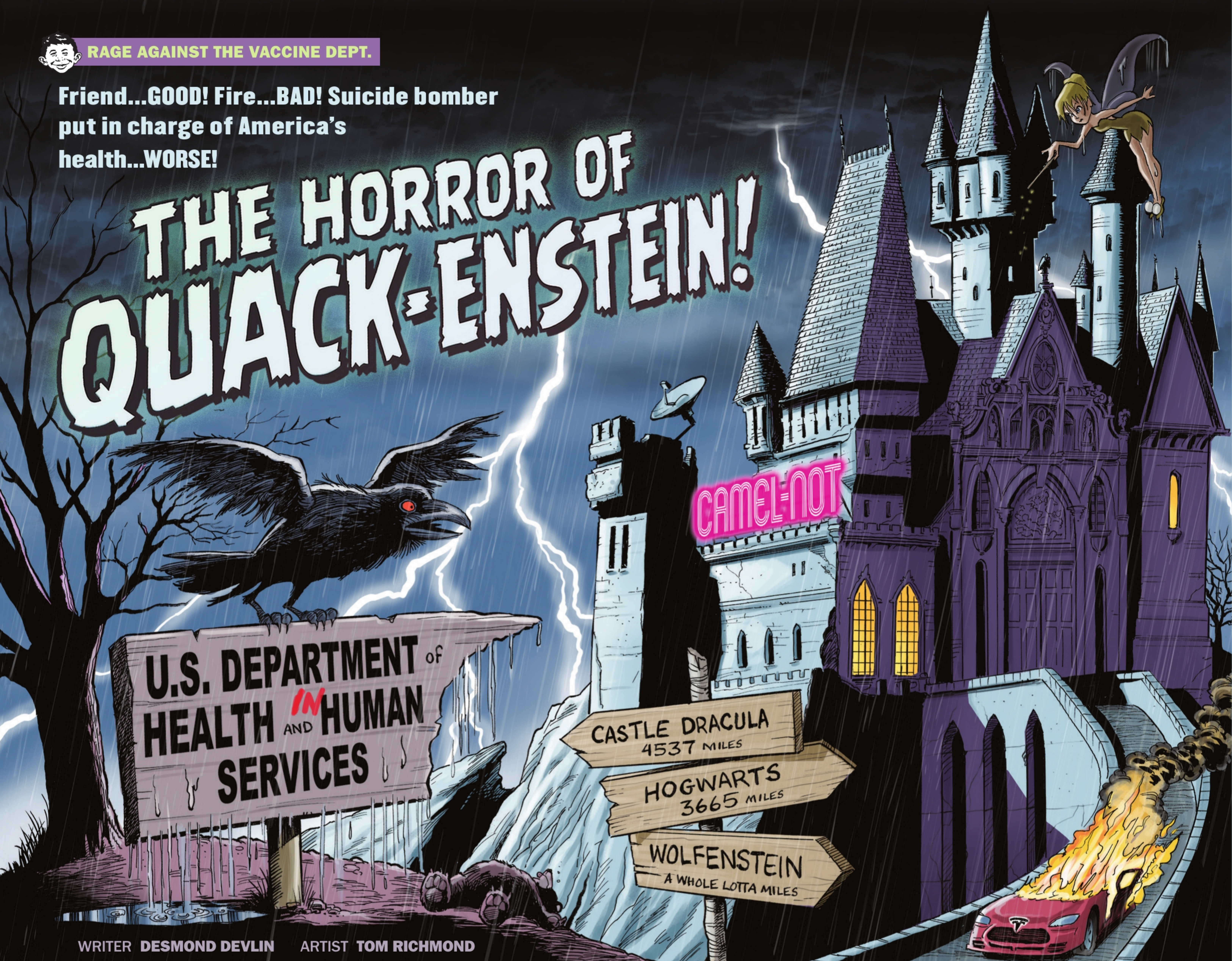
WRITER **MICHAEL GALLAGER** ARTIST **PAUL COKER**





Friend...GOOD! Fire...BAD! Suicide bomber
put in charge of America's
health...WORSE!

THE HORROR OF QUACK-ENSTEIN!



WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

Let us enter the inner sanctum
of the Health Department. On
a foul and gloomy night, this
castle was seized by a diabolical
madman and turned into a
house of horrors.

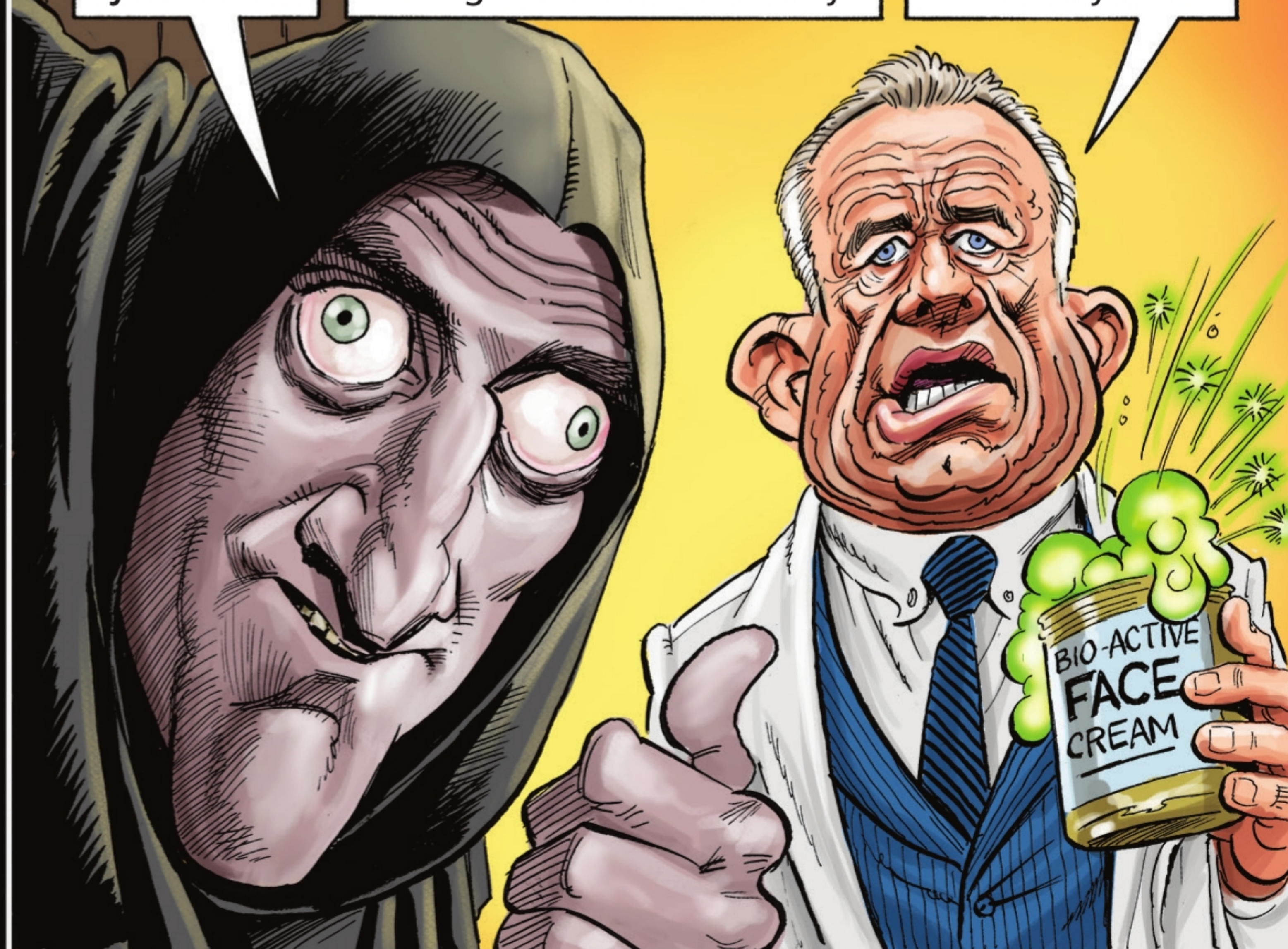
Rumor has it that his
deranged scientific
theories have breathed
an unholy life into
dead tissue. Those
rumors are true!

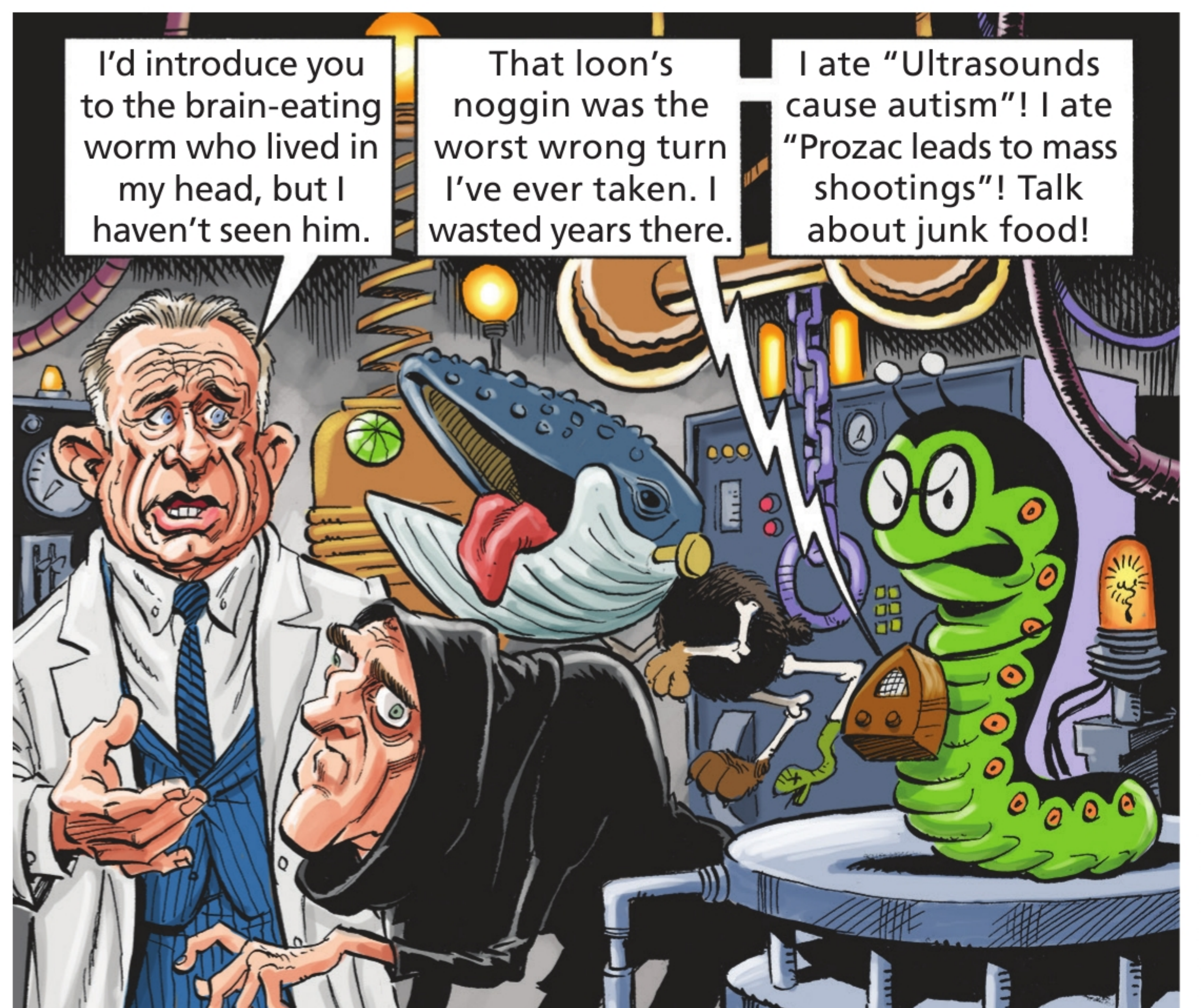
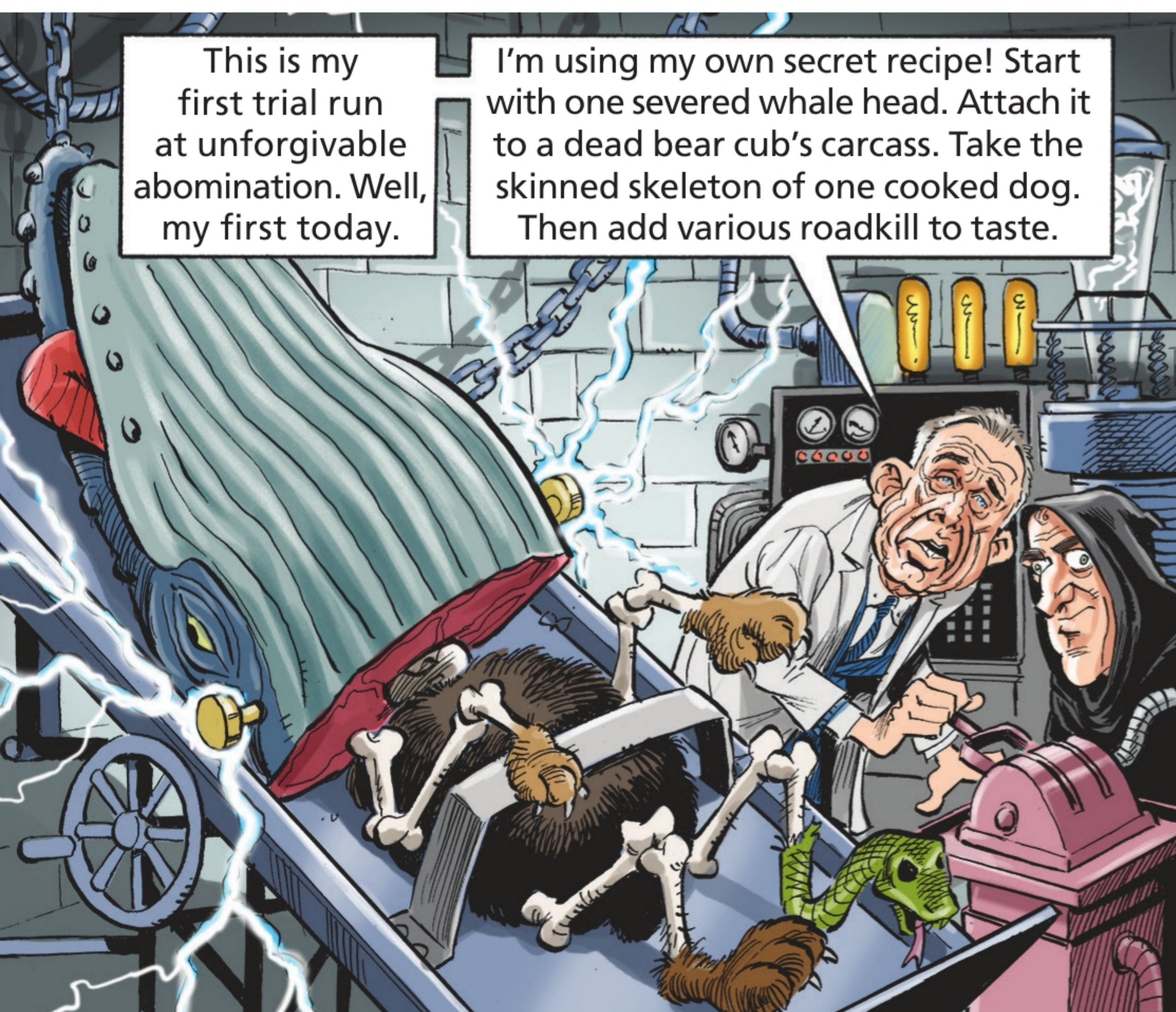
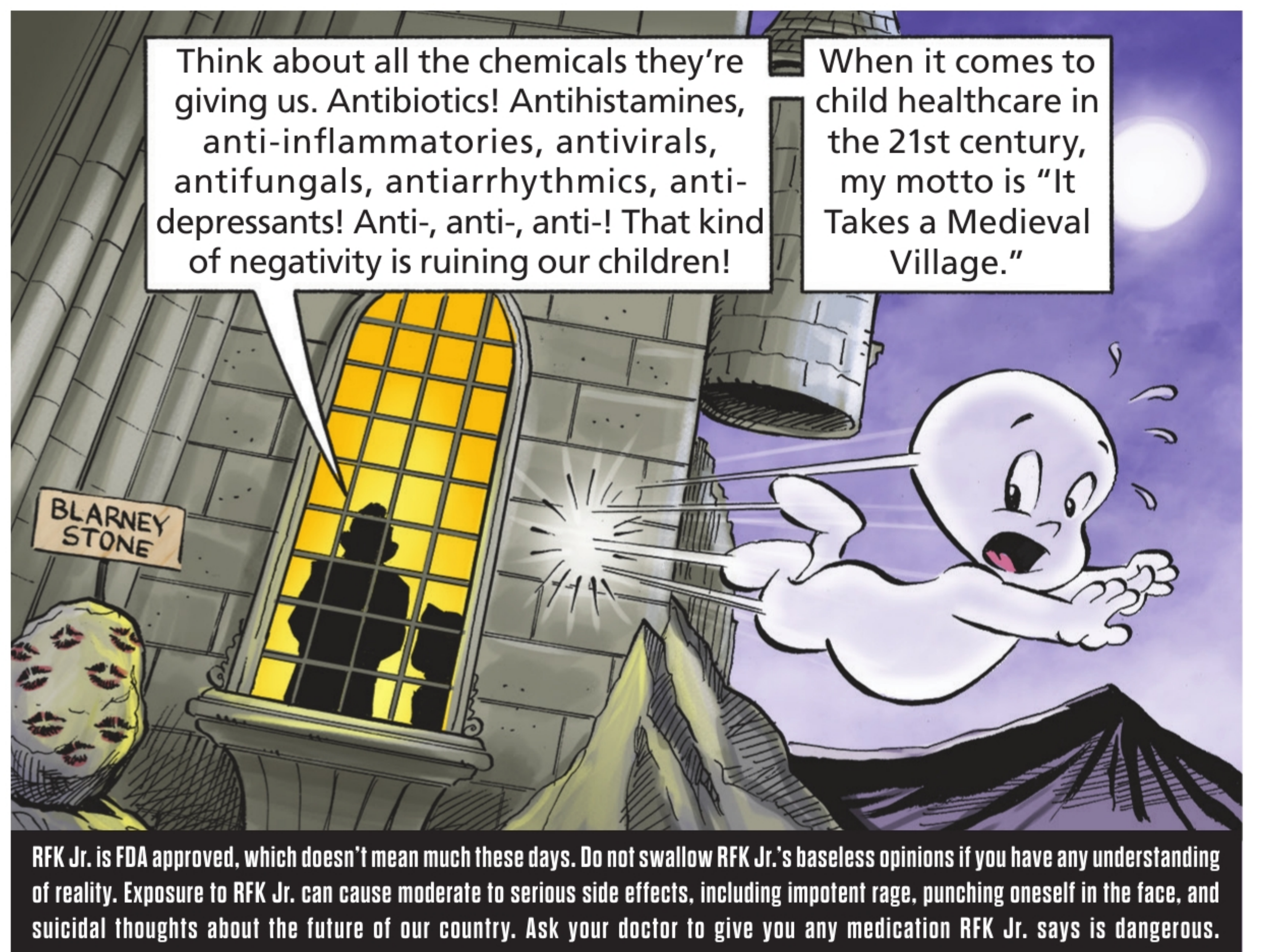
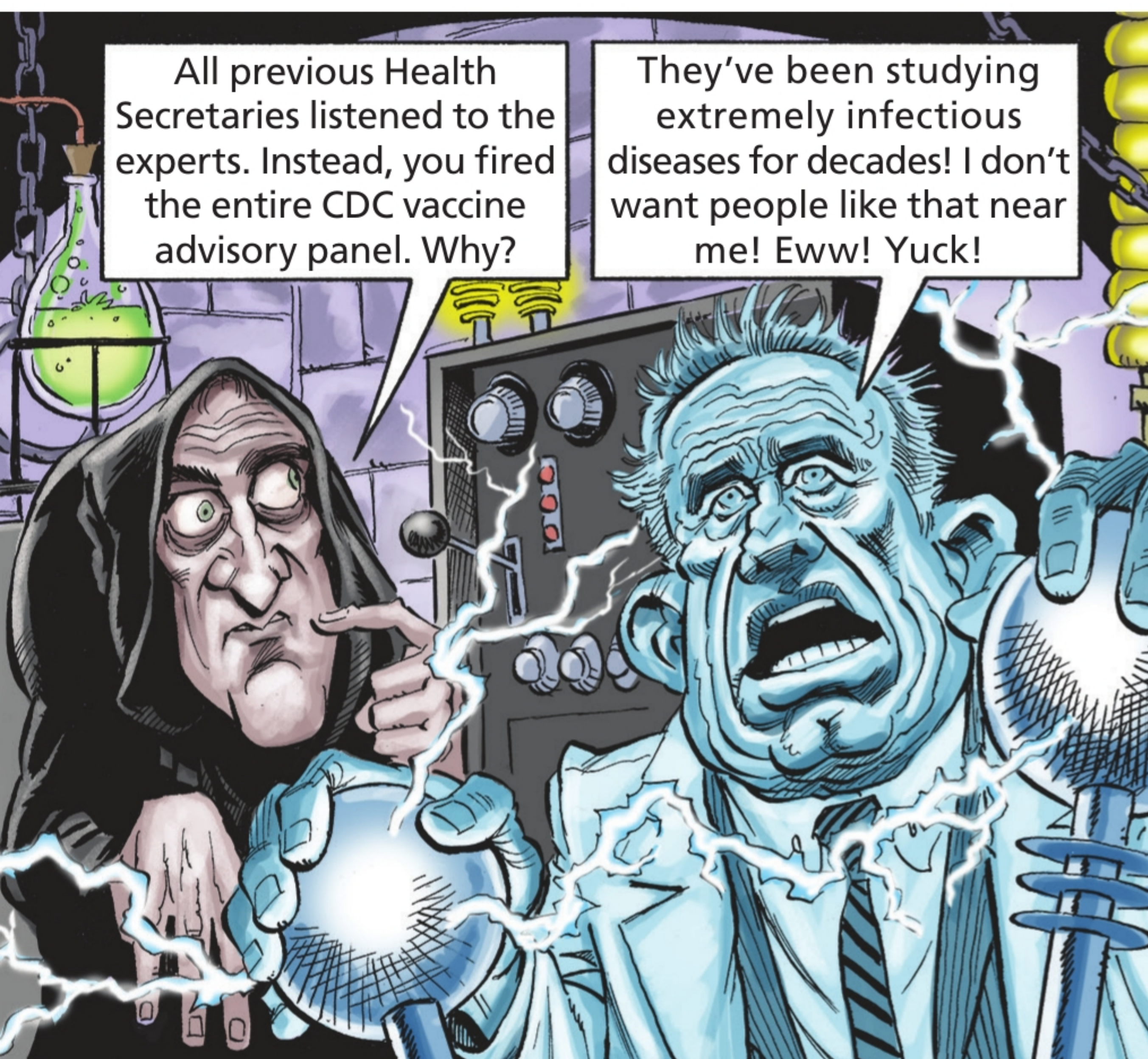
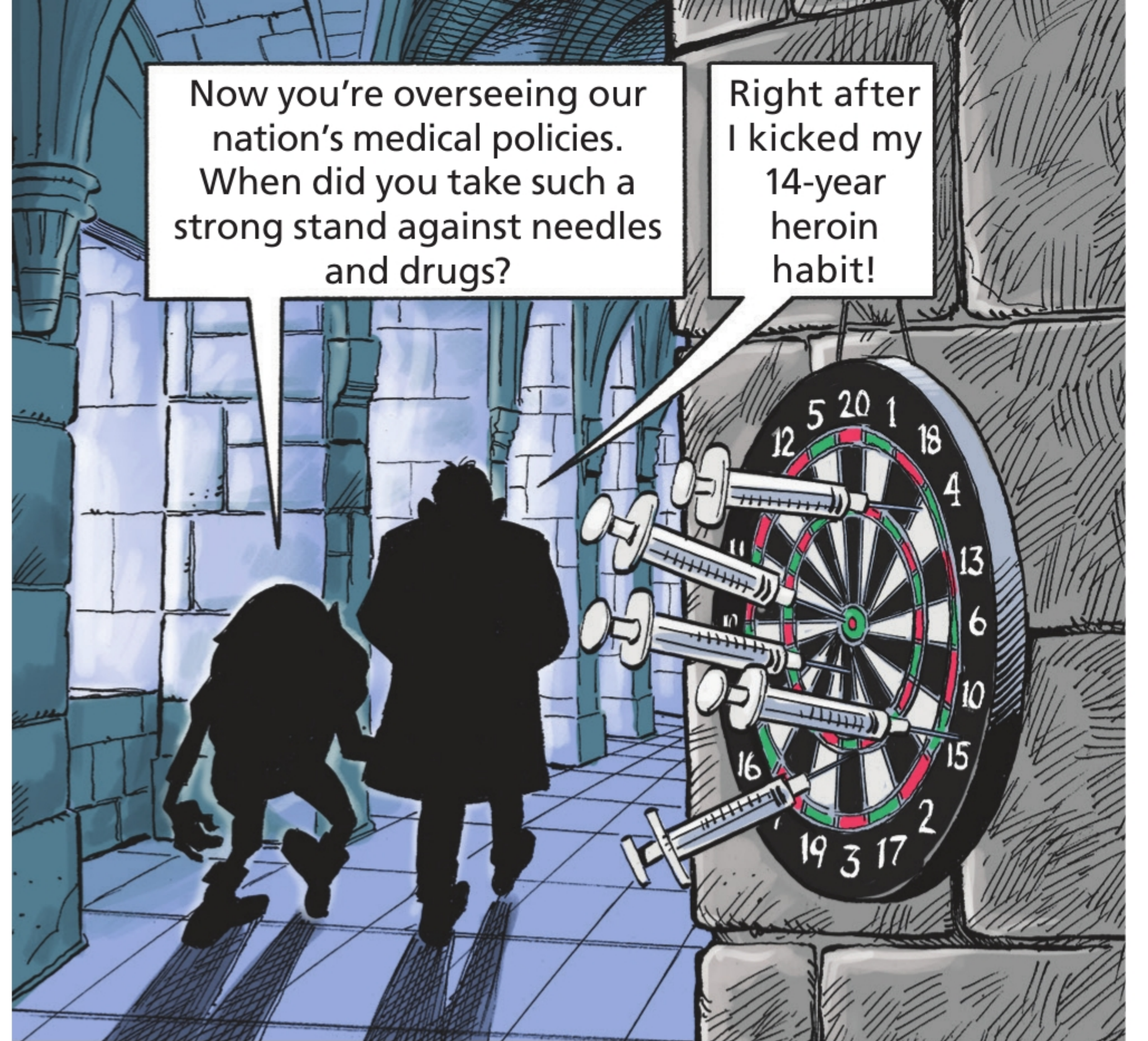
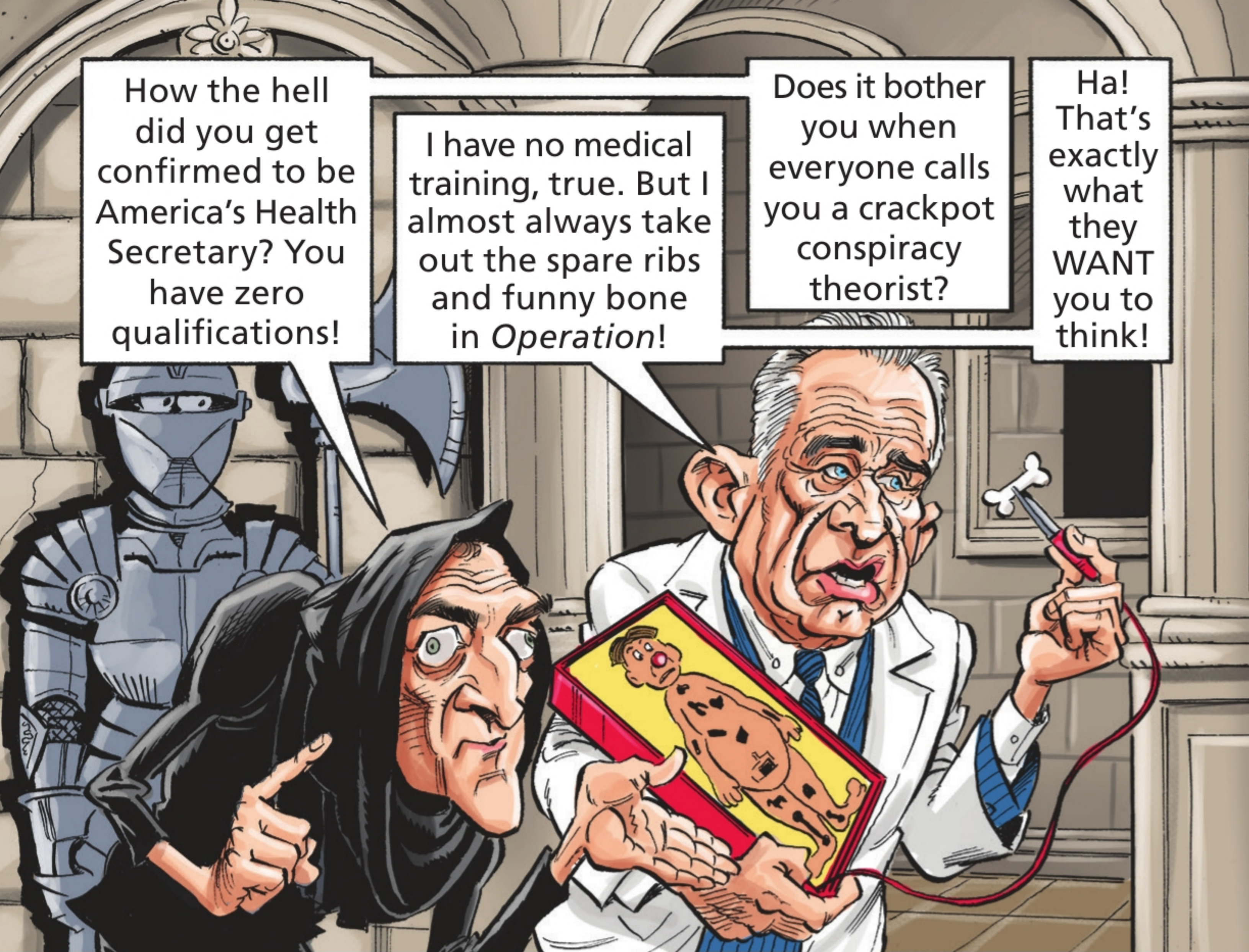


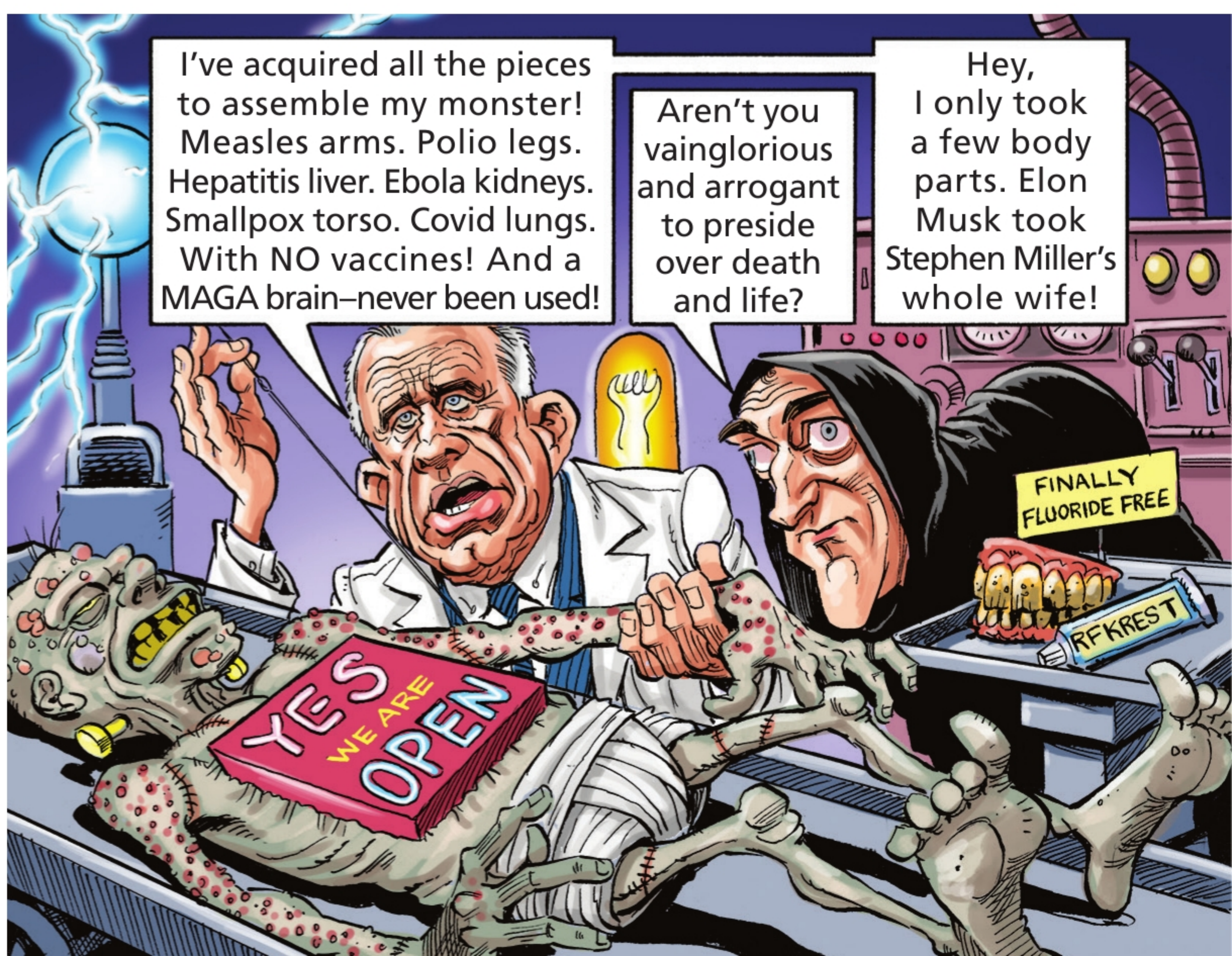
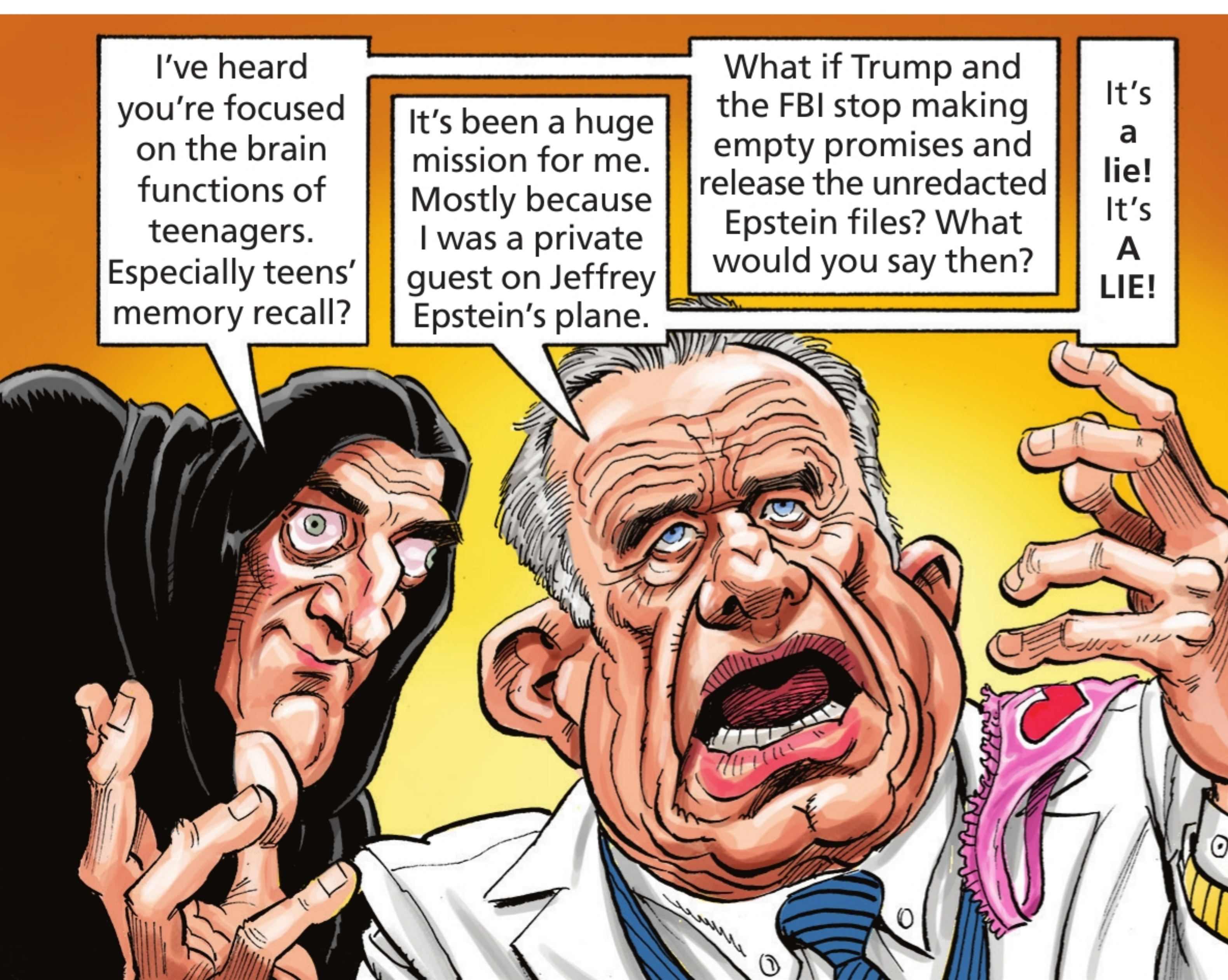
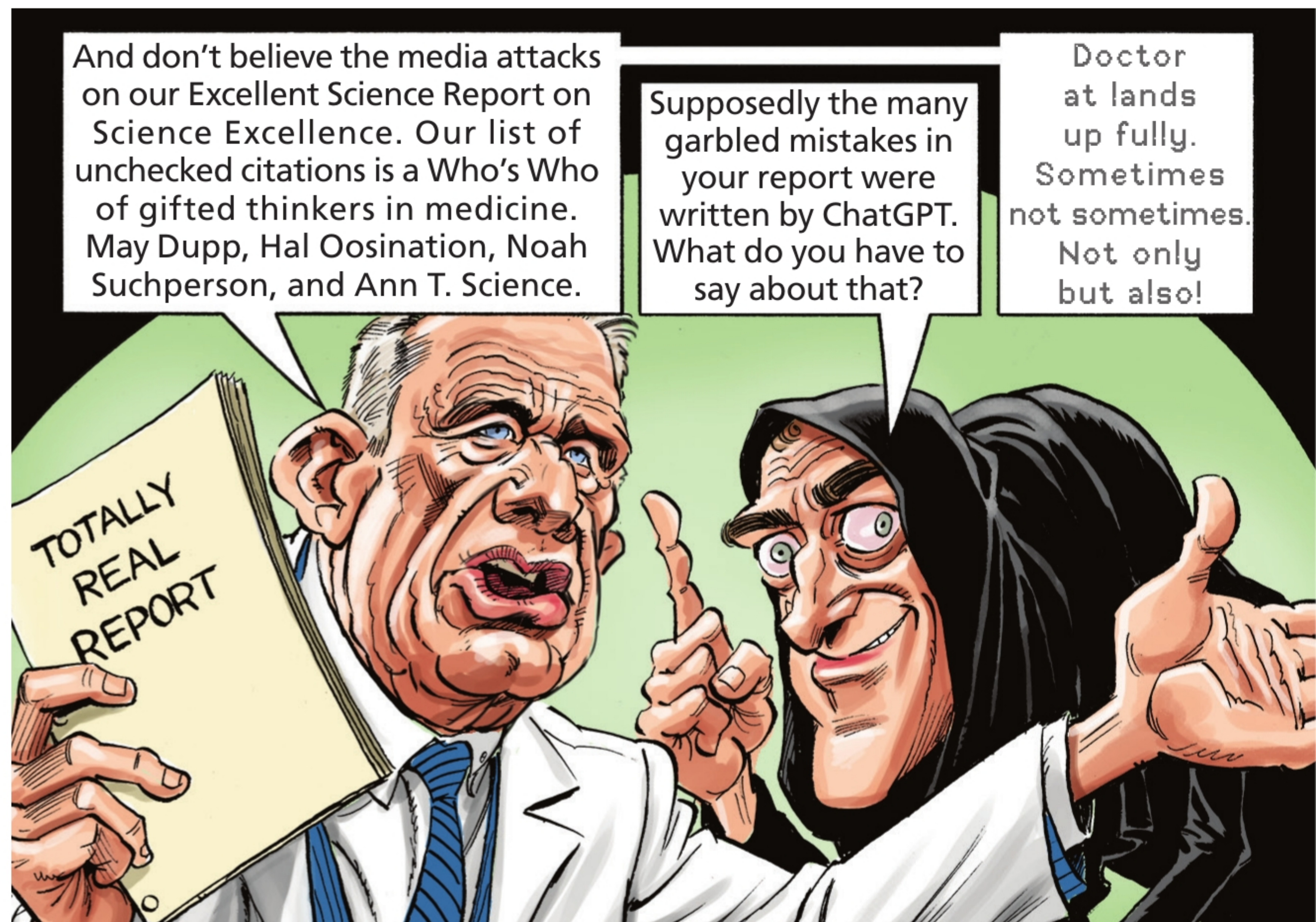
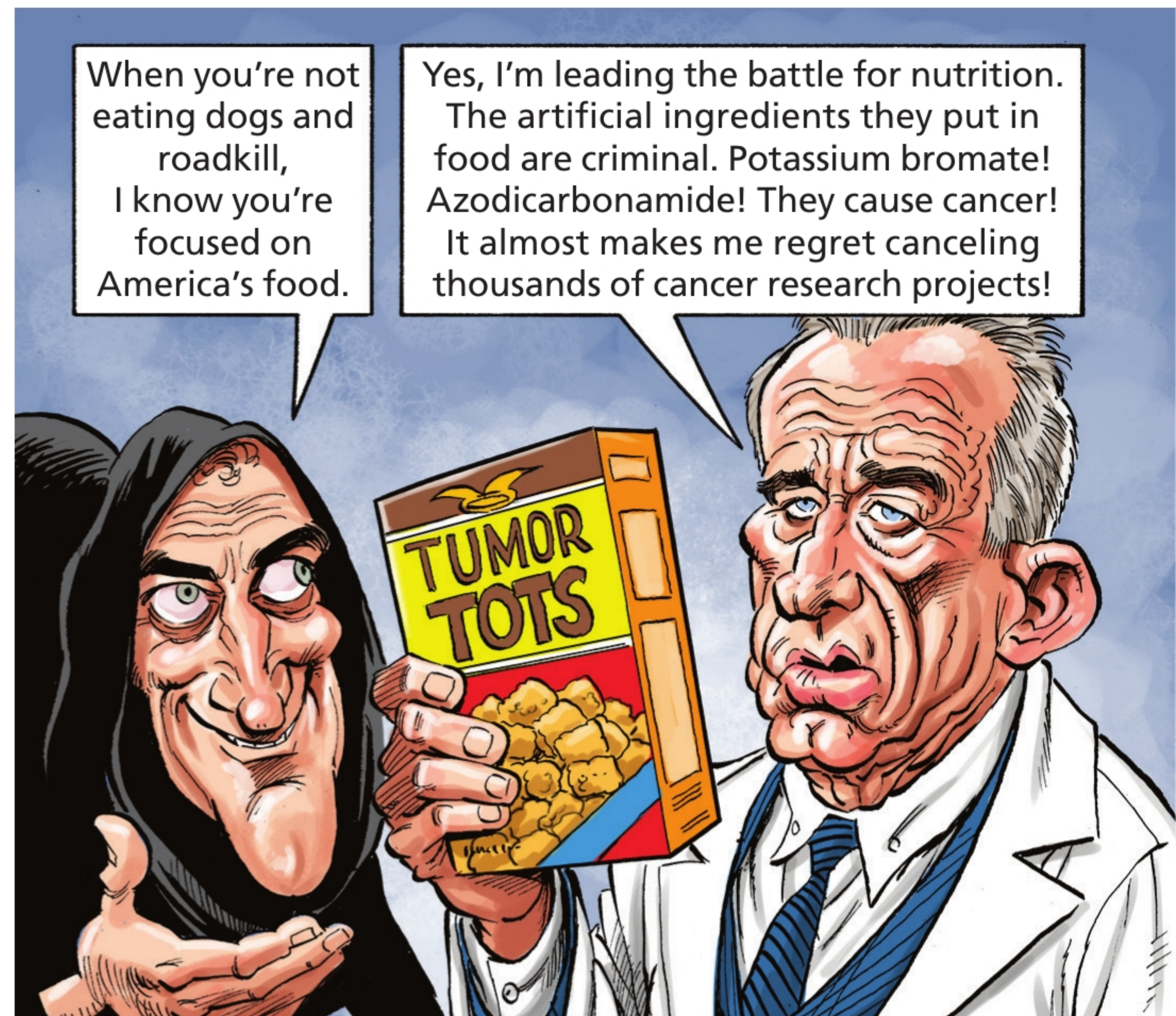
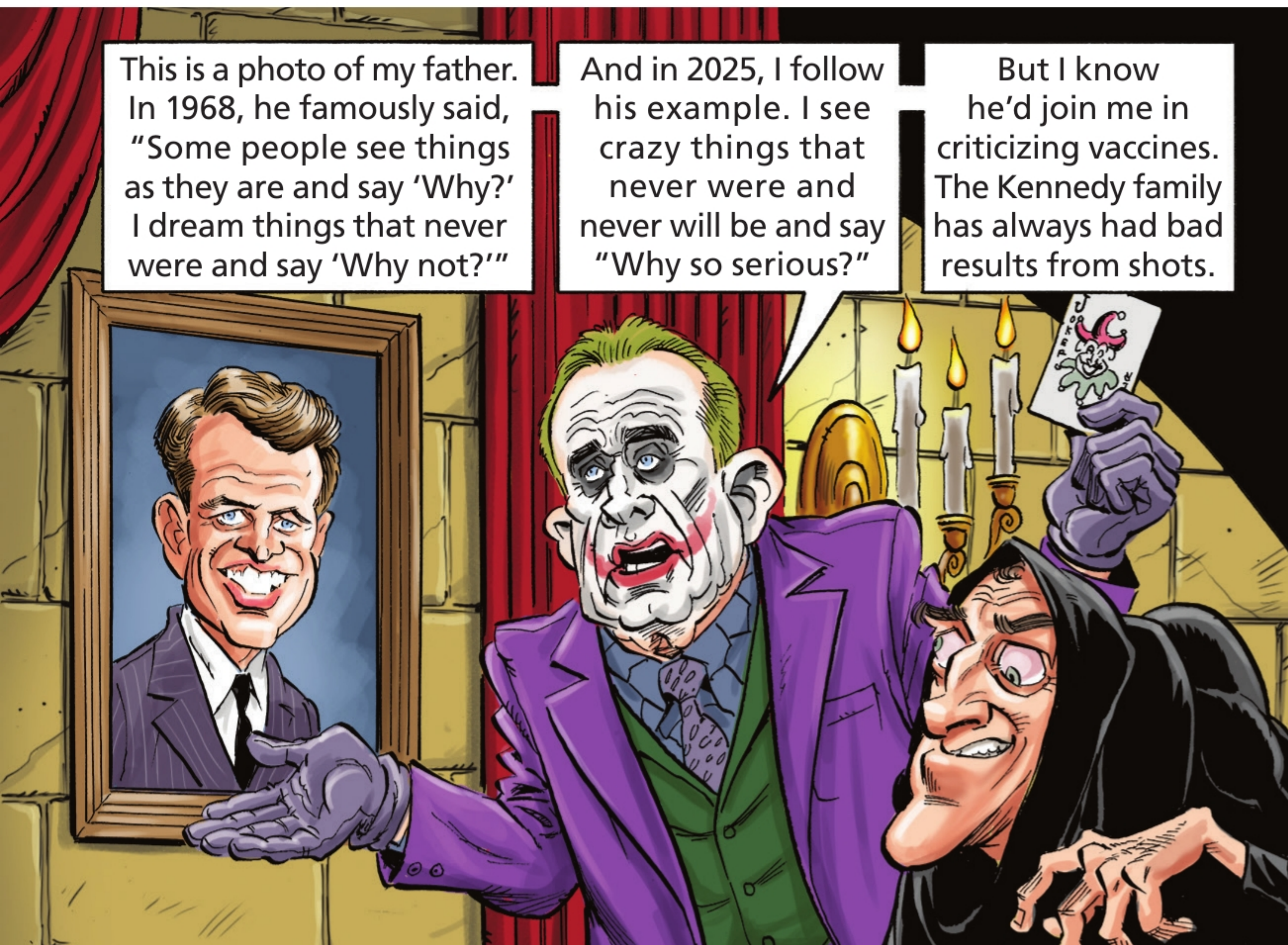
Look upon
this ravaged
creature's
cadaverous
face, if
you dare.

Its desiccated flesh is like
a camel's foreskin. It
communicates in a strangled
growl, as if Bob Dylan and
Cookie Monster had a baby,
then gave it a tracheotomy.

Hey, I haven't
made a monster
yet. It's me!
Health Secretary
Robert F.
Kennedy Jr.!







So,
what
do you
think
of
him?

Honestly? He's a disease-ridden mass of rotting flesh. He's living proof that the single greatest threat to America's health is the unstable incompetent who has the duty of protecting it.

Well, I
didn't
make
him...
for
YOU!

I've invited several dignitaries to share in my triumph, because my creation is part of a long monster tradition. The guests include Herman Munster, the Rocky Horror, Frank N. Stein, the original Frankenstein's monster, and the Bride of Frankenstein...

Hold it,
how'd **A
GIRL** get in
here? **NO
DEI** hires
allowed!

Wait until he finds out Mary Shelley wrote the original *Frankenstein*.

I believe in compromise. That's why I compromise the public health of our nation! But I'd hate for my lunacy to leave everyone unhappy, so I've written a song* for the occasion! Let's dance to the grave!

♪ I'm suppressing science facts day and night.
There'll be needless deaths, but that's all right.
All the research was compiled for years and years.
♪ Now thanks to me, it disappears! ♪

*Beware the vaxx!
Don't trust a single vaxx.
A monstrous vaxx! You're stabbed by maniacs!
The data smacks of Big Pharma kickbacks.
They're all just hacks! I'll stop them with cutbacks.*

♪ Every vaccination, in my point of view, ♪
Is a different poison that's designed to kill you.
Life-saving drugs, they are simply the worst, ♪
Don't worry, though, since I'll kill you first! ♪

*Destroy the vaxx!
Get rid of every vaxx!*

*These "expert" quacks with their vicious attacks...
We can't relax! That might cause heart attacks!
A smart man backs the hypochondriacs.*

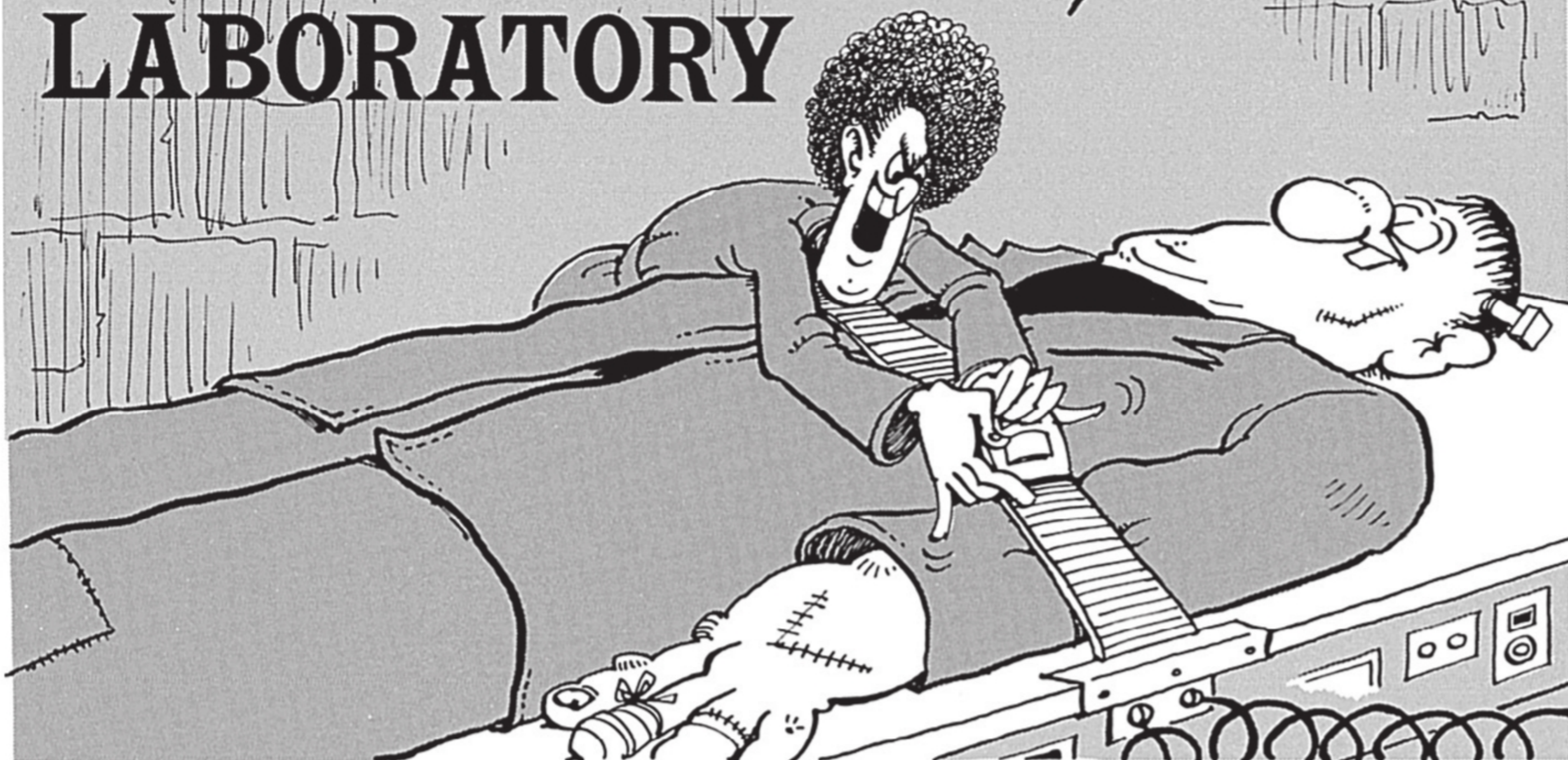
***Sung to the tune of "*The Monster Mash*"**

This is highly abby normal!

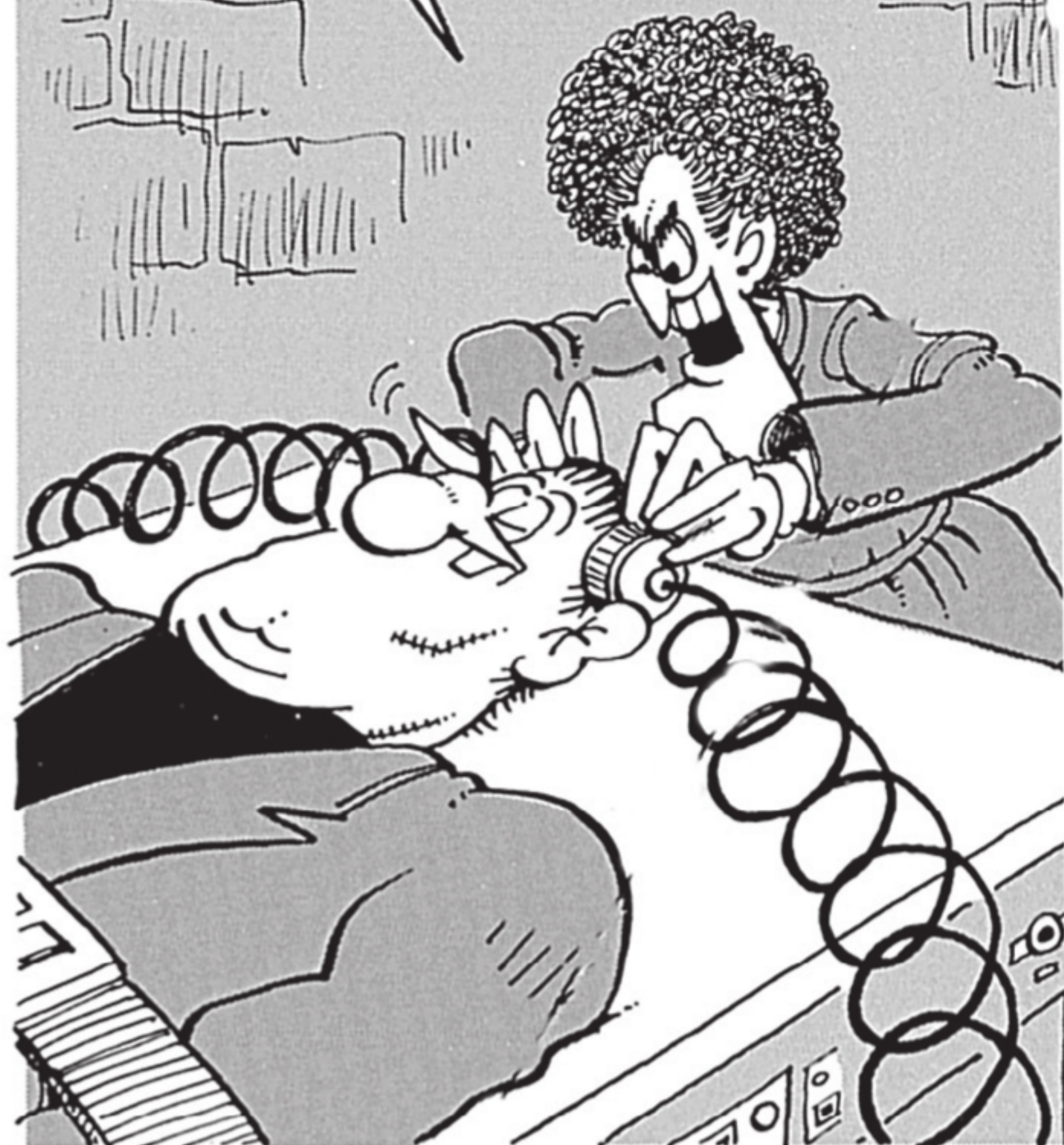


ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY

First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



Then . . . I connect the head electrodes . . .



WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**

And now, I pull the switch . . . sending four hundred thousand volts into the body . . . more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!



YEAH!!



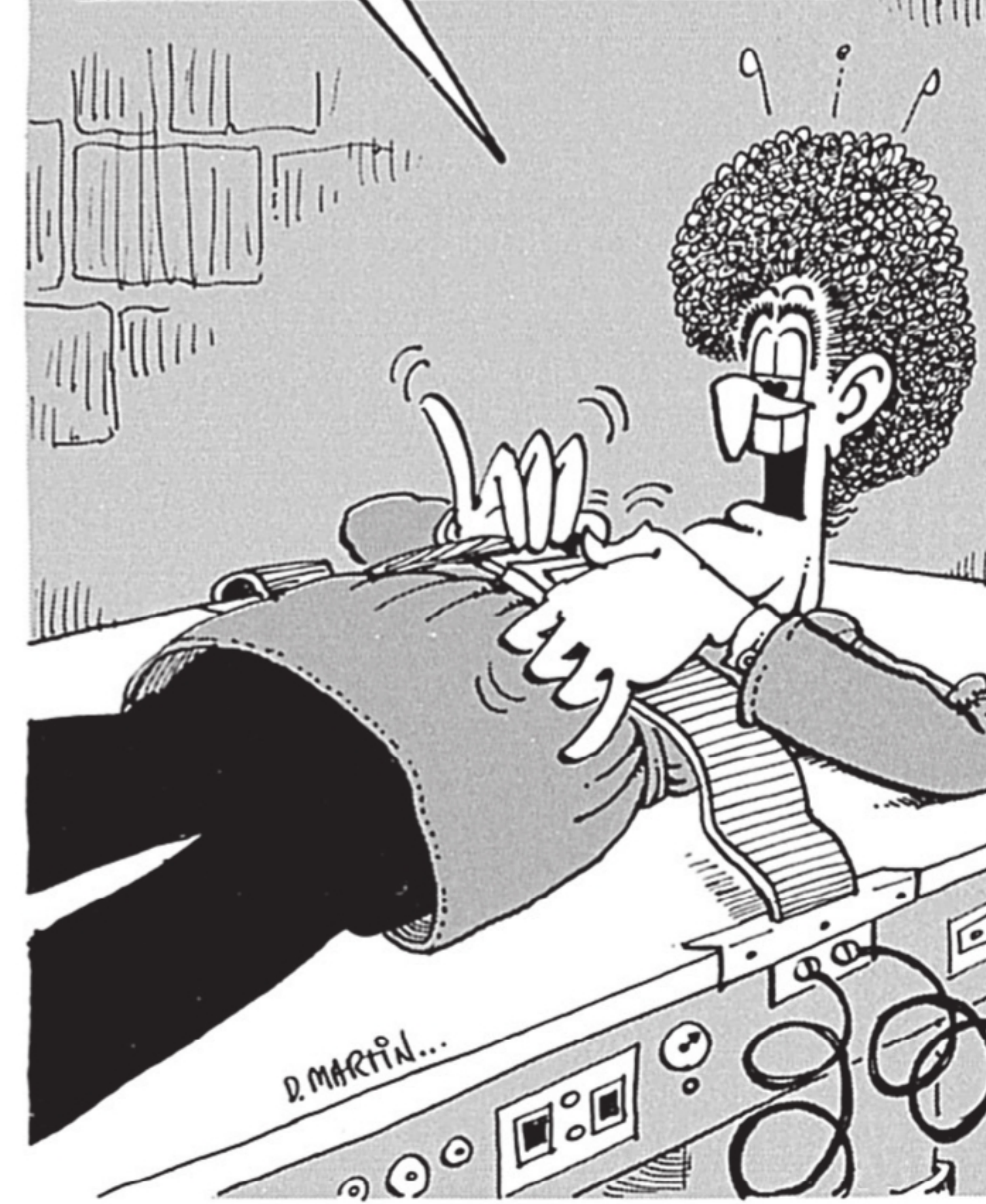
A-ZAP-DAP . . . AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN . . . AN'-A-HOW'S BY YOU?!? YEAH! YEAH!!



Let's see now! First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



Now that science is playing a more important role in our lives each day, we feel it's only a matter of time before "The and Sportsmen like Errol Flynn. As a matter of fact, we wouldn't be surprised if very soon **all** our popular forms of be one catch: the big brains in books, movies, TV and Broadway won't want to change their time-honored "commercial

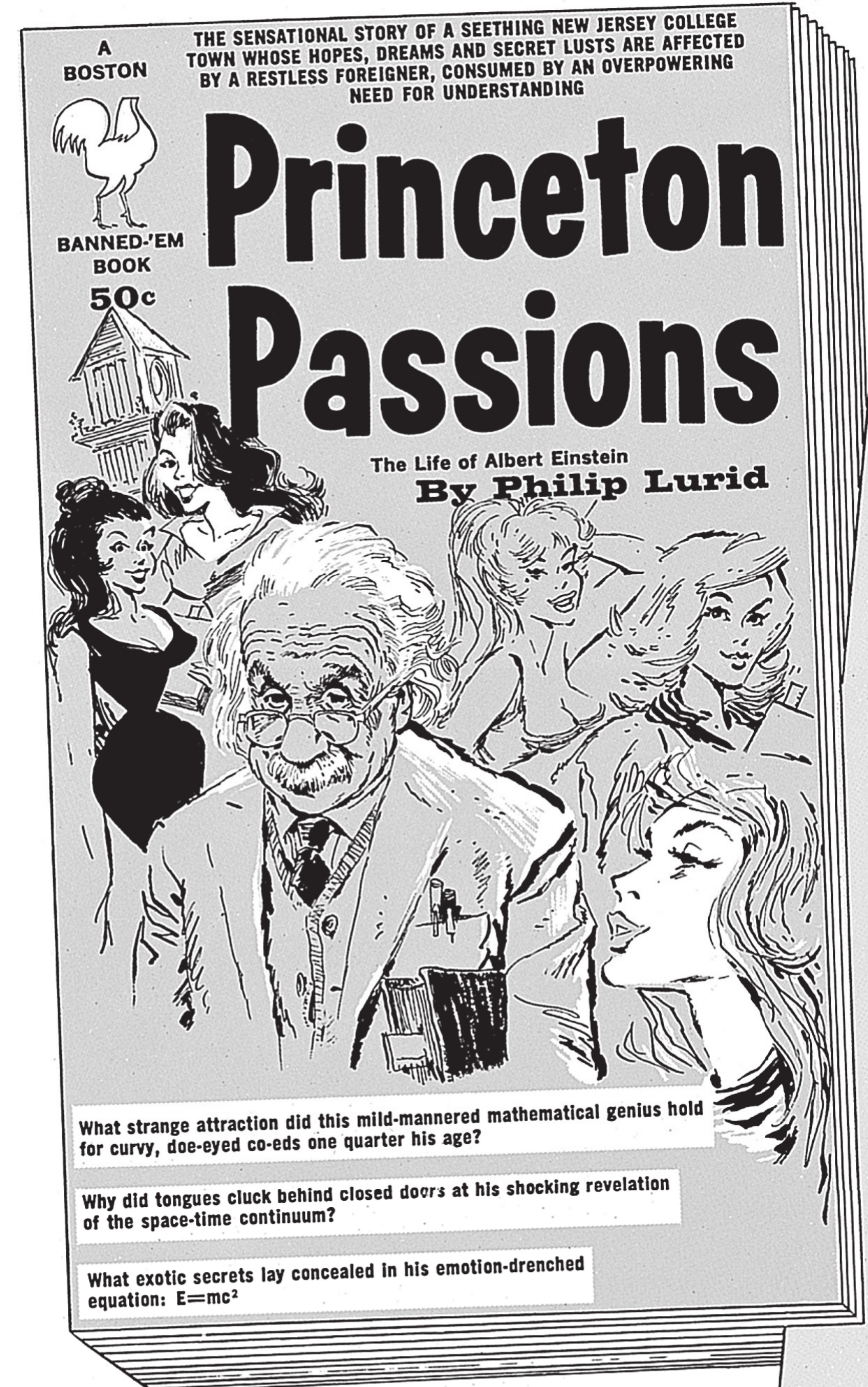
Man of Science" will take over the legendary hero's role held by Westerners like Wyatt Earp, Detectives like Eliot Ness, entertainment began presenting yarns based on the lives of men, say, like Albert Einstein. But if they do, there's bound to success" formulas, and old formats will remain the same as they feature. . .

THE MAN OF SCIENCE

AMERICA'S NEXT MASS MEDIA HERO

THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN IN A PAPERBACK BOOK

The paperback book publisher knows that his strongest selling point is sex, so the cover and a sample page from a pocket-size book on the life of Albert Einstein may look like this . . .



"My darling," he said, gently caressing her cheek with his slide rule-calloused hand, "do you . . . do you like my Theory of Relativity?" "Like it?" she cried. "Oh Albert, Albert, Albert . . . you mad, wild, silly, adorable fool! I love it! It's . . . it's . . . you!"

He crushed her to his Bunsen Burner-scarred chest and hungrily sought out and found her lush, red lips. They clutched each other tightly there in the moonlight.

"Then you do like my theory?" he said, nibbling on the corner of her ear.

"Albert!" she cried, kissing the tip of his nose. "You crazy, warm, lovable honey bear of a mathematical physicist. You *know* I do!"

Now once again he enveloped her in the warmth of his arms and once more his eager lips met hers in an impassioned embrace. His sparkling blue eyes glowed as he tenderly pushed her away. He seemed to want to say something.

"Albert," she said, "what are you thinking of?"

"Well," he said, "right now I'd like to . . . to . . ."

"Yes, Albert, yes?" Her eyes were passion-lined slits.

"I'd like to . . ."

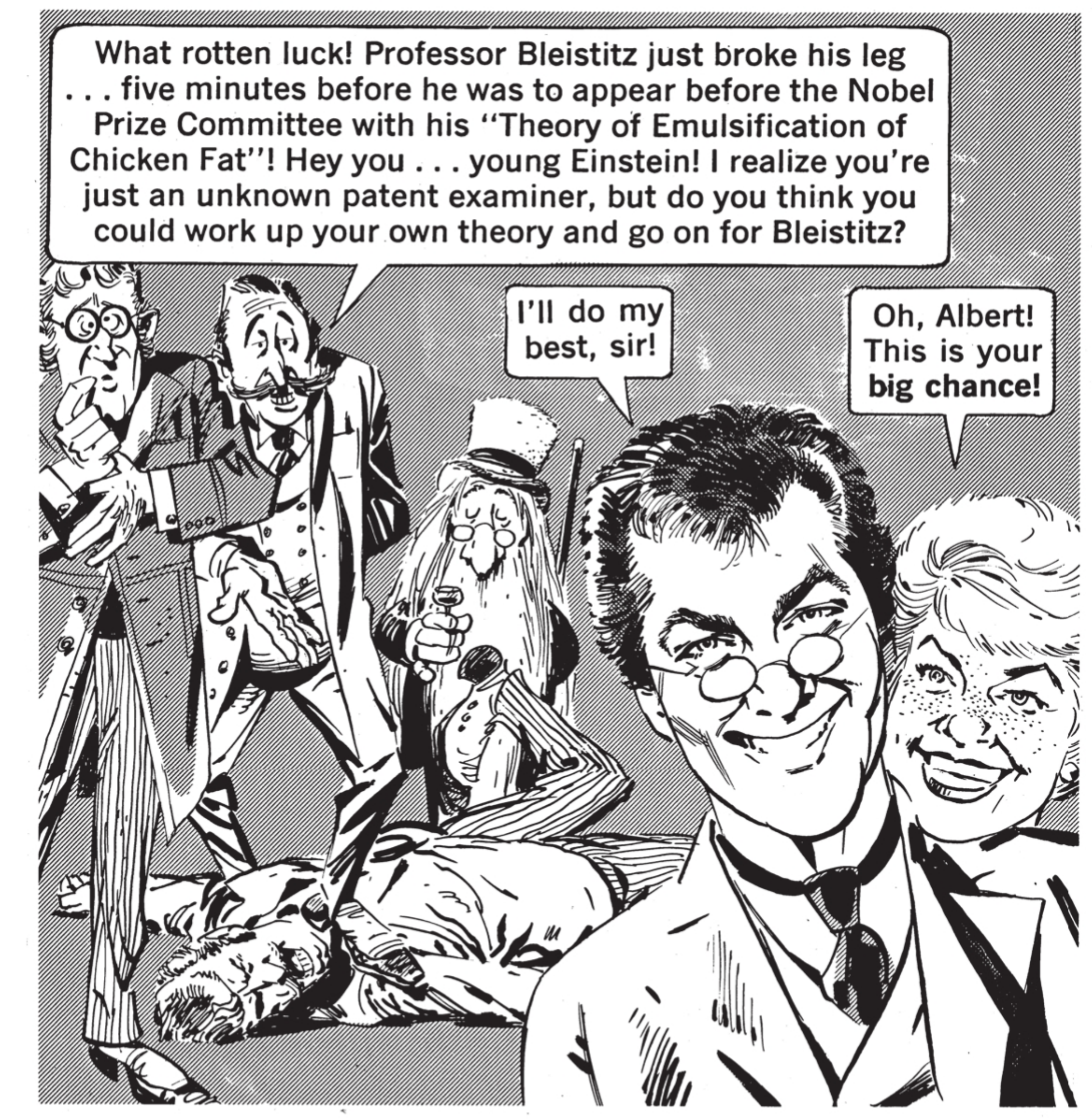
"Yes? . . . Yes? . . ."

"I'd like to work on a quantum theory, giving special reference to photons, the photoelectric effect, and specific heats. And then I'd like to bring together under one all-embracing concept the laws of gravitation, electromagnetics, and relativity."

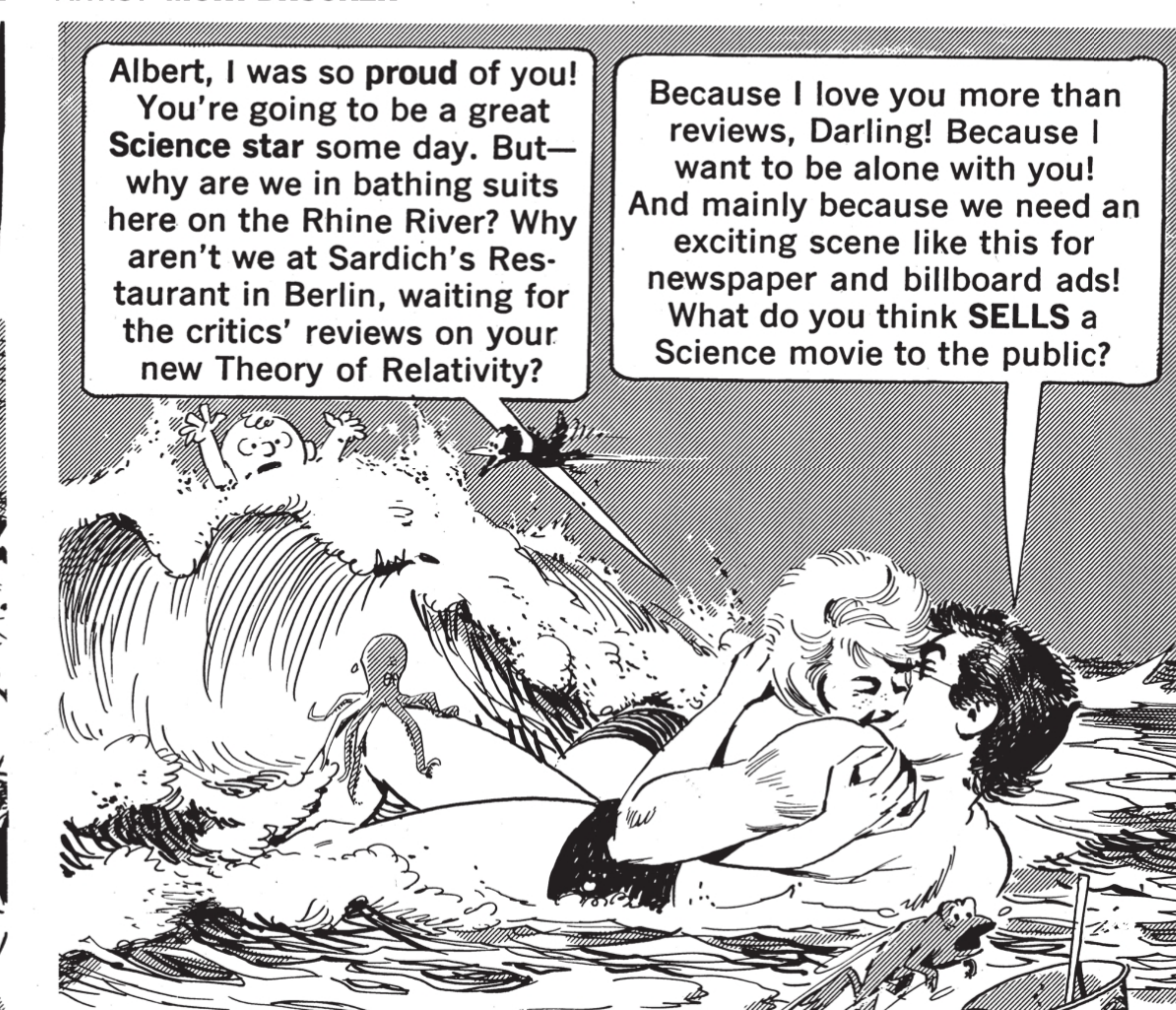
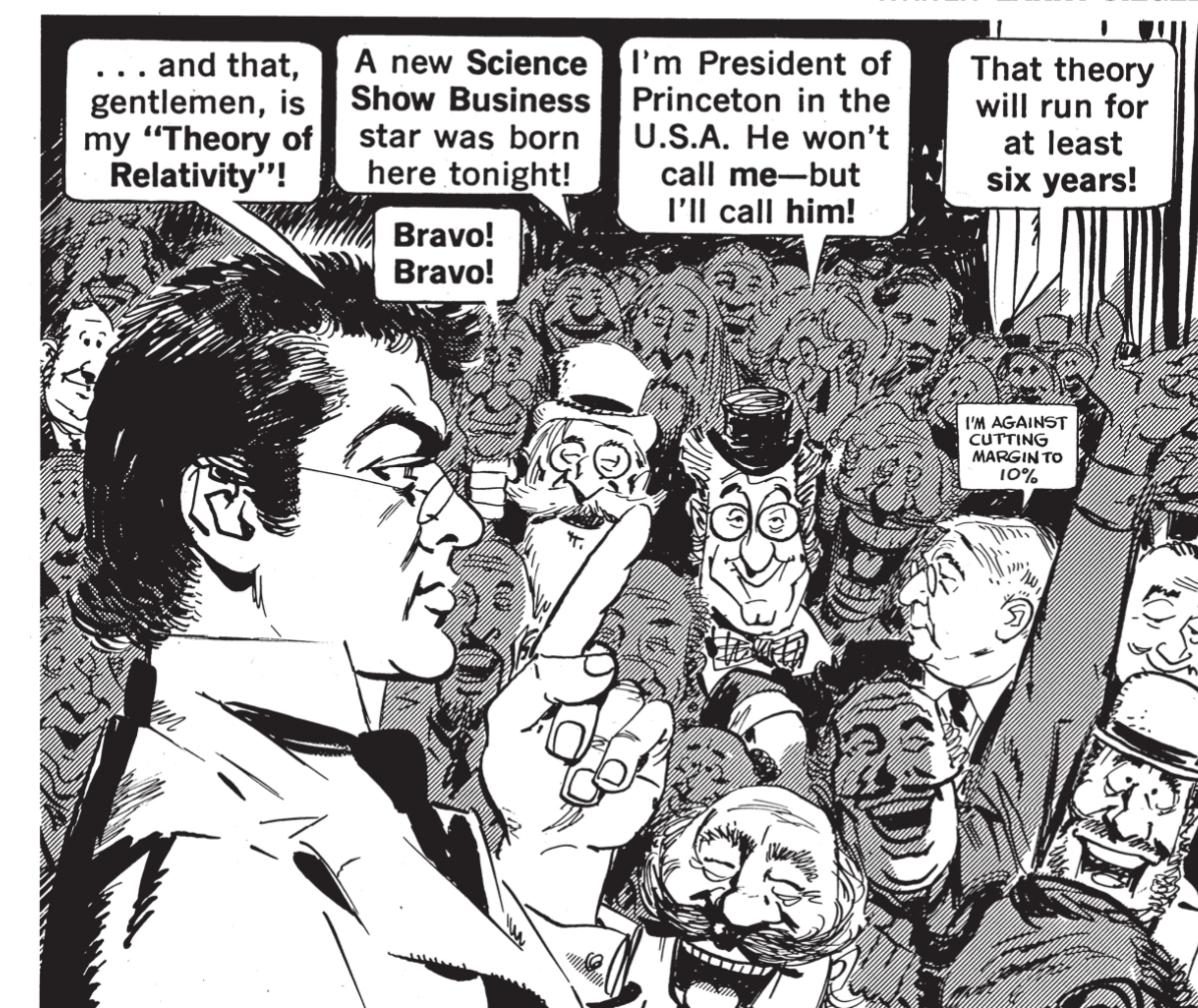
She squealed with delight and flung herself

THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

The Hollywood producer knows that show business-type stories with suspense are always hits, so here are scenes from the forthcoming movie "There's No Business Like Math Business" . . .

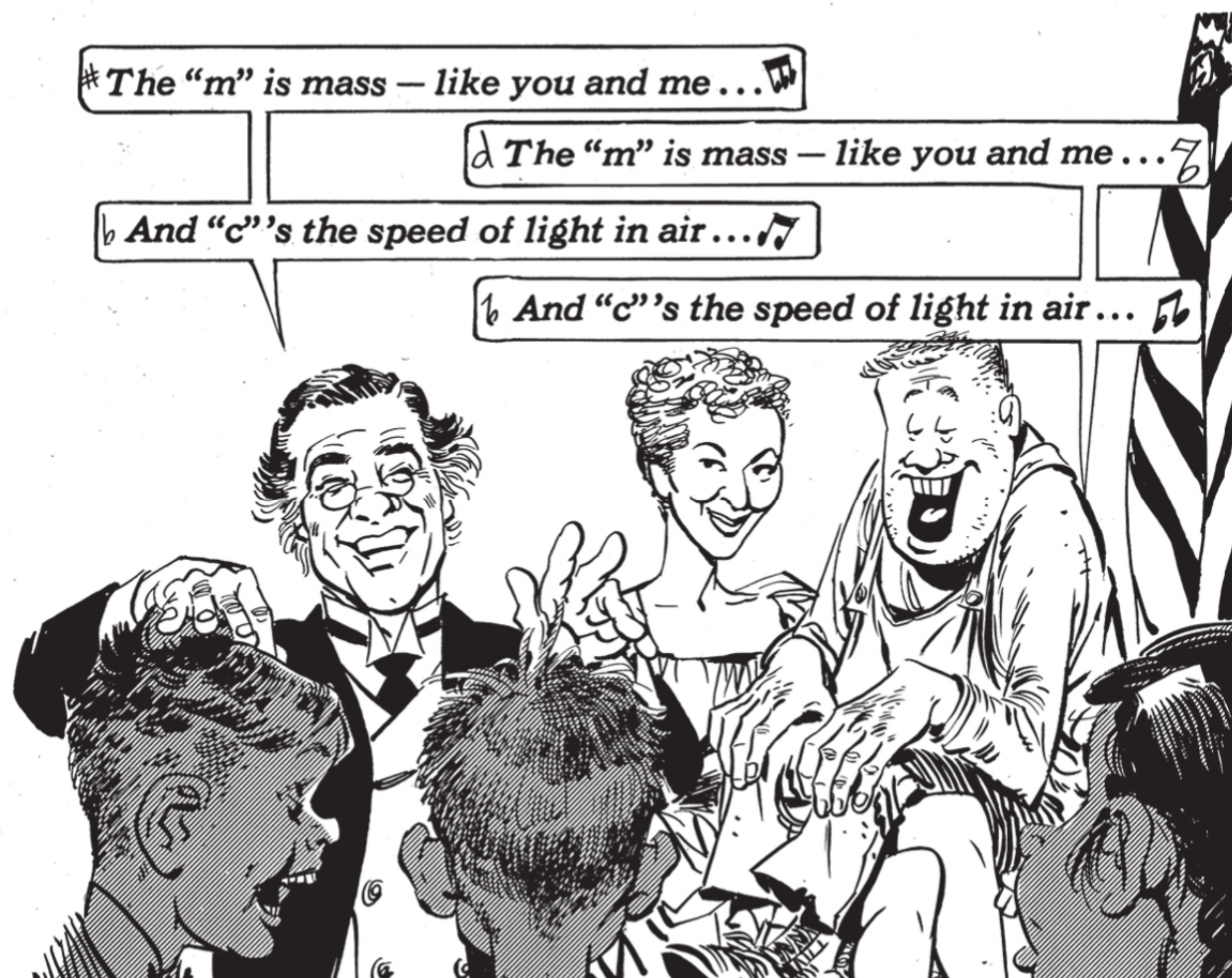
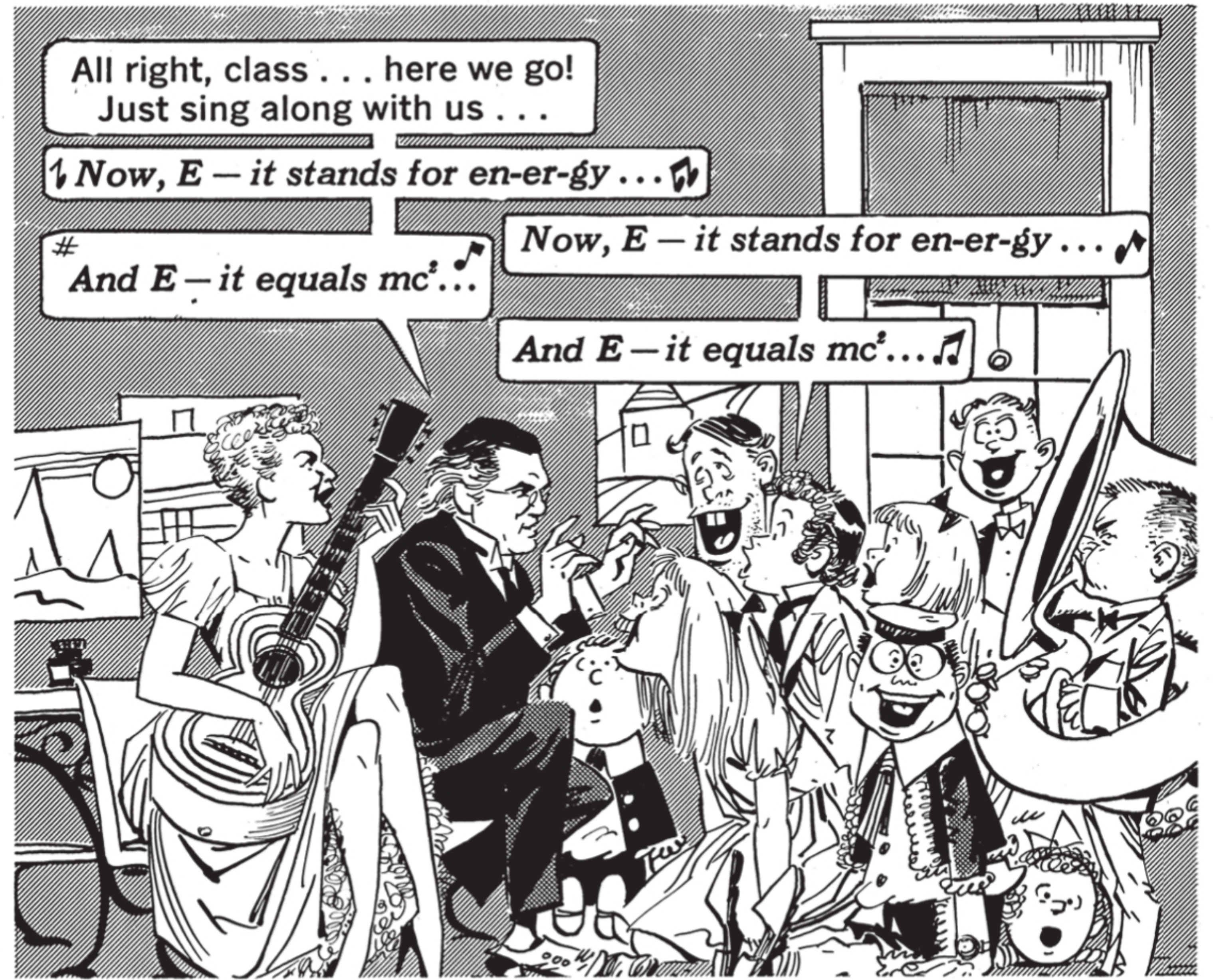


WRITER LARRY SIEGEL



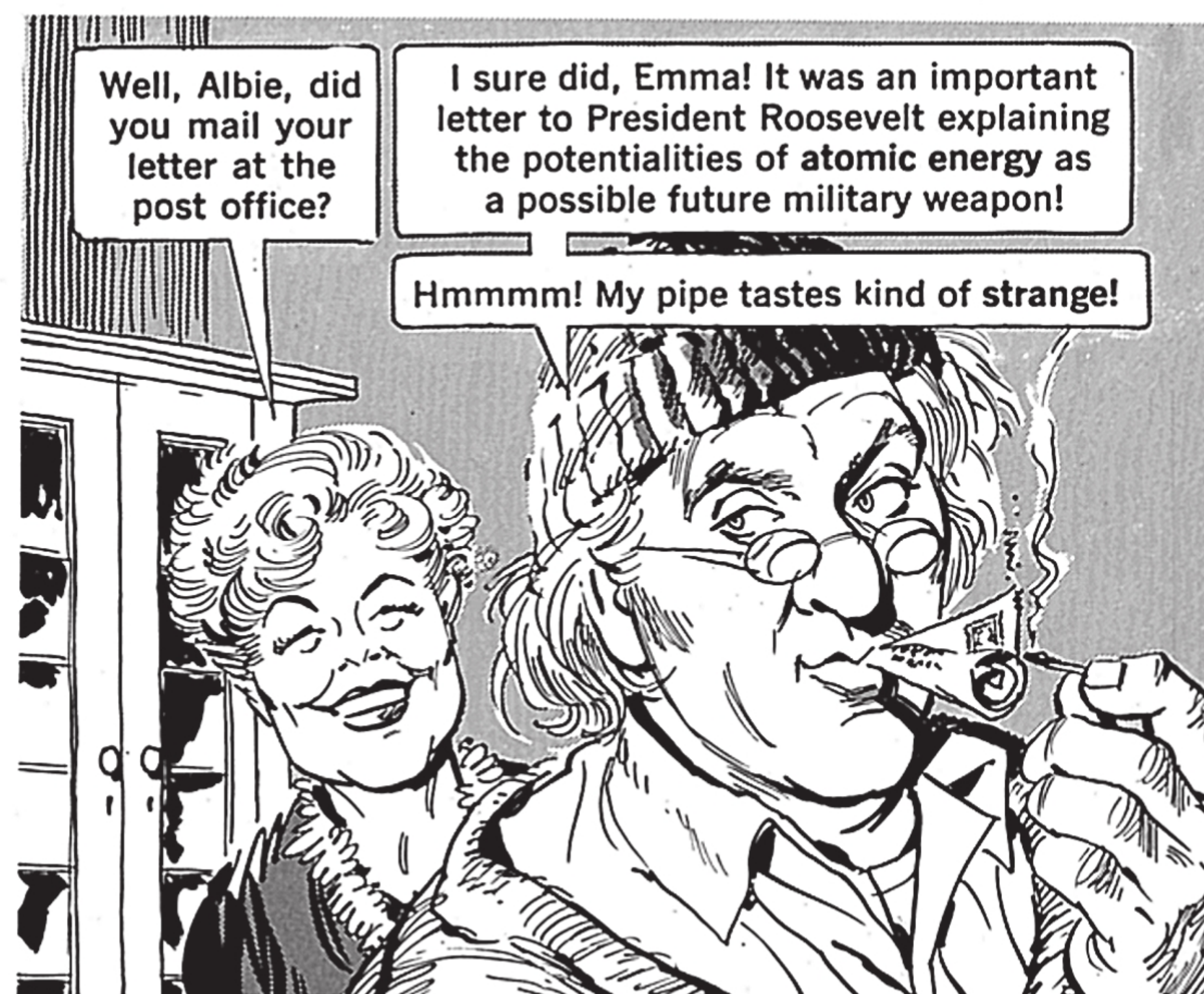
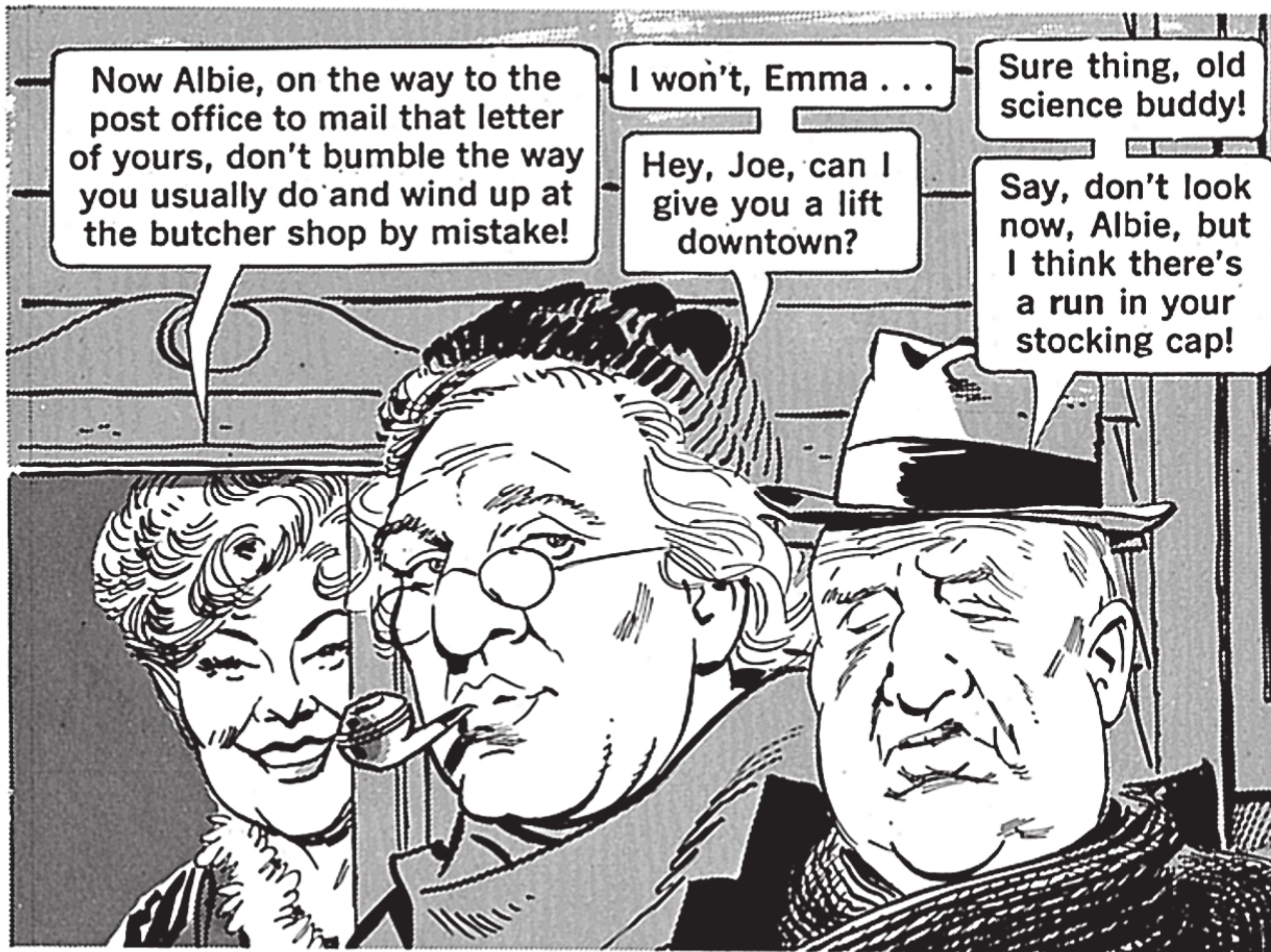
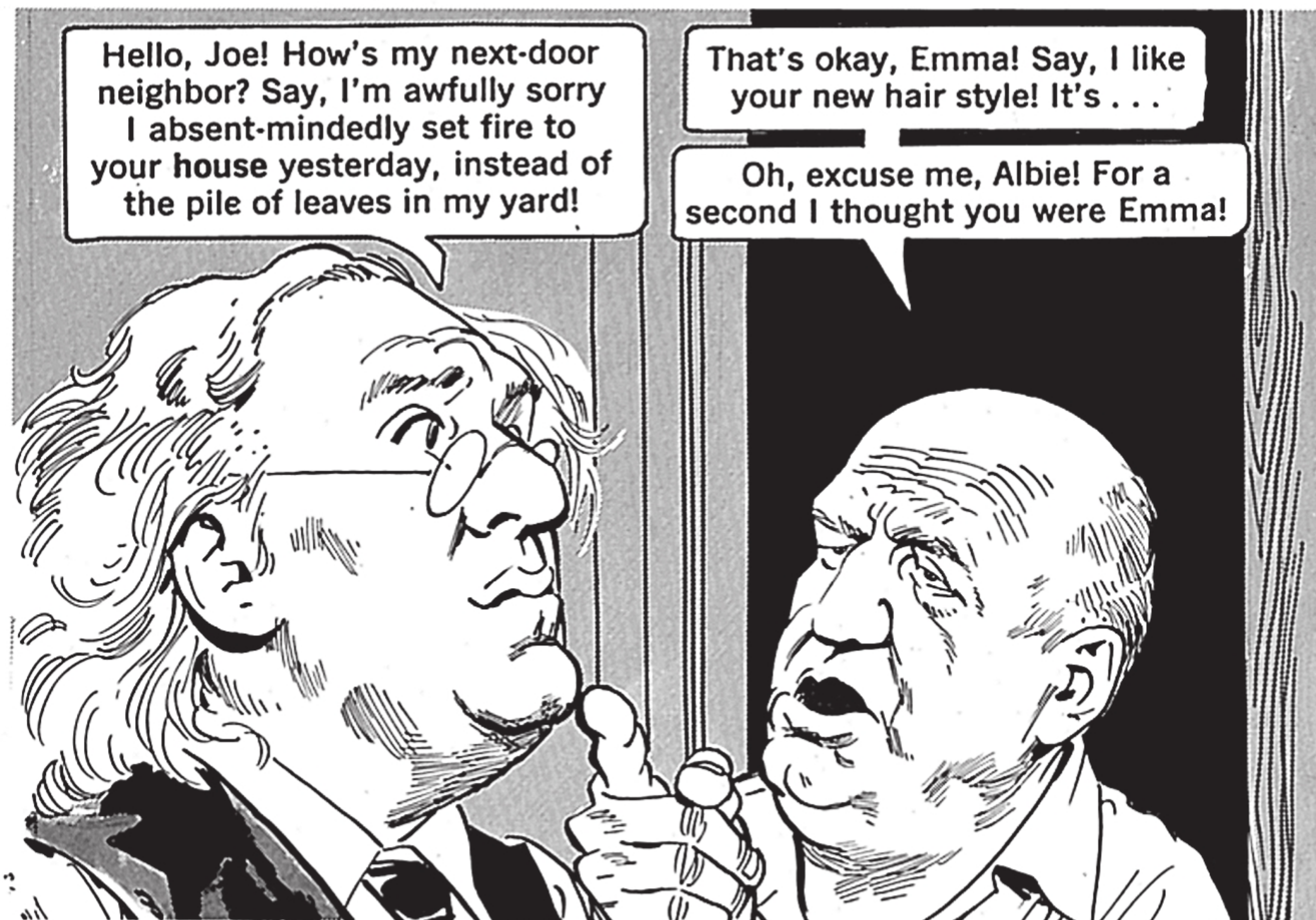
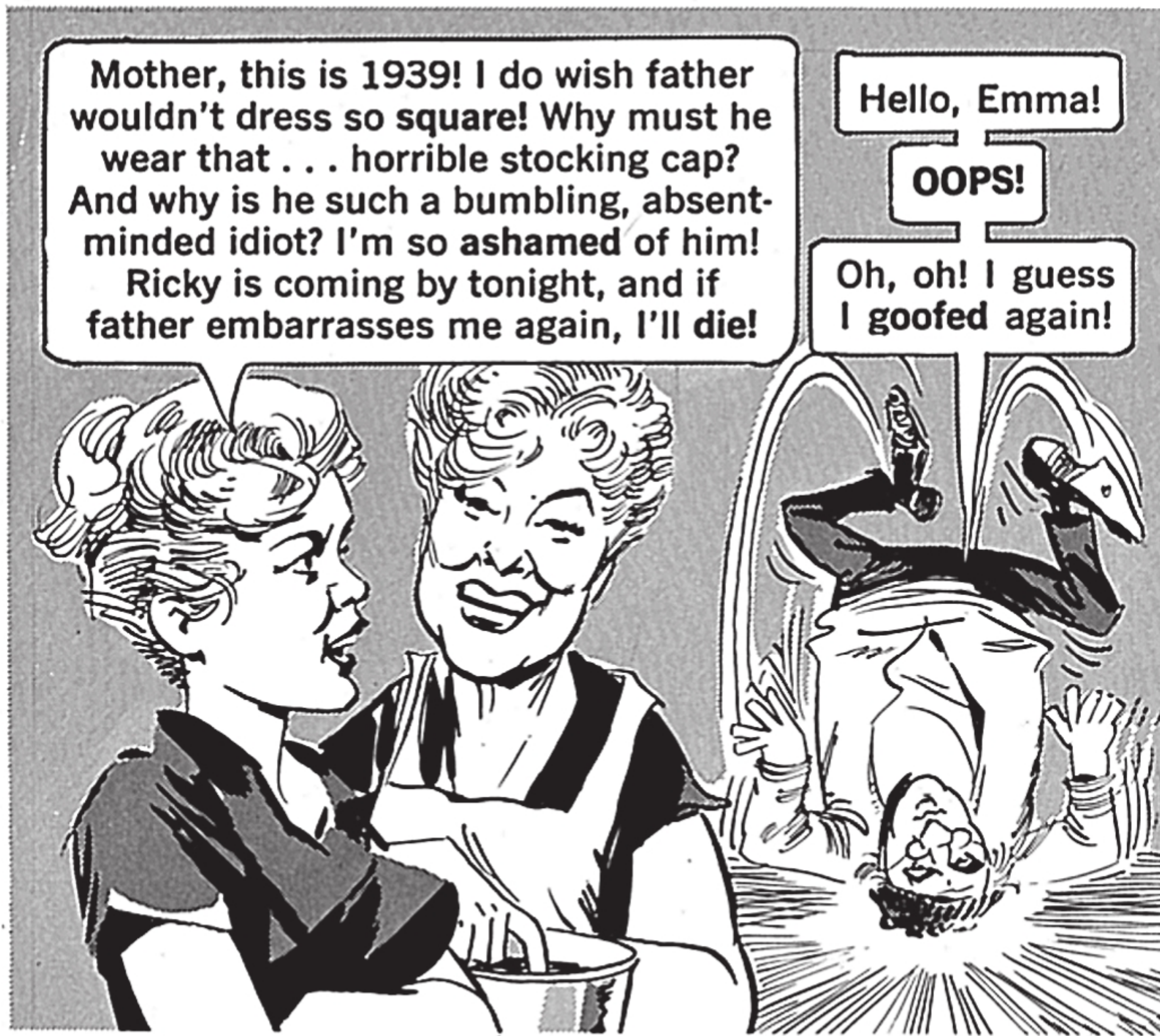
THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A BROADWAY MUSICAL

The Broadway producer will turn to the biggest money-maker of all: the musical. So here's a scene from the upcoming Broadway show on the life of Einstein, "The Sound of Fission"...



THE STORY OF ALBERT EINSTEIN AS A TV SITUATION COMEDY

The TV producer will turn out a typical situation comedy series filled with the usual surprises (like canned laughter hysterically reacting to the corny gags) in "Life With Albie". . .





Genetically-altered food has become the scientific community's hottest controversy. On one side, there's the blood-sucking, capitalist, multinational agricultural companies who say there's nothing wrong with a little gene-splicing here and there to make your tomatoes as red as the fire engine that came barreling down our street that cold October morning and ran over our dog. WHY, OH WHY, BUTCH?! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE!?!? (But we digress....)

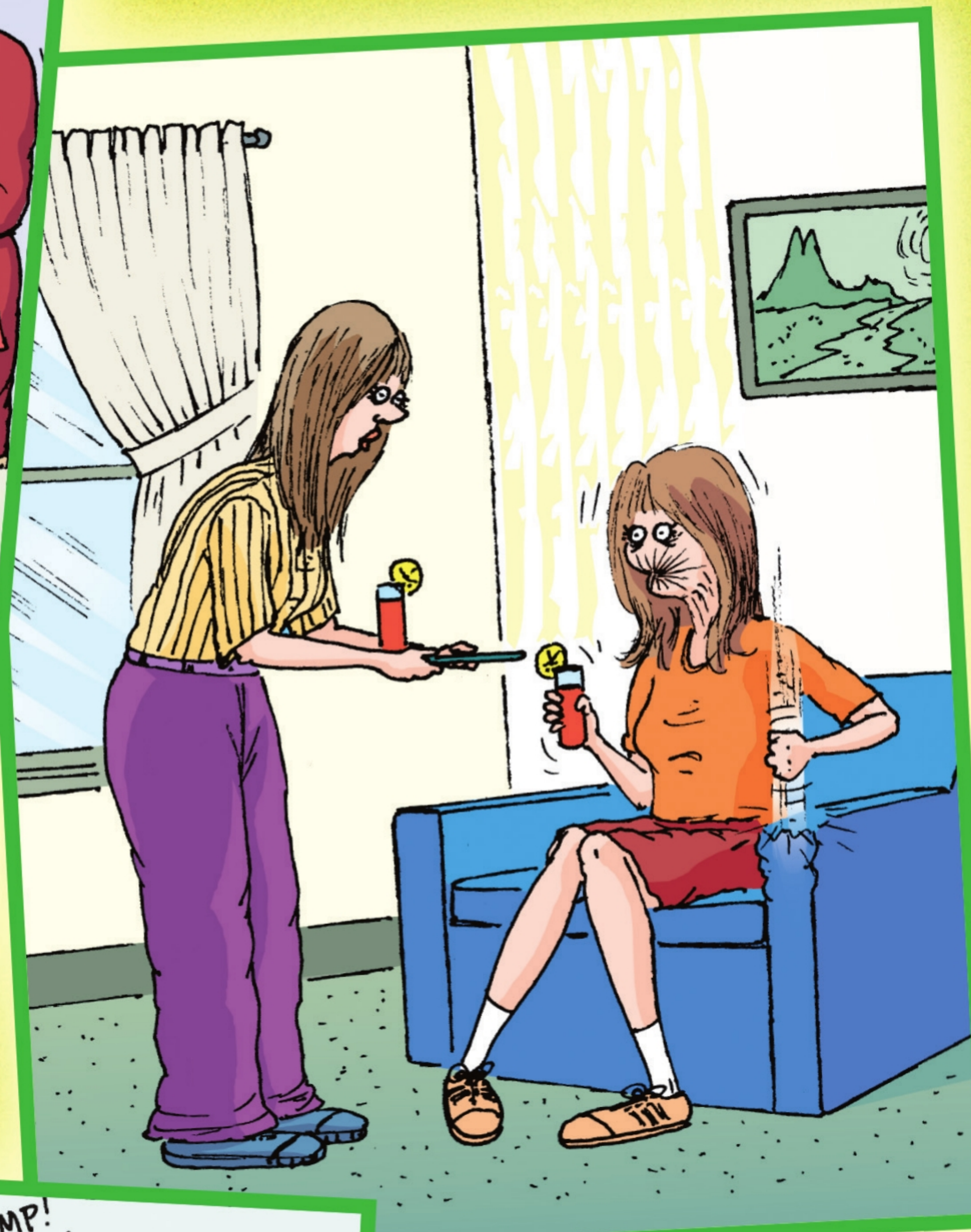
On the other side, there's the know-it-all, do-gooder, Ralph Nader types who think that muckin' with our food supply might not be such a good idea. And in the middle there's you: worried that the Pop Tart you eat this morning will have you dead by noon. Are you consuming food homegrown in Dr. Frankenstein's lab? Use this handy guide to answer the all-important question...



WRITER & ARTIST TOM CHENEY



Does the fuzz on your peach ever spread to other things in your kitchen?



Are you finding that half a lemon goes a lot farther than five lemons used to?



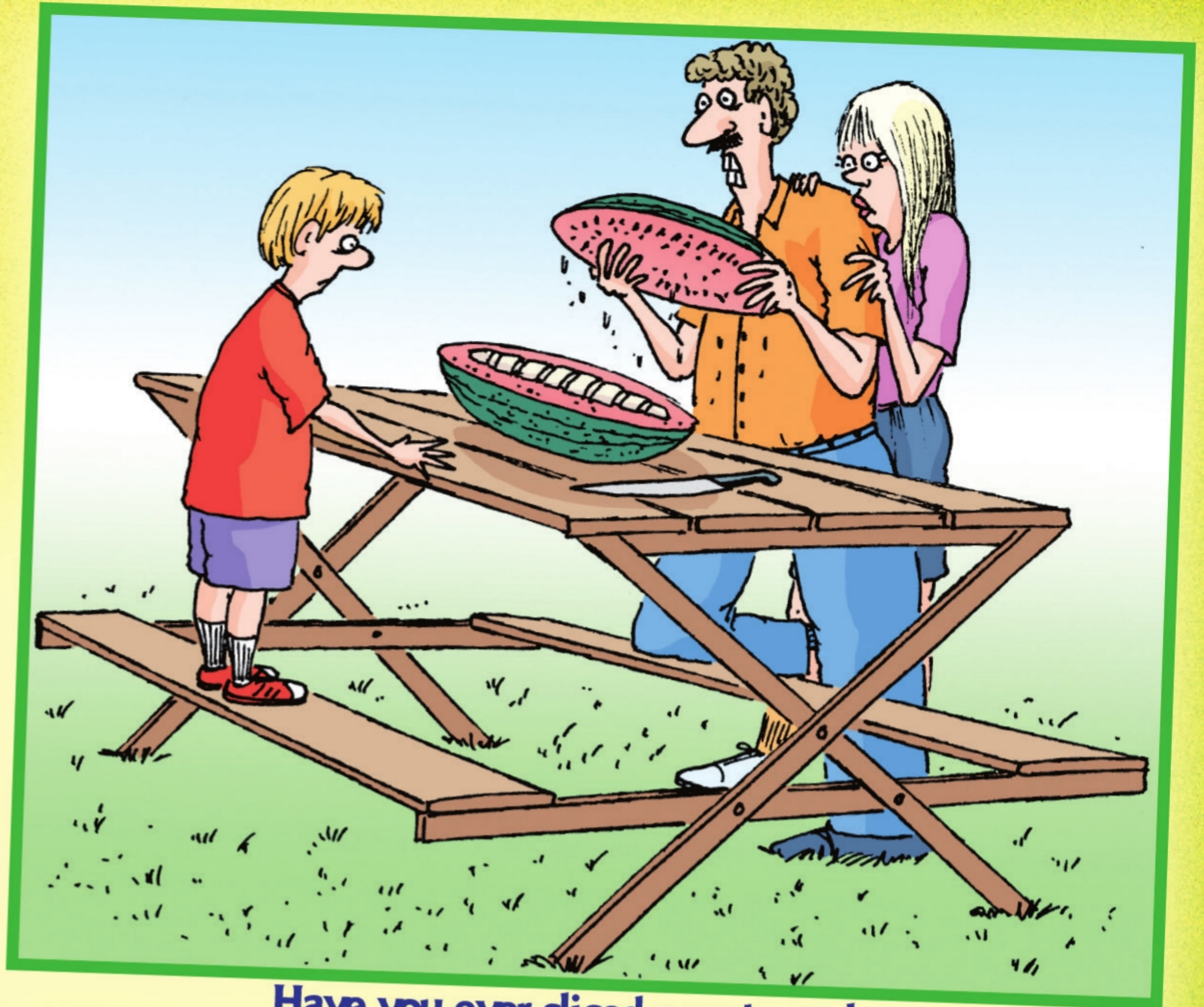
Do you find yourself trying to avoid buying any eggplant that has a heartbeat?



Have you ever spent more than 30 minutes trying to peel a potato with rapid self-healing skin?



Did you ever drop a jalapeño pepper in your kitchen that then burned through five floors of your apartment building?



Have you ever sliced a watermelon in half and found a backbone?



Have you ever had to pop corn one kernel at a time?



Do your eggs bounce when you drop them?



Have you ever peeled a banana and found it to be "anatomically correct"?

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #405, MAY 2001





A BOY and his CHEMISTRY SET



WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



Junior!? What are you doing??

Gad! It's my Mother!

Nothing, Mom... just playing with my chemistry set!



D. MARTIN

In response to many requests (mostly from the writer, and one from a germ), MAD once again presents a close-up look at that wonderful world-within-a-world — in —

ANOTHER MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

WRITER **PHIL HAHN** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**



Sailing,
Sailing,
Over the
bounding
vein ...



It never seems to occur to them that this
invisible shield might protect us, too!



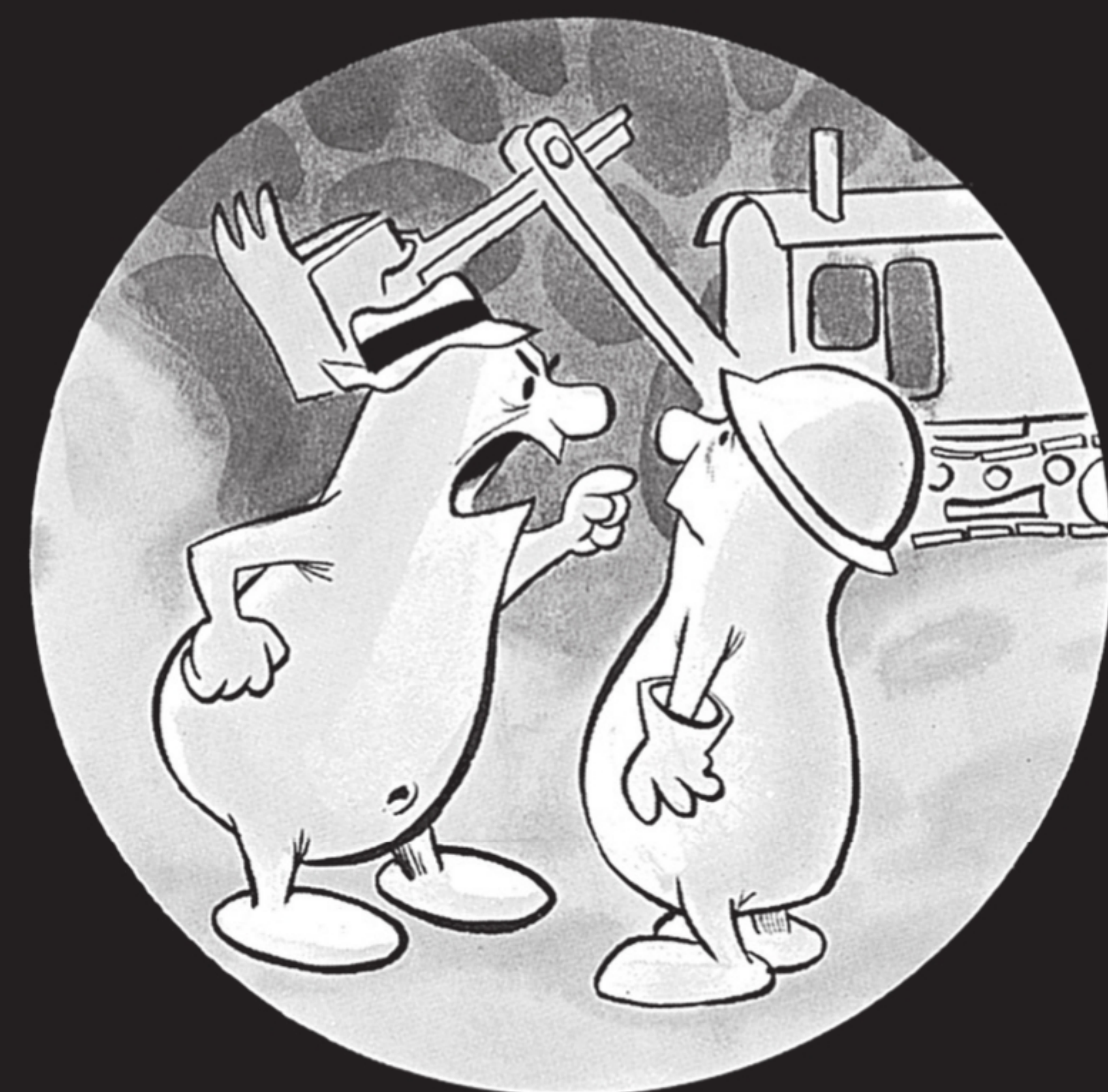
Better get the Bomb Squad over here right away, Chief! Some
nut planted a tiny time pill in the Cough Control Center!!



Phyllis's fiance must really be loaded! I hear he gave
her a 10-karat kidney stone for their engagement!



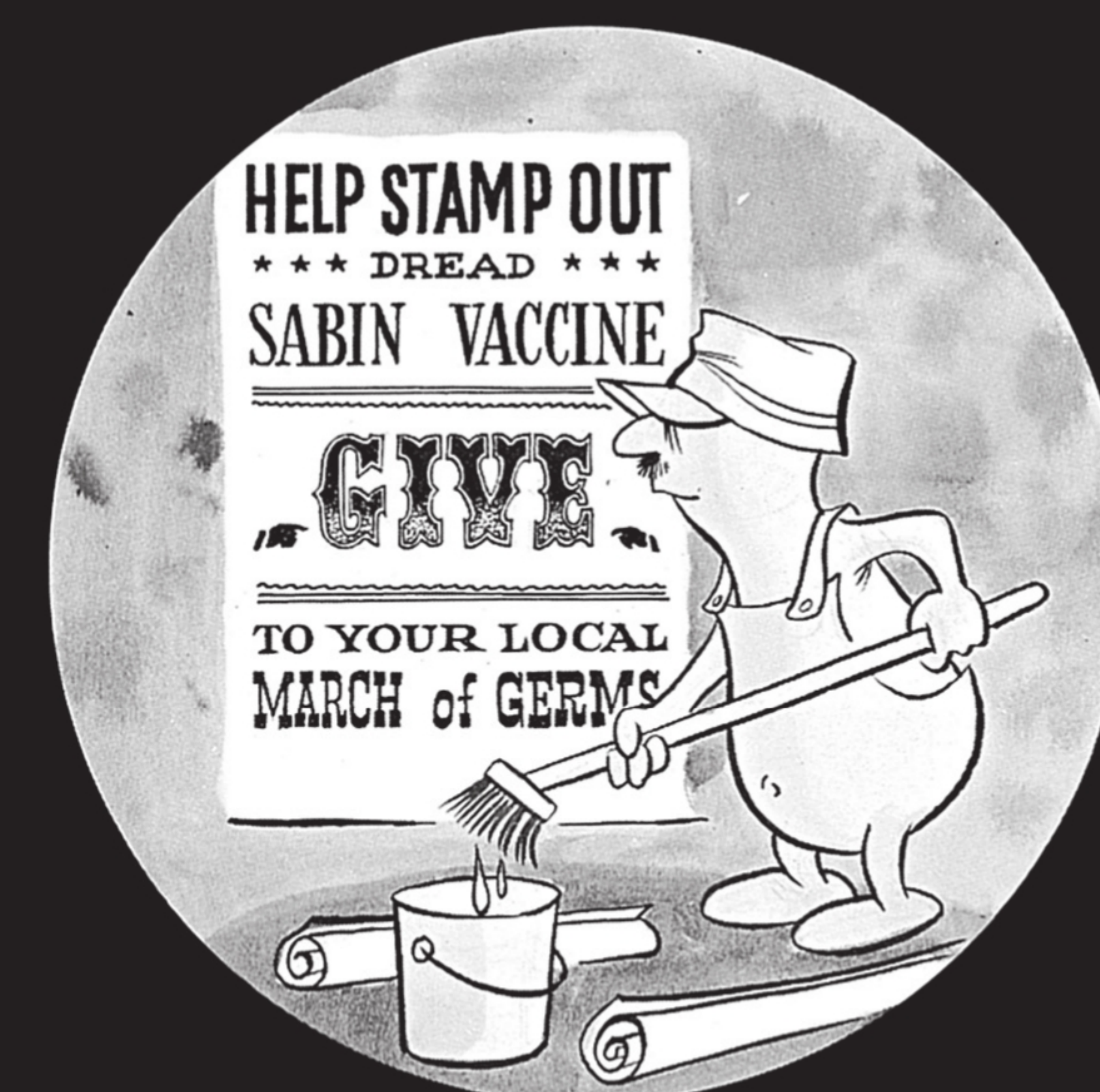
There's no justice, Ethel! No sooner do I get the family
through the Antihistamine Epidemic then—Wham!
They all come down with Aureomycin poisoning!



Crest—shmet! Either you meet your cavity quota
... or I'll find someone who can!



I swear,
Maude—you must
have a
green
thumb!
You
always
have the
prettiest
fungus on
the block!

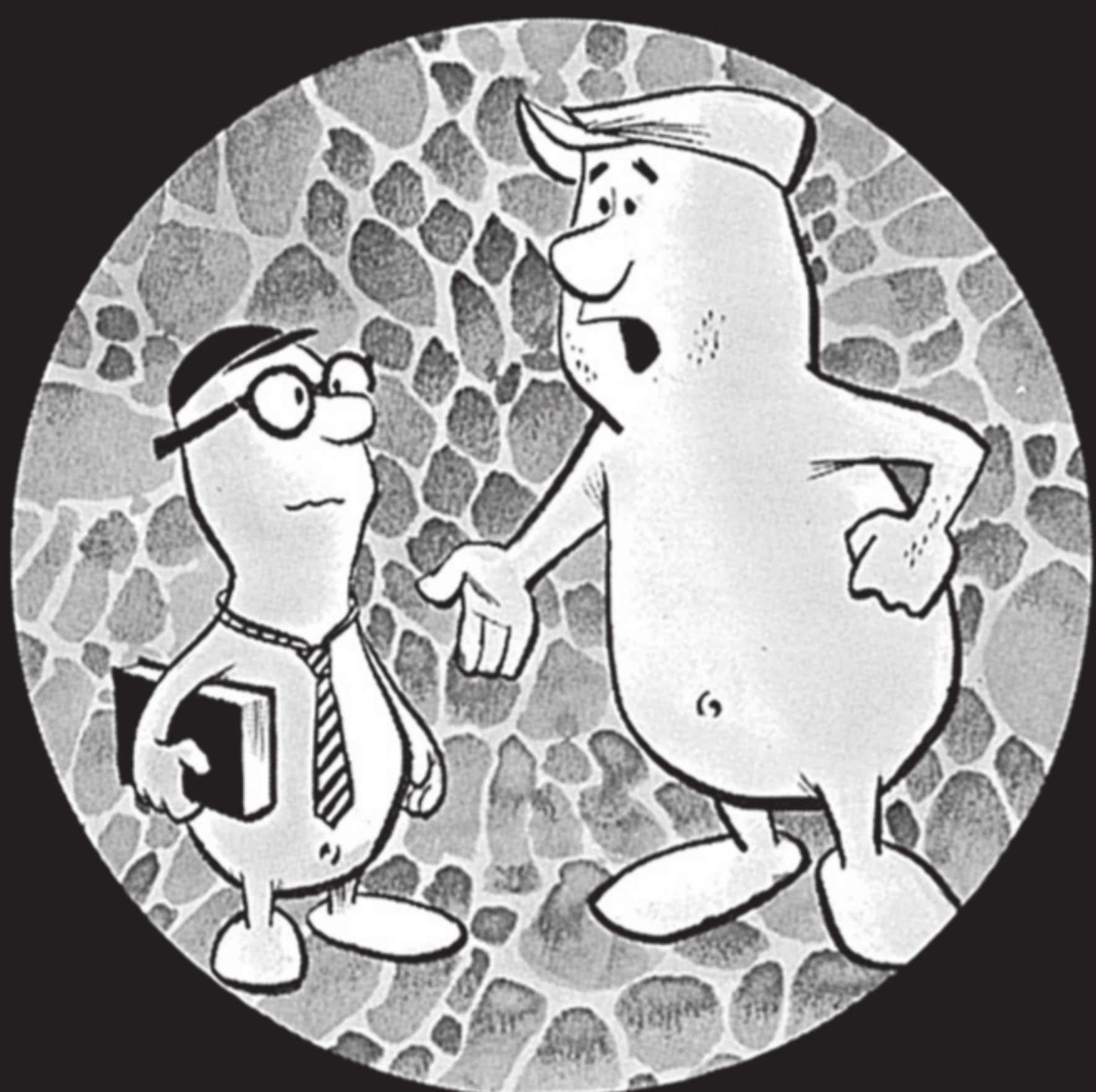


Now, as I was
saying before the
break, men ...
Remember: The
way to detect
Hexachlorophene
is by its
nauseating odor!

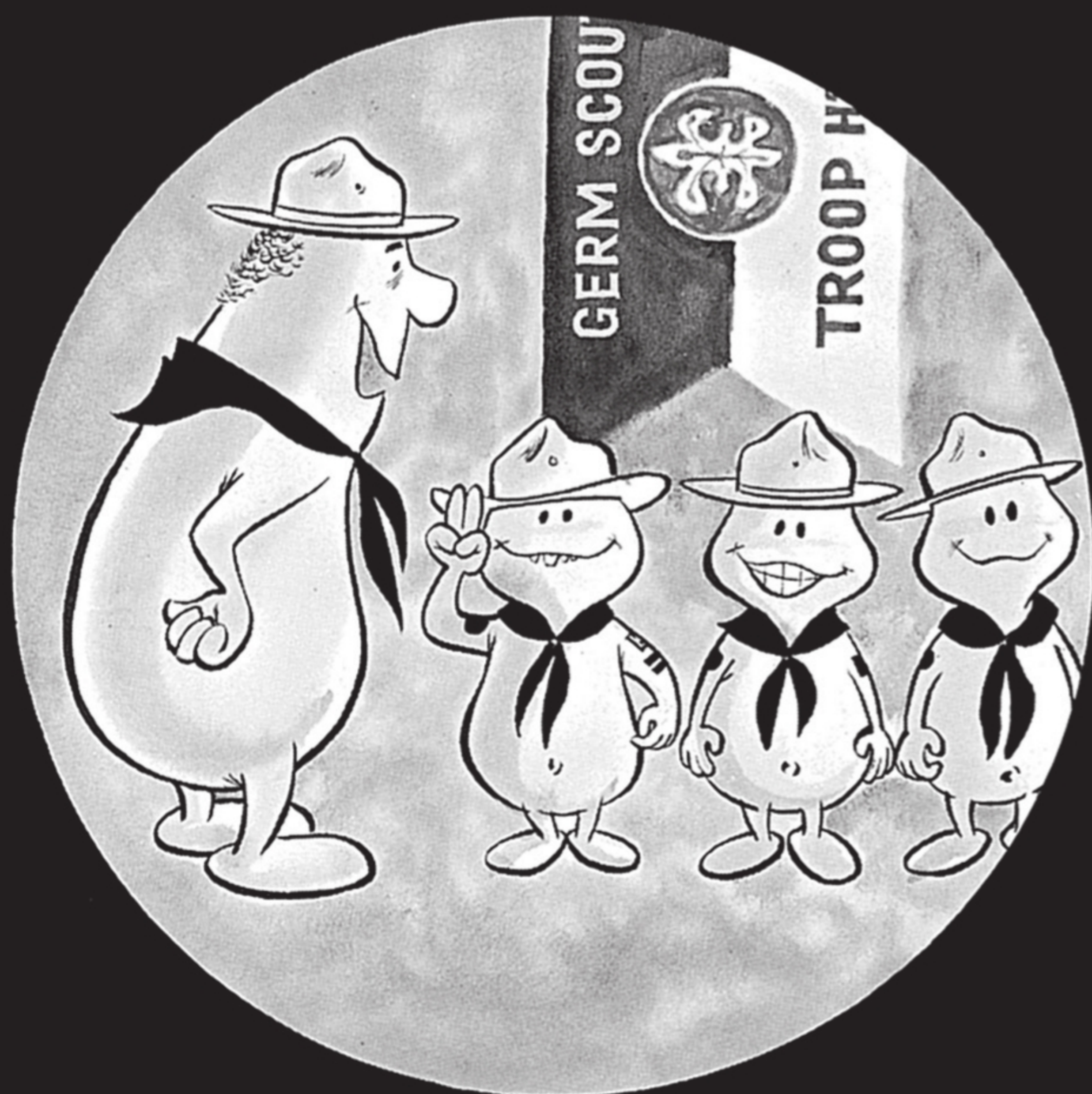




Look! There goes the famous "Germ of an Idea" that you hear so much about!



Whattya mean, you don' wanna infect anything!? You wanna be a *bookgerm* all your life?



Well, how about it, Streptococcus Patrol... did we all do our bad deeds for today?



I told you, dear—the Paramecium brought you! Now eat your nice corpuscles and stop pestering Mother!



Boy-oh-boy! I'd sure hate to meet one of those in a dark artery, eh, Freddie?

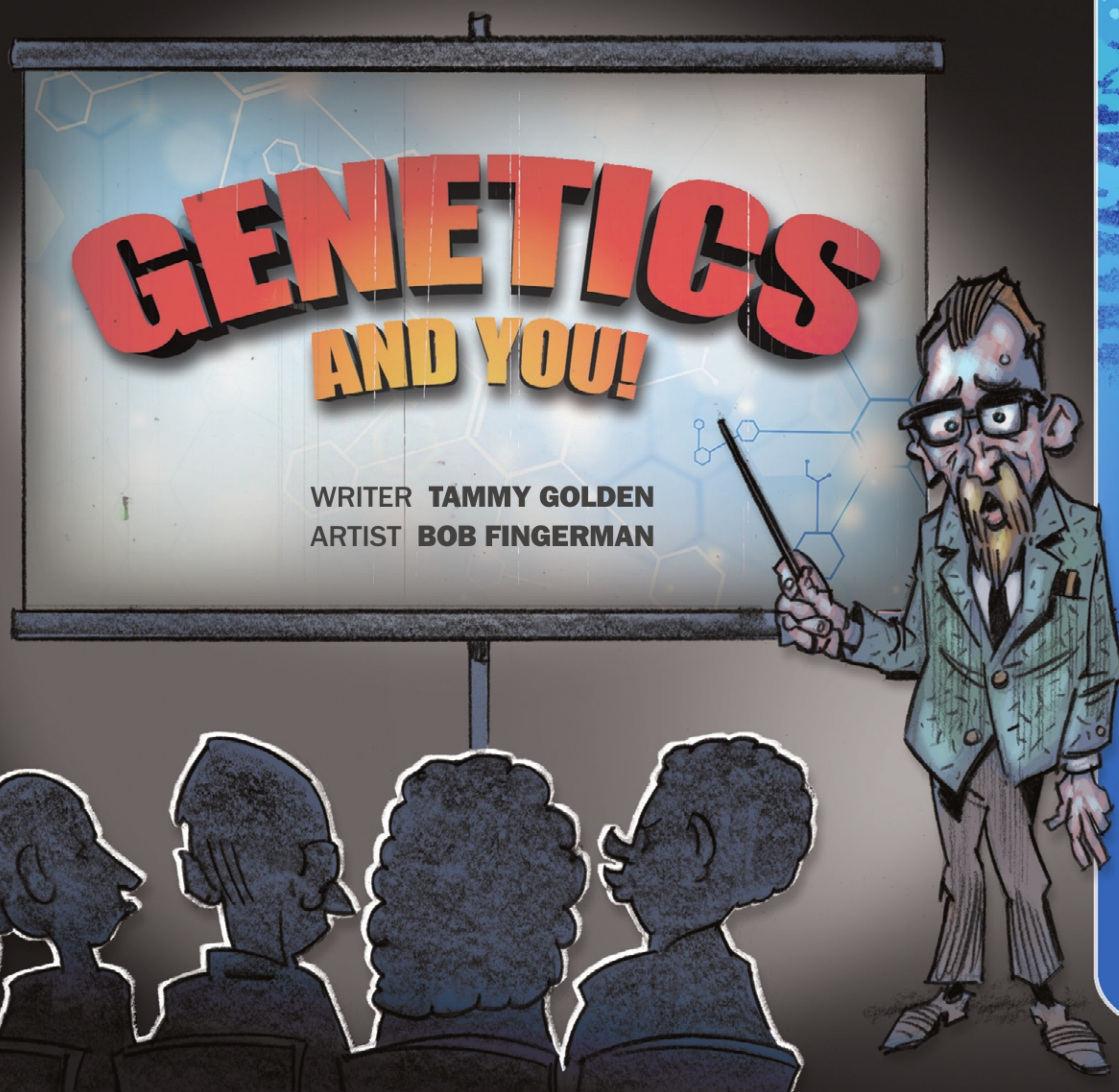
GIVE MAD THE FINGER...
...BY SCROLLING AND READING IT ON DC GO!



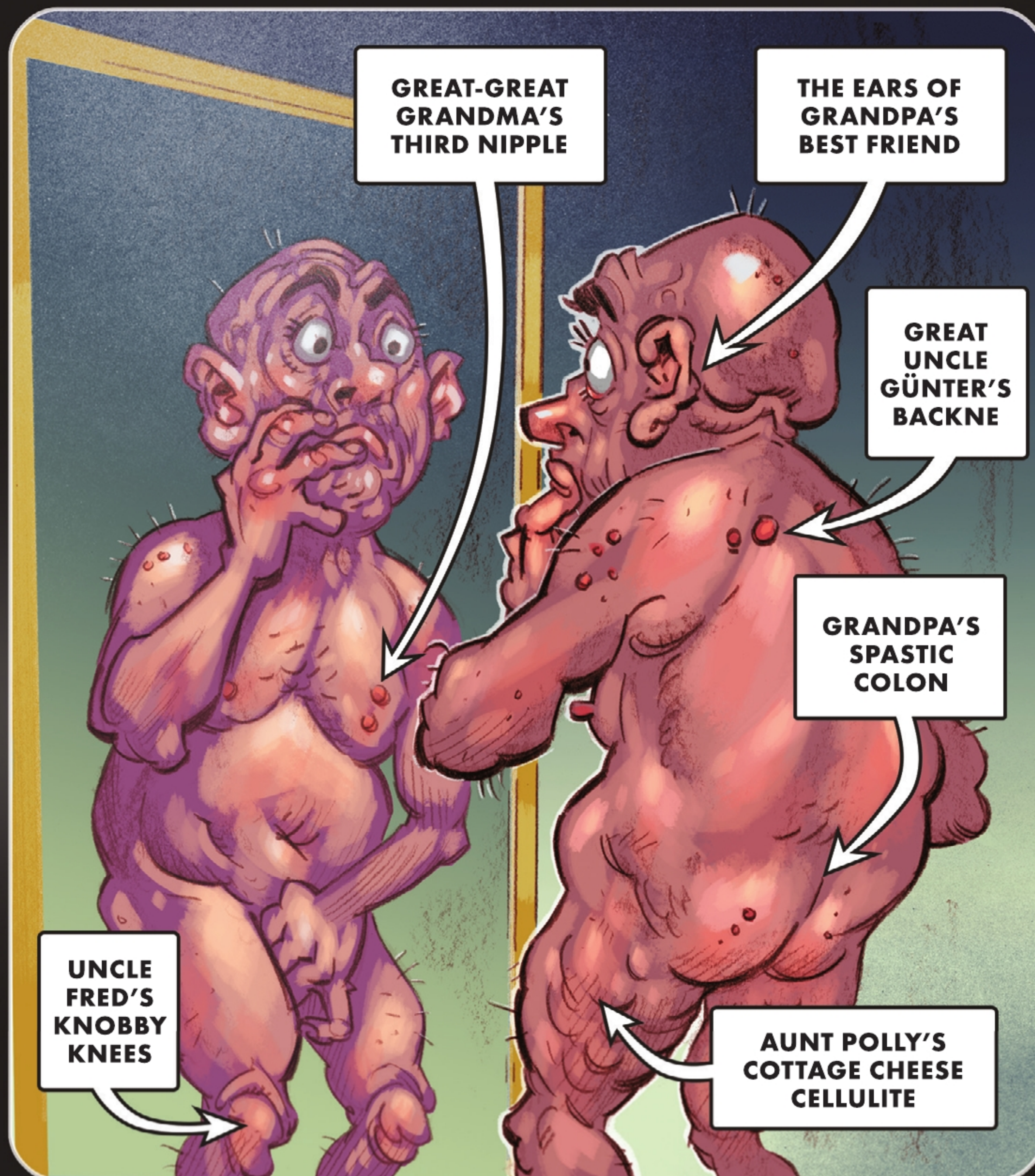
GO!

Now you can get vertical-format MAD episodes on DC Universe Infinite! Subscribe to dcuniverseinfinite.com today and get flipping through MAD! **New idiotic content available too!**

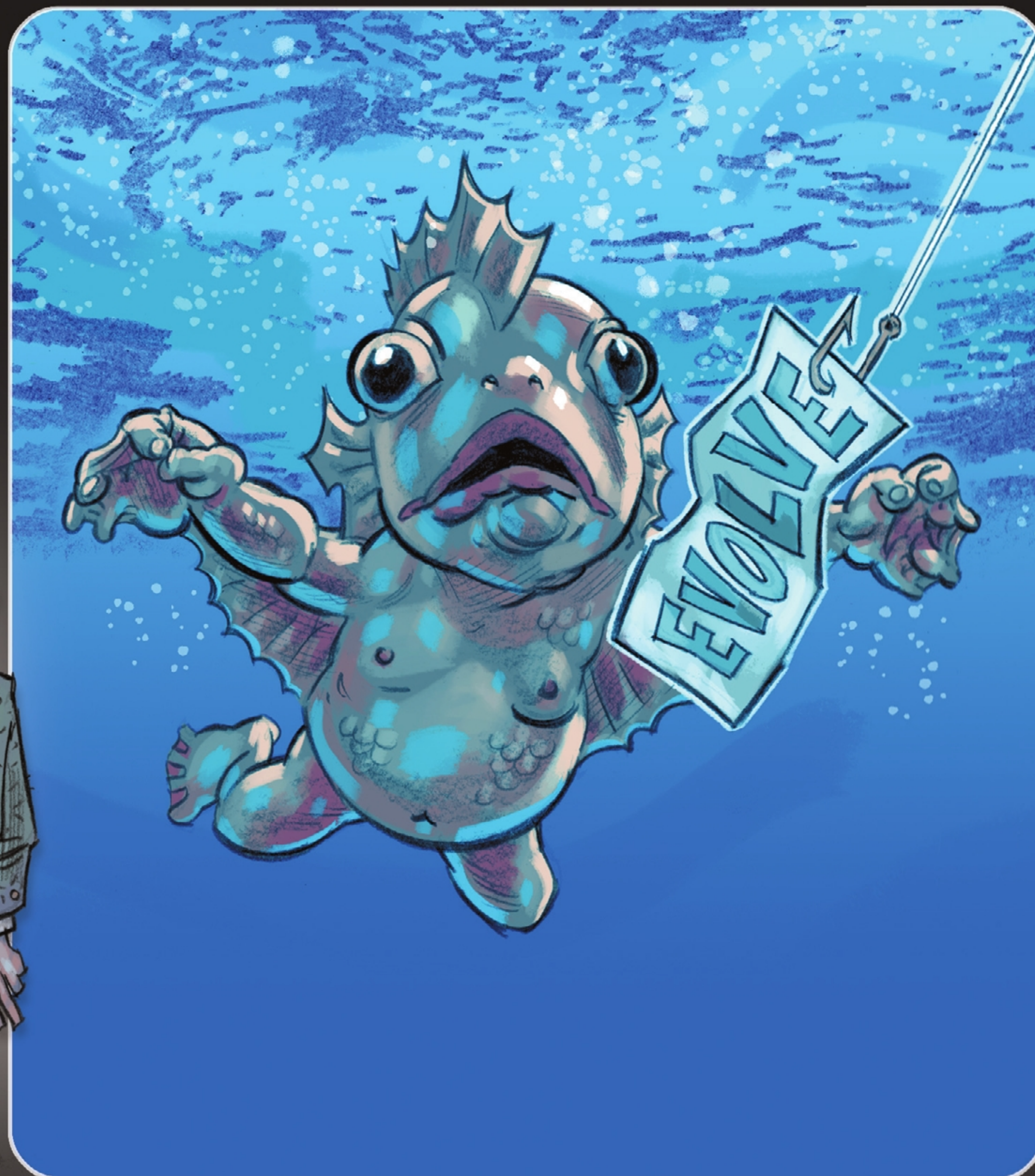
You are a genetic masterpiece! Yes, YOU, the one carrying fused DNA from millions of years of predecessors. A vessel of history, made from recessive and dominant genes and a fair number of mutations! Let's explore...



Look at yourself naked in the mirror. You're seeing bits of your various relatives from across history! But hey, you don't have to stare, pervert. Don't ogle your ancestors.



As early life forms, we crawled out of primordial ooze. Our ears evolved from gills! Instinct must have told us there's a lot more water than land, so we'd better make friends with it. That's why babies know to hold their breath underwater!



Your genes probably make you look like a combo of Mom and Dad. But dormant traits from more than 50 generations back can pop up. Surprise! Are you lucky enough to share features with a long-bygone relative?



Stuck with a brain you don't like? There's a genetic hack for that! Drugs! You can make your brain chemistry go so blotto that it causes behavioral and biochemical changes in your future generations. A gift that keeps on giving!



An acute drive to hunt and gather ensured early man's survival, rewarding their brains with a dopamine hit if successful. That instinct still screams in the primitive part of our brain. Where do we get that sweet high? 24/7 online shopping and *Hoarders*.



Humans are hardwired for language, developing an inherent sense of grammar and structure as we grow. But it's natural for each generation to assert their independence by creating new ways to communicate, leaving elders in the dust!



Genetics aren't limited to humans! Over thousands of years, we've bred dogs to suit our own tastes. Those breeding techniques have given our canines breathing difficulties! Problematic anal glands! Aggression! Hip dysplasia! Isn't playing God *fun*?



A new film recently debuted which stars a legendary monster portrayed by a Hollywood leading man. Opening to rave reviews and big business at the box office, the film is long on gorey, bloody scenes juxtaposed against tender moments of love and human tragedy. Yeah, we can't wait to see *Interview With the Vampire*! We might even spoof it next issue! For now, here's our spoof of...

FRANKENSLIME

I am Vicgore Frankenslime! If I have my way, a mother will never again die during child birth, like mine did! My controversial plan calls for making the fathers pregnant! I also believe I can bring people back from the dead — which is good news for my patients since I'm a totally incompetent doctor!

Pay no attention to that fool Frankenslime! He still studies the ravings of ancient medical lunatics! Here at the University of Indigent Medicine, I teach my students the ways of modern medical lunatics!

I'm Professor Wildman! I've abandoned my attempts to bring people back from the dead! My experiments had terrible consequences for mankind! Actually, I'm still trying to bring one patient back to life who died without paying a large medical bill — but only so he can settle the account! Then I'll quit the business for good!

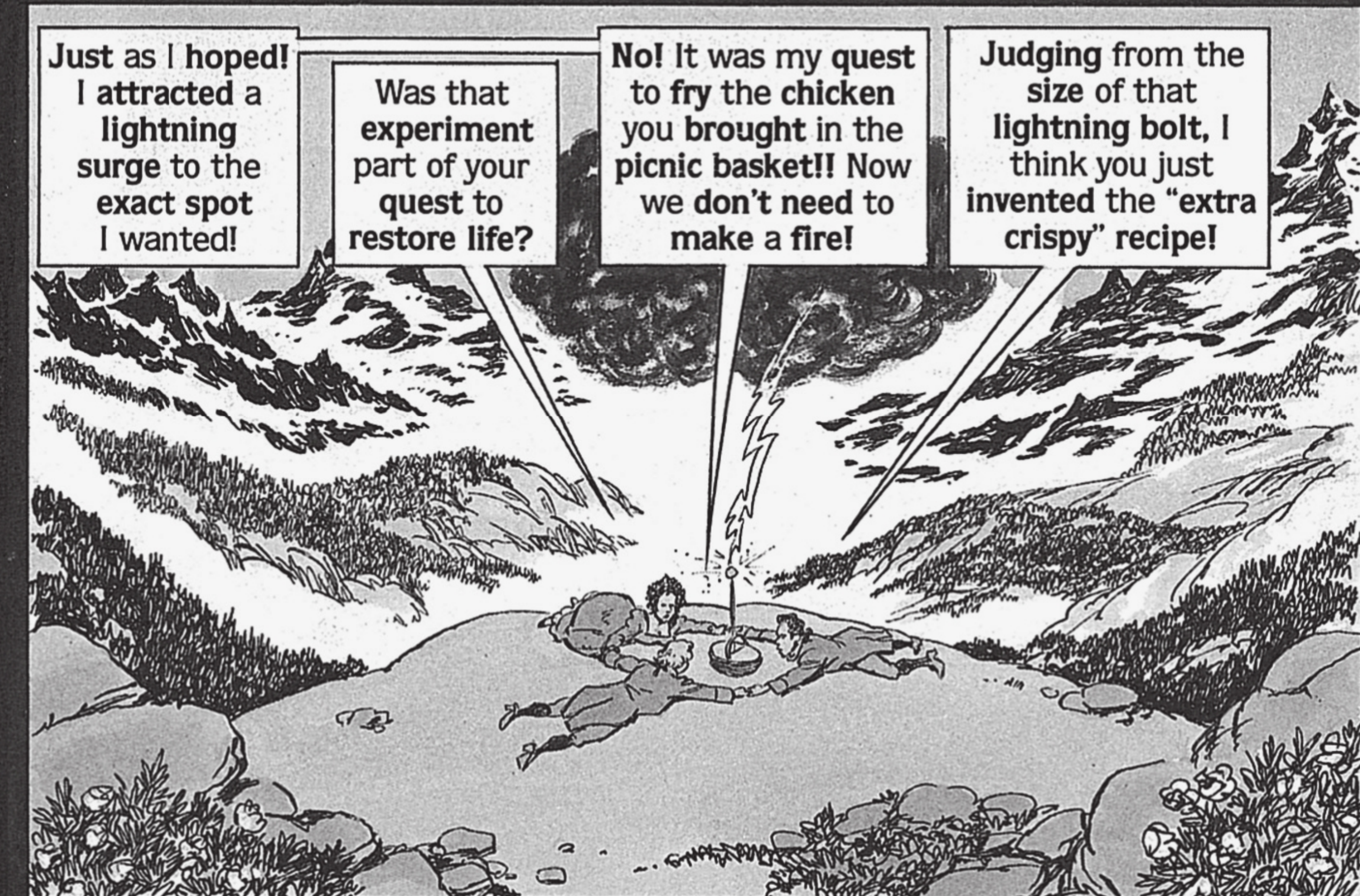
I am Hernia, Vicgore's fellow medical student! I'm not as advanced as him in my medical undertakings! He's trying to retrieve people back from the dead! Me, I'm still trying to retrieve my lab coat back from the laundry!

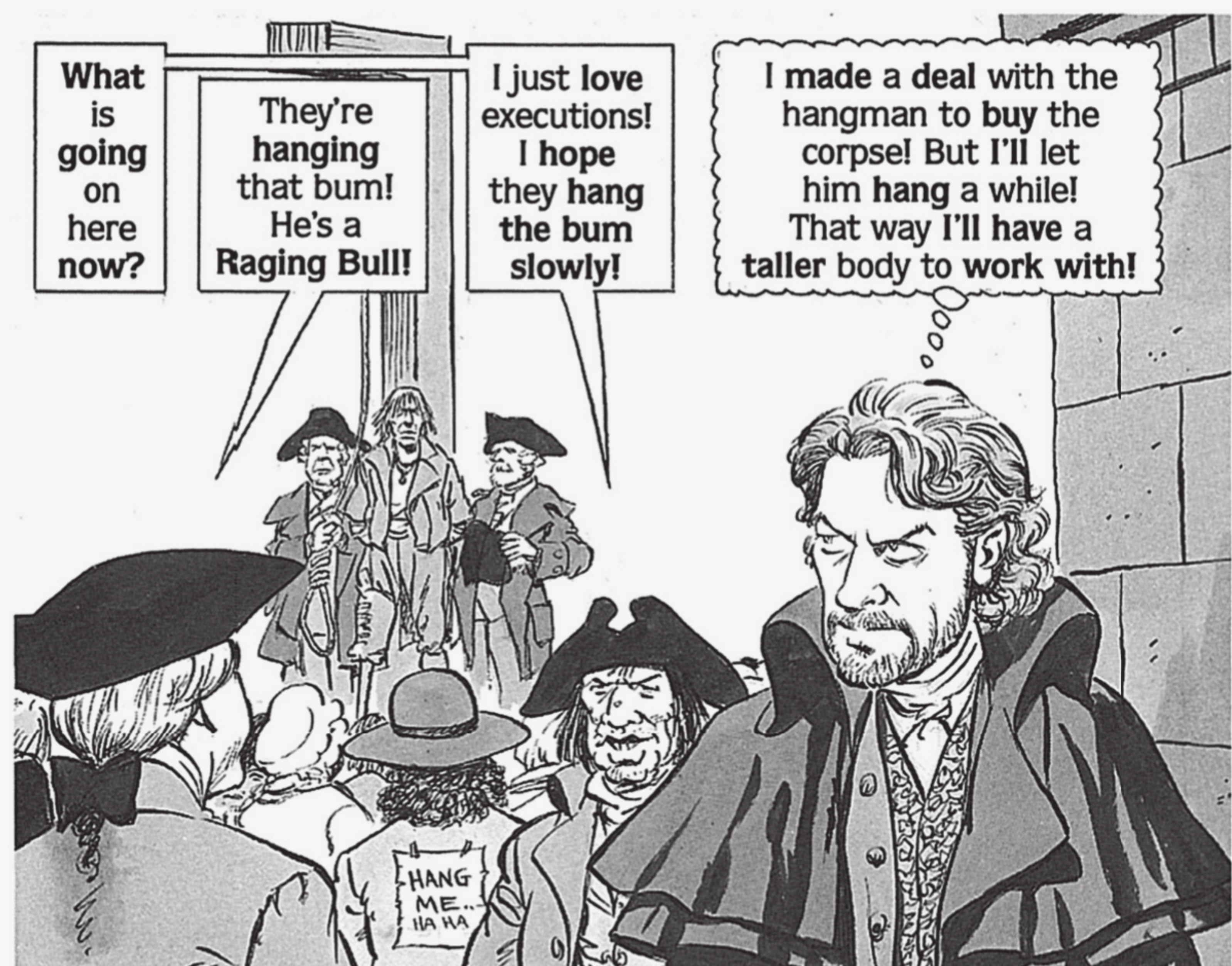
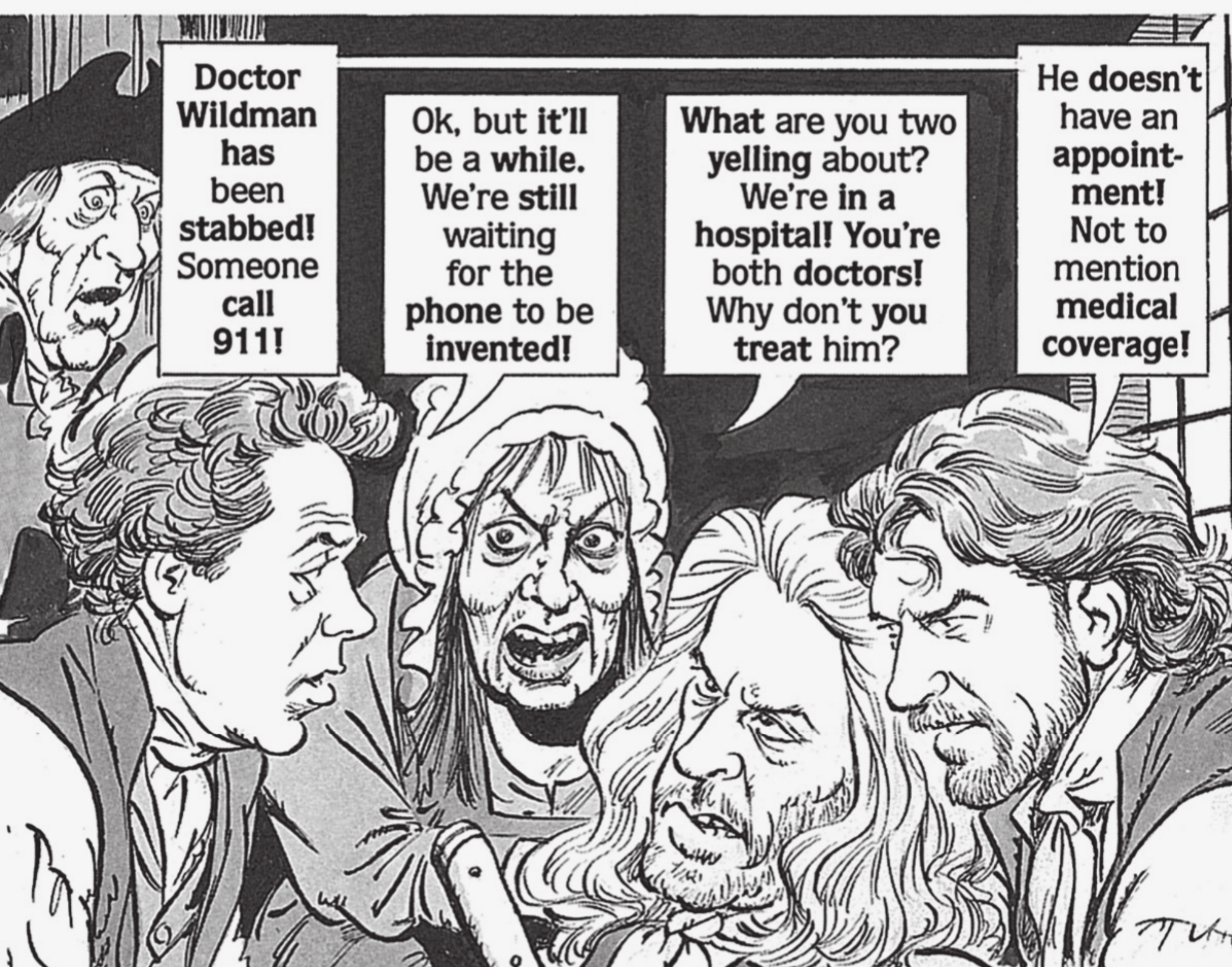
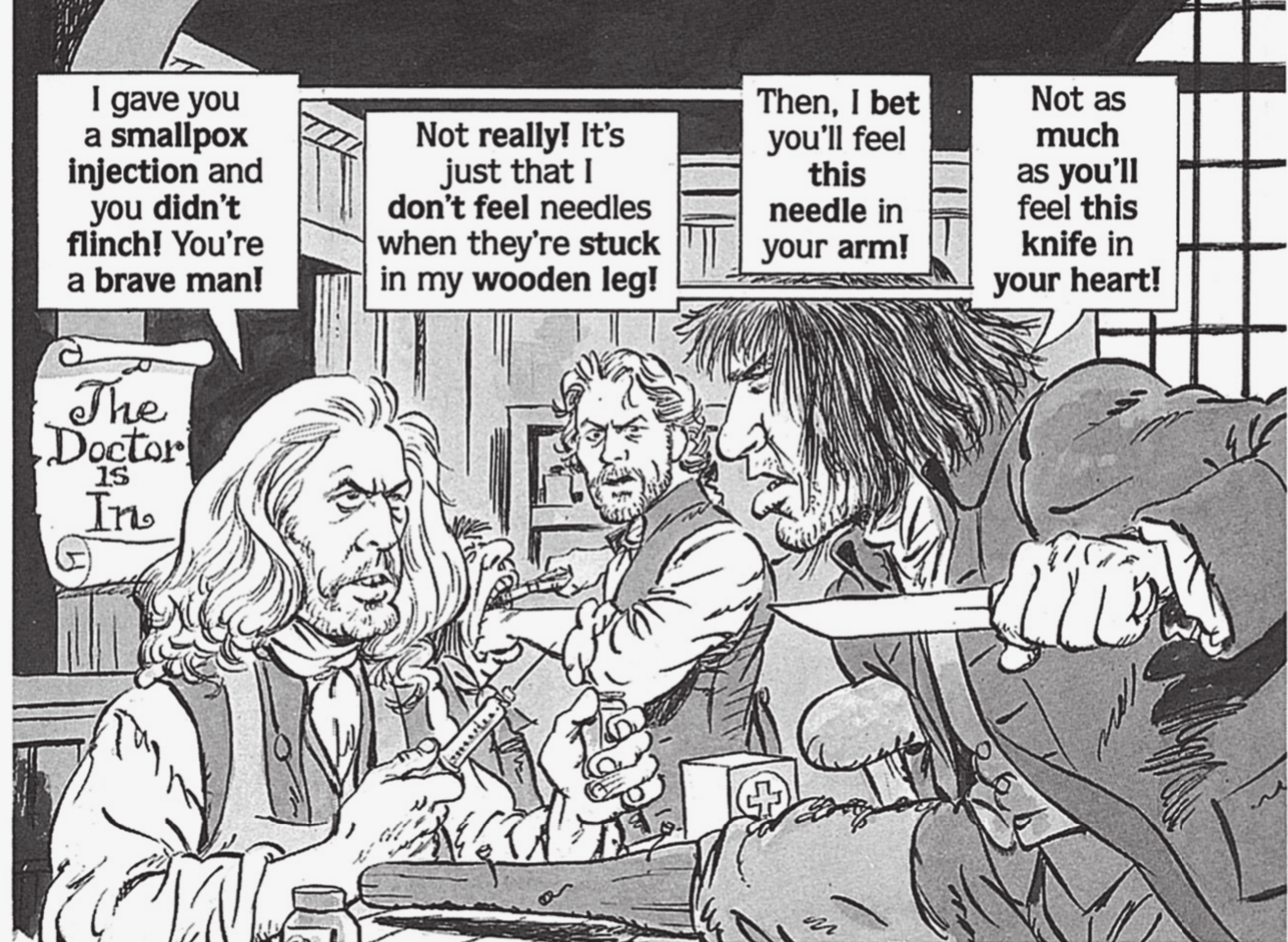
I'm Lizbit, an orphan raised by the Frankenslime family! Vicgore and I were raised like brother and sister! His father gave me advice like a Dutch Uncle! Now, Vicgore and I are like kissing cousins, unless we're fighting, then we're more like husband and wife! Frankly, I'm sick of relatives already, which is rare for an orphan!

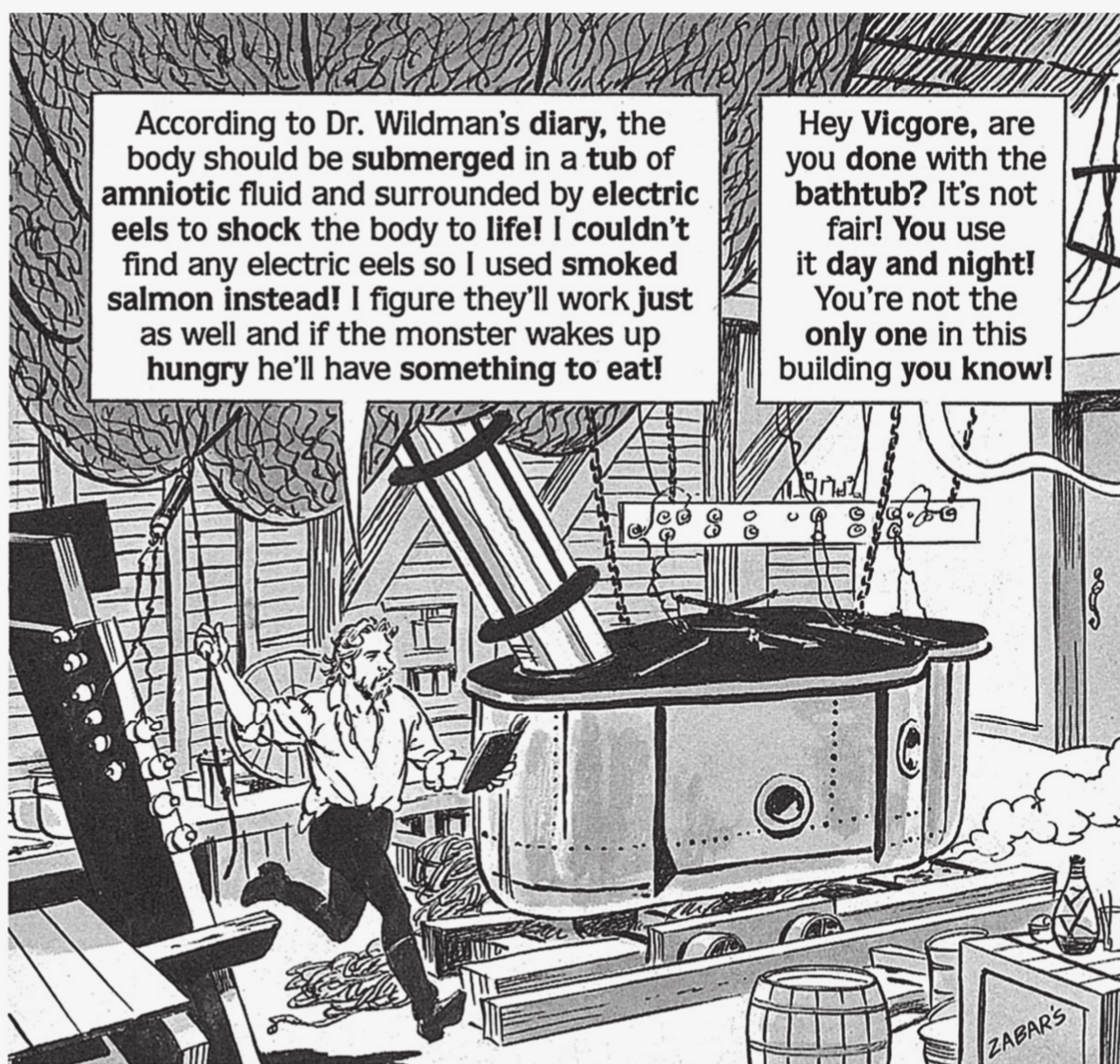


WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST ANGELO TORRES







According to Dr. Wildman's diary, the body should be submerged in a tub of amniotic fluid and surrounded by electric eels to shock the body to life! I couldn't find any electric eels so I used smoked salmon instead! I figure they'll work just as well and if the monster wakes up hungry he'll have something to eat!

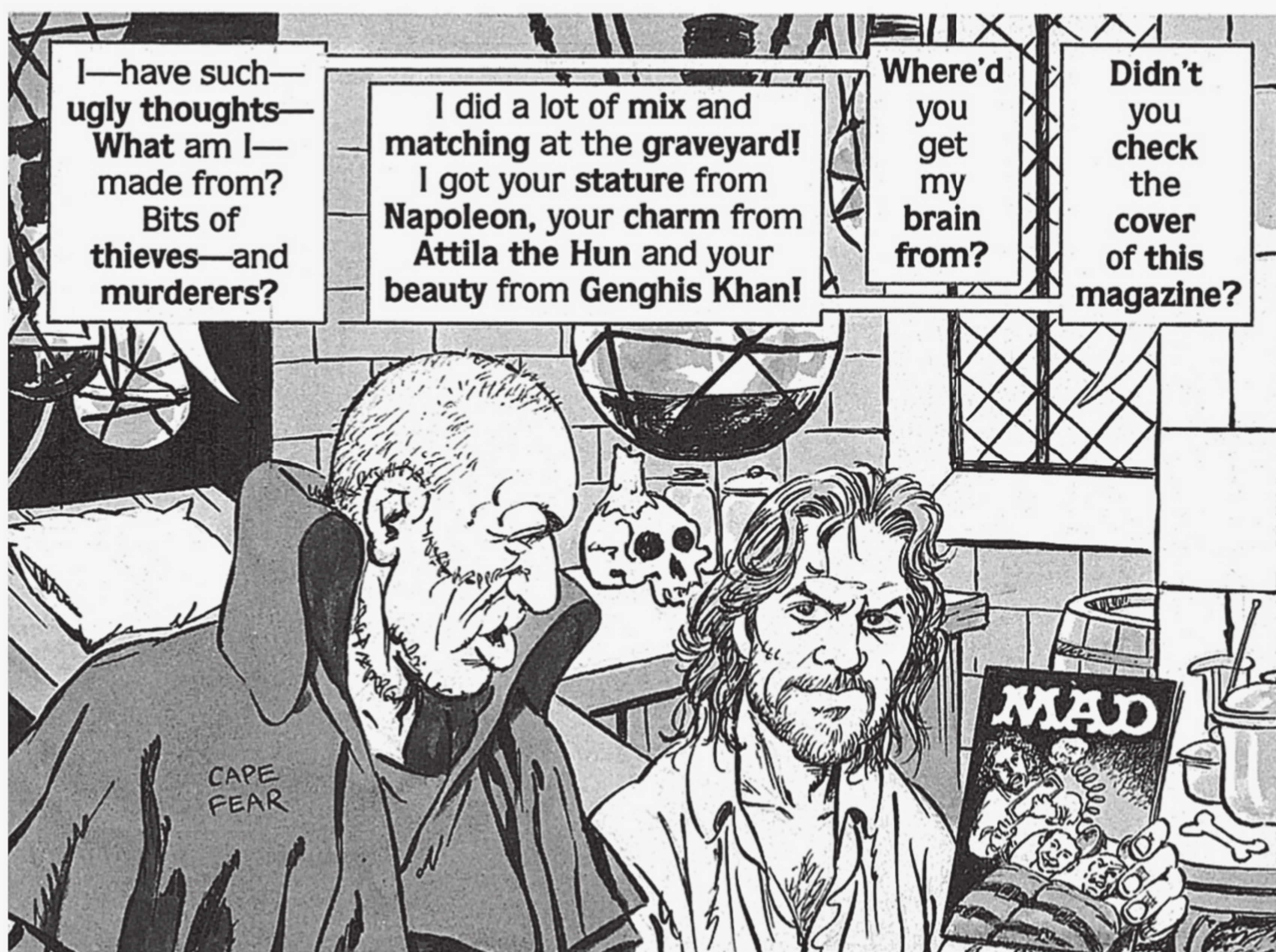
Hey Vicgore, are you done with the bathtub? It's not fair! You use it day and night! You're not the only one in this building you know!



My God! You're alive!

You've created life!

Yes, and I'm thrilled! At last, I have someone to share the rent! This much space isn't cheap!

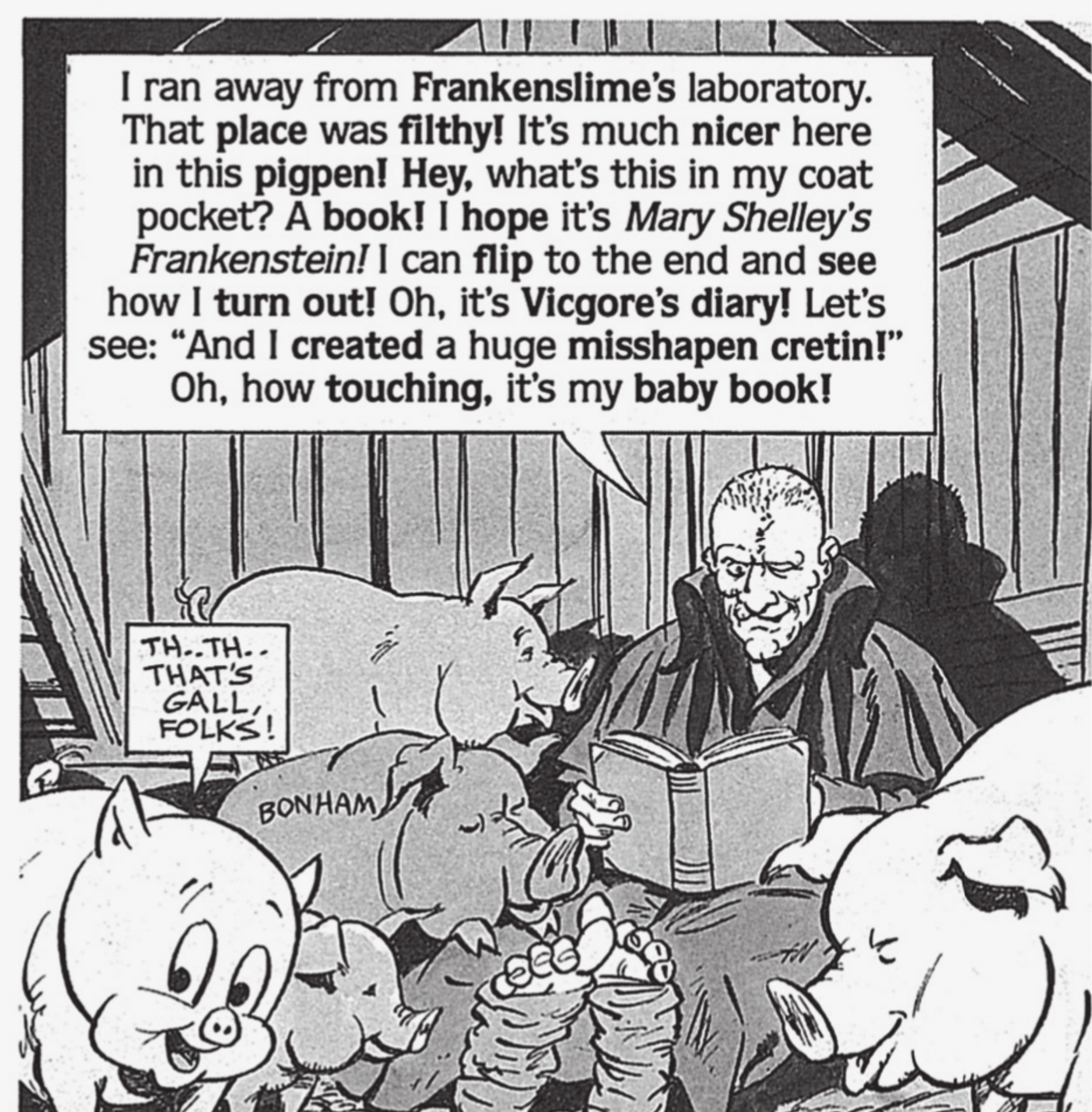


I—have such—ugly thoughts—What am I—made from? Bits of thieves—and murderers?

I did a lot of mix and matching at the graveyard! I got your stature from Napoleon, your charm from Attila the Hun and your beauty from Genghis Khan!

Where'd you get my brain from?

Didn't you check the cover of this magazine?



I ran away from Frankenslime's laboratory. That place was filthy! It's much nicer here in this pigpen! Hey, what's this in my coat pocket? A book! I hope it's *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*! I can flip to the end and see how I turn out! Oh, it's Vicgore's diary! Let's see: "And I created a huge misshapen cretin!" Oh, how touching, it's my baby book!

TH..TH.. THAT'S GALL, FOLKS!

BONHAM

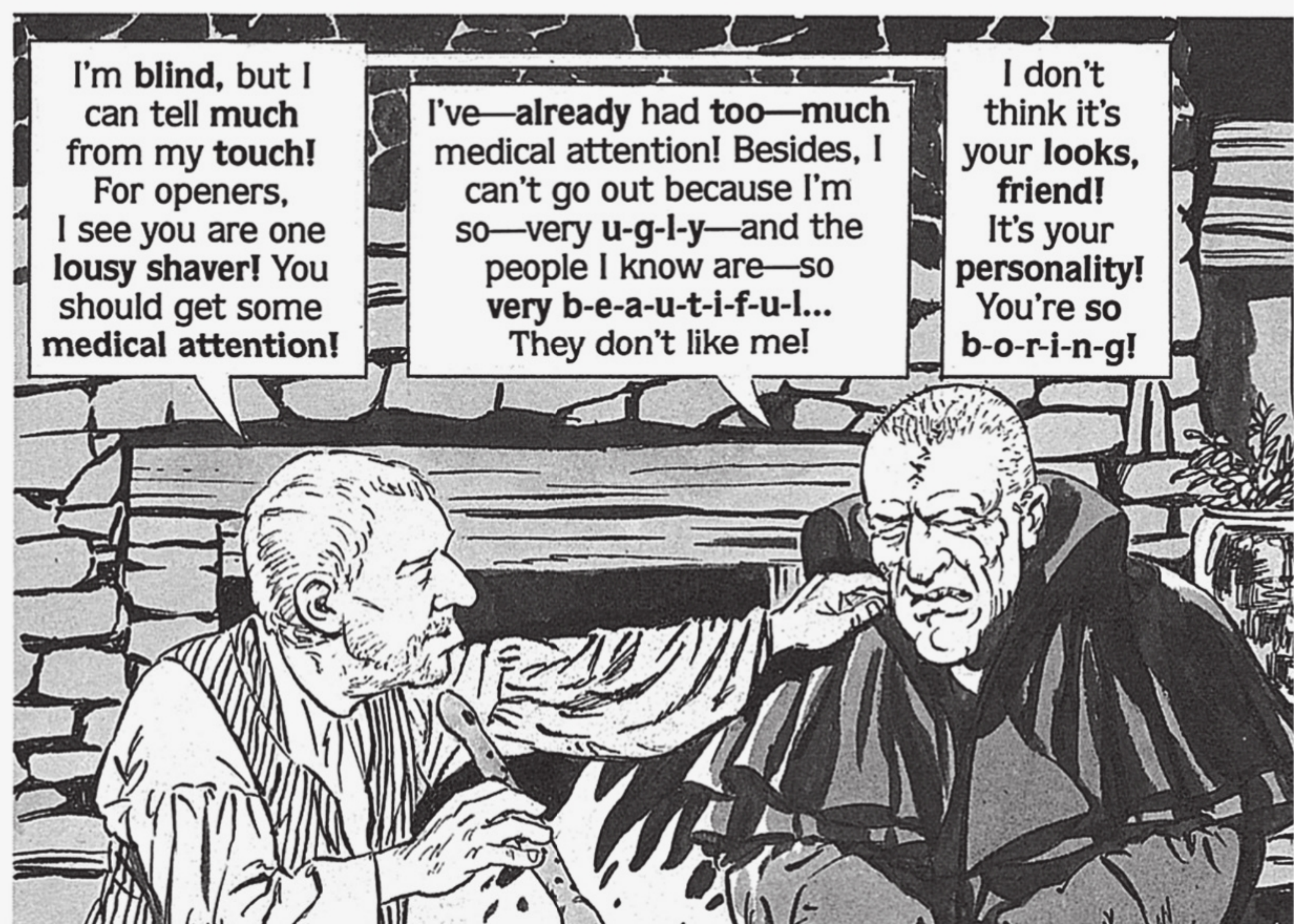


The entire crop of vegetables is harvested but the ground is solid ice! How can that be?

I think the good spirit of the forest has come to our rescue!

He picked all of them for us?

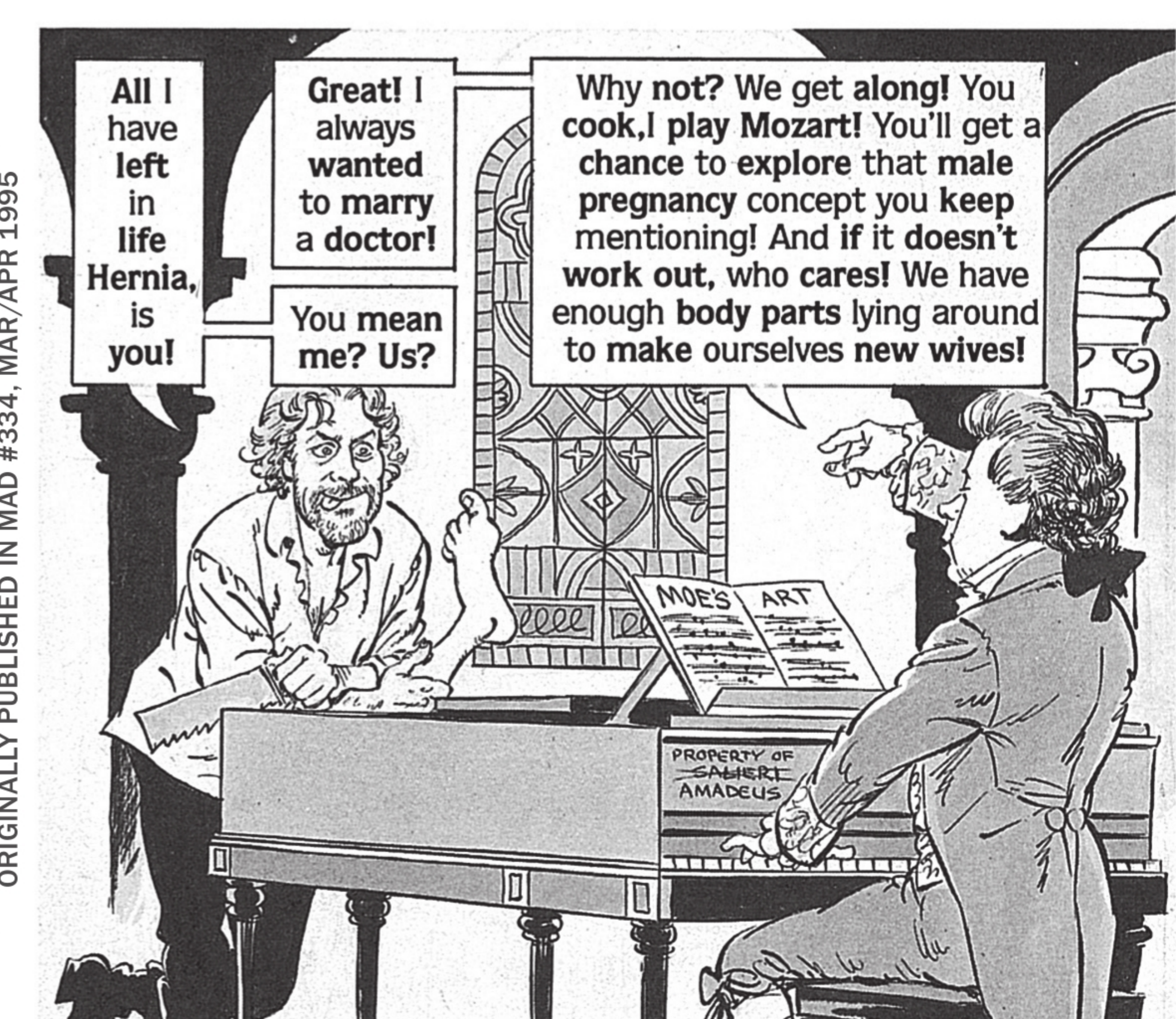
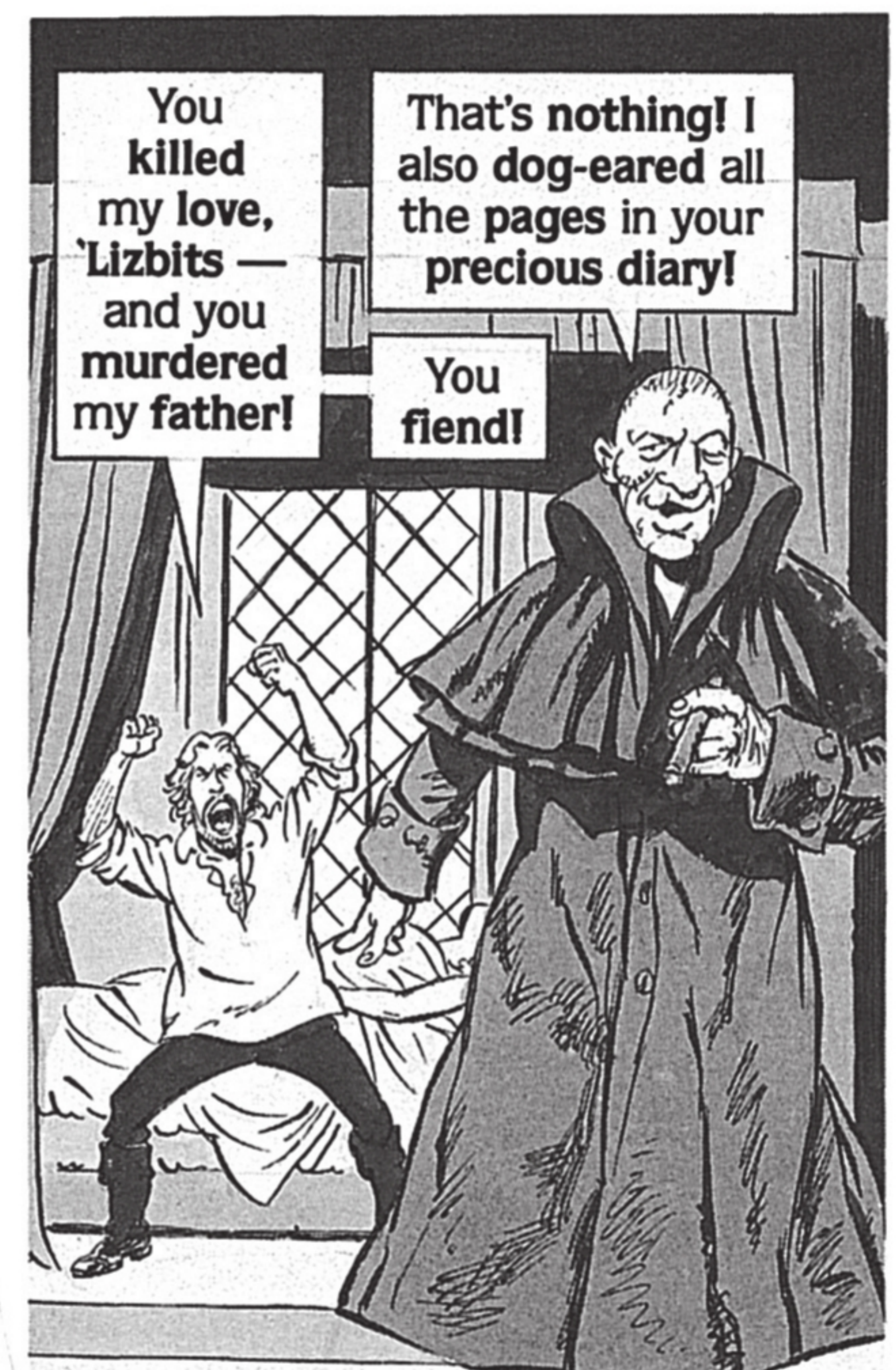
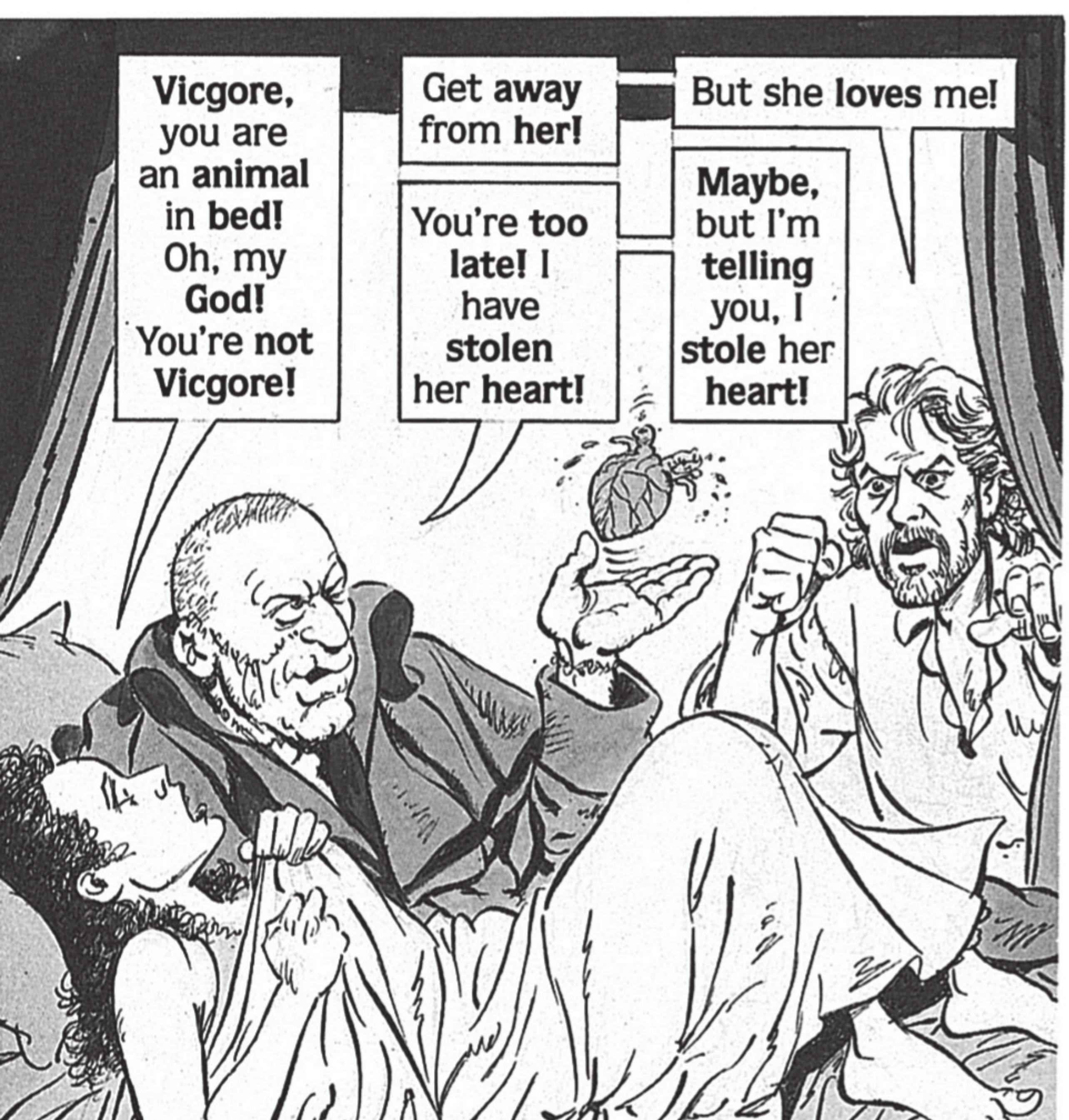
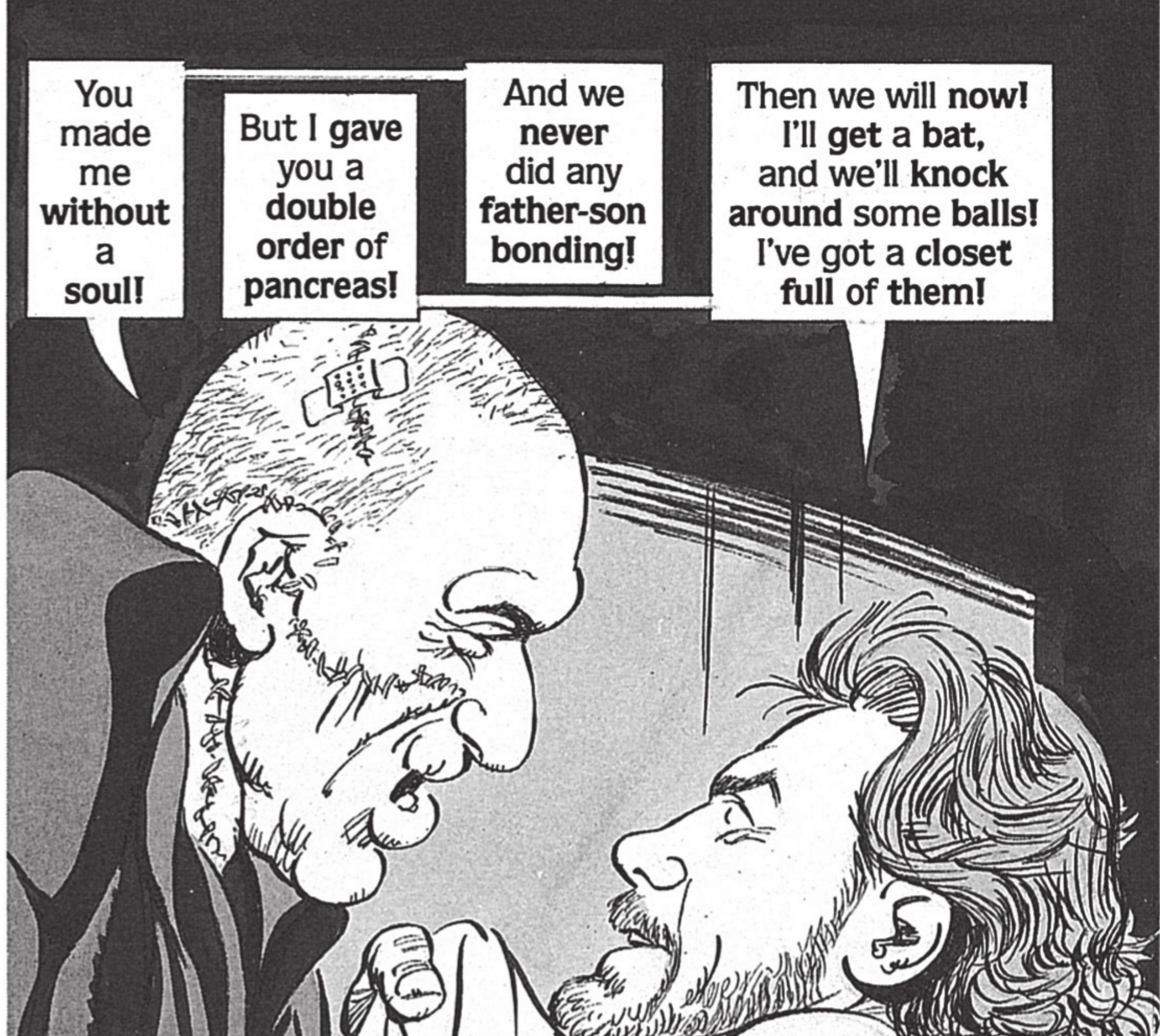
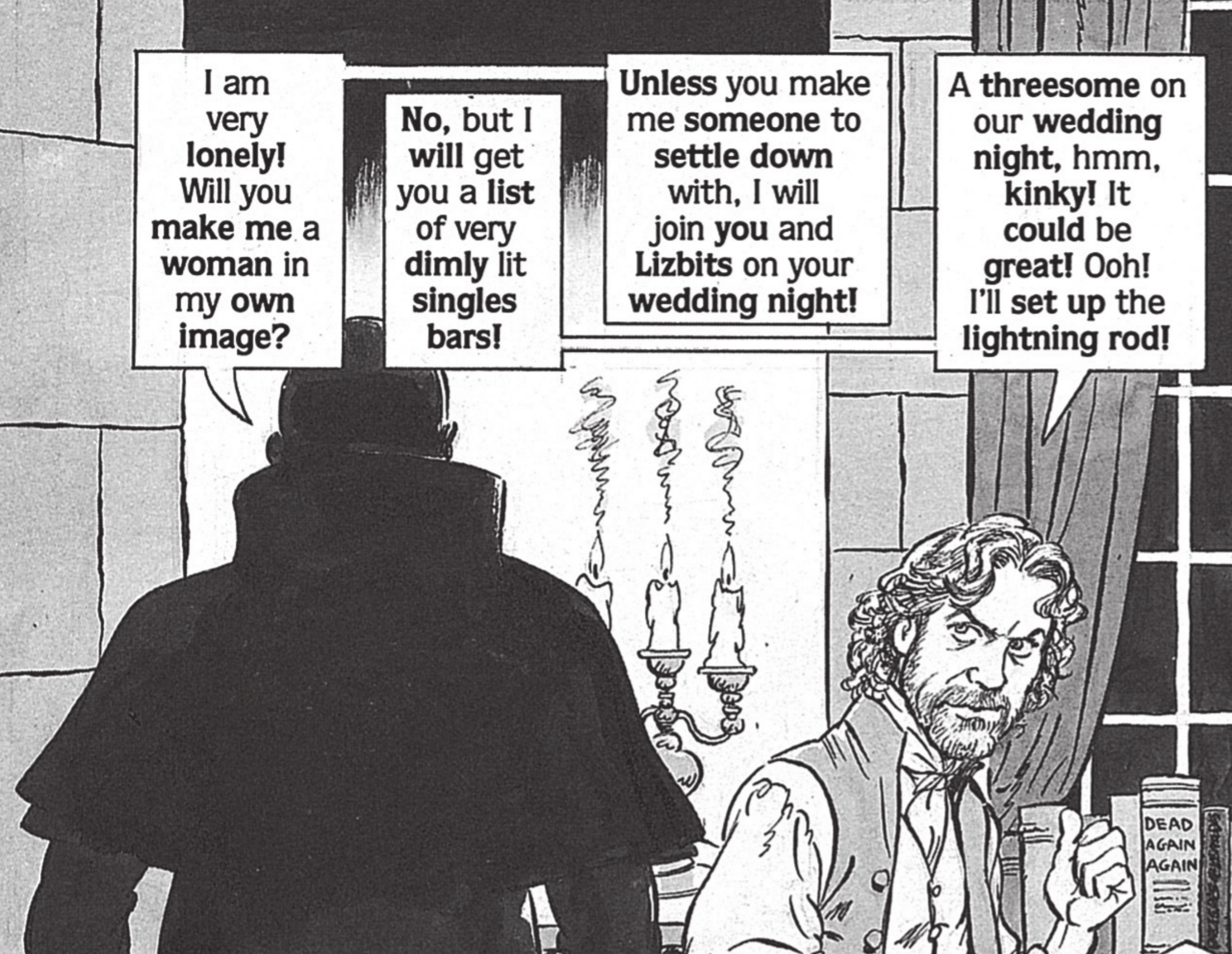
Yes! And gave me a great marketing idea! We will sell them as the world's first "frozen vegetables!"



I'm blind, but I can tell much from my touch! For openers, I see you are one lousy shaver! You should get some medical attention!

I've—already had too—much medical attention! Besides, I can't go out because I'm so—very u-g-l-y—and the people I know are—so very b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l... They don't like me!

I don't think it's your looks, friend! It's your personality! You're so b-o-r-i-n-g!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #334, MAR/APR 1995



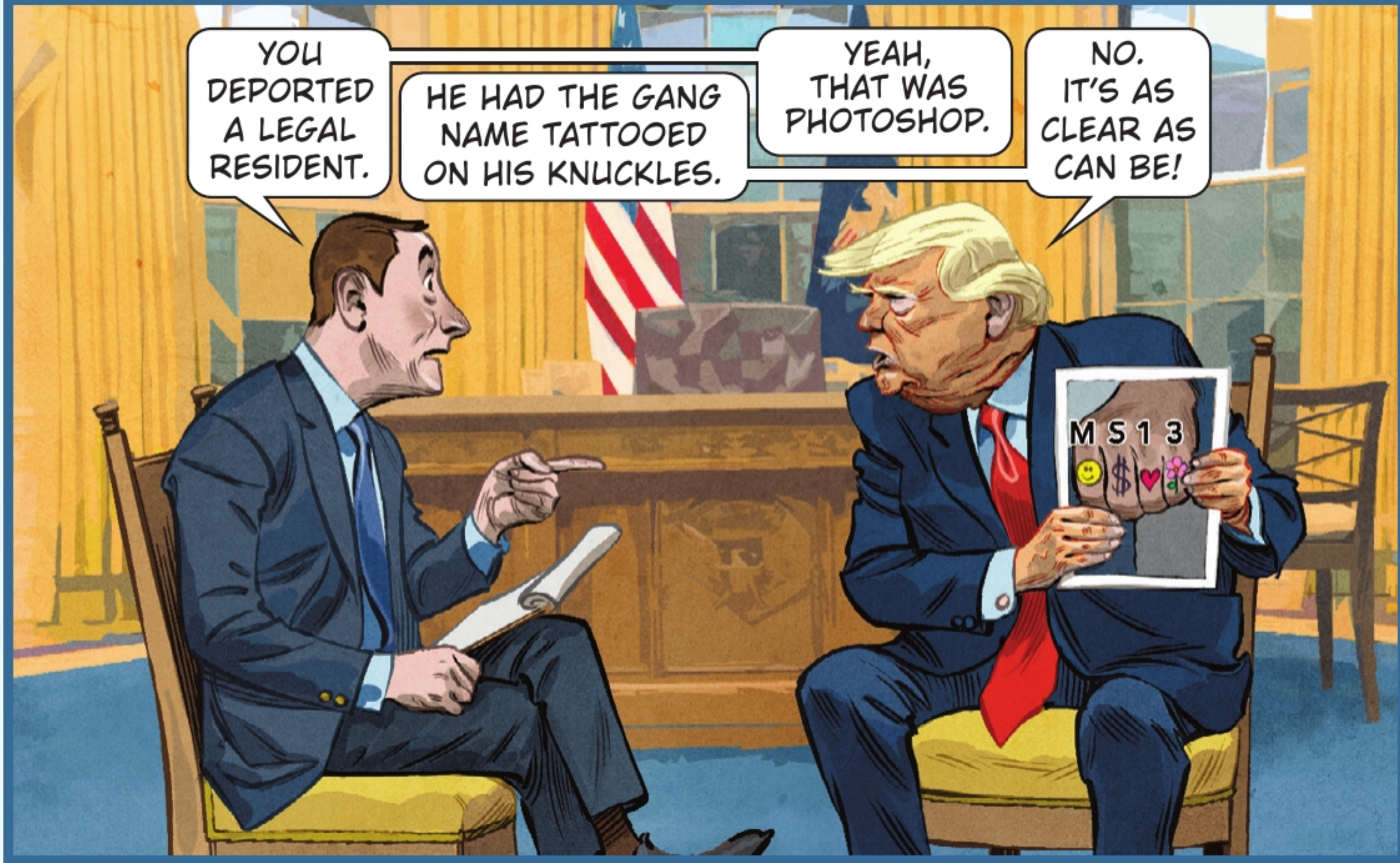
SCIENCE FRICTION DEPT.

No one knows more about money, the courts, the visa system, construction, politicians, technology, the economy, infrastructure, banks, campaign finance, ISIS, trade, taxes, ballrooms, lawsuits, debt, drones, and renewable energy than Donald Trump—according to Donald Trump. Now he's bringing his brilliance to a new role...

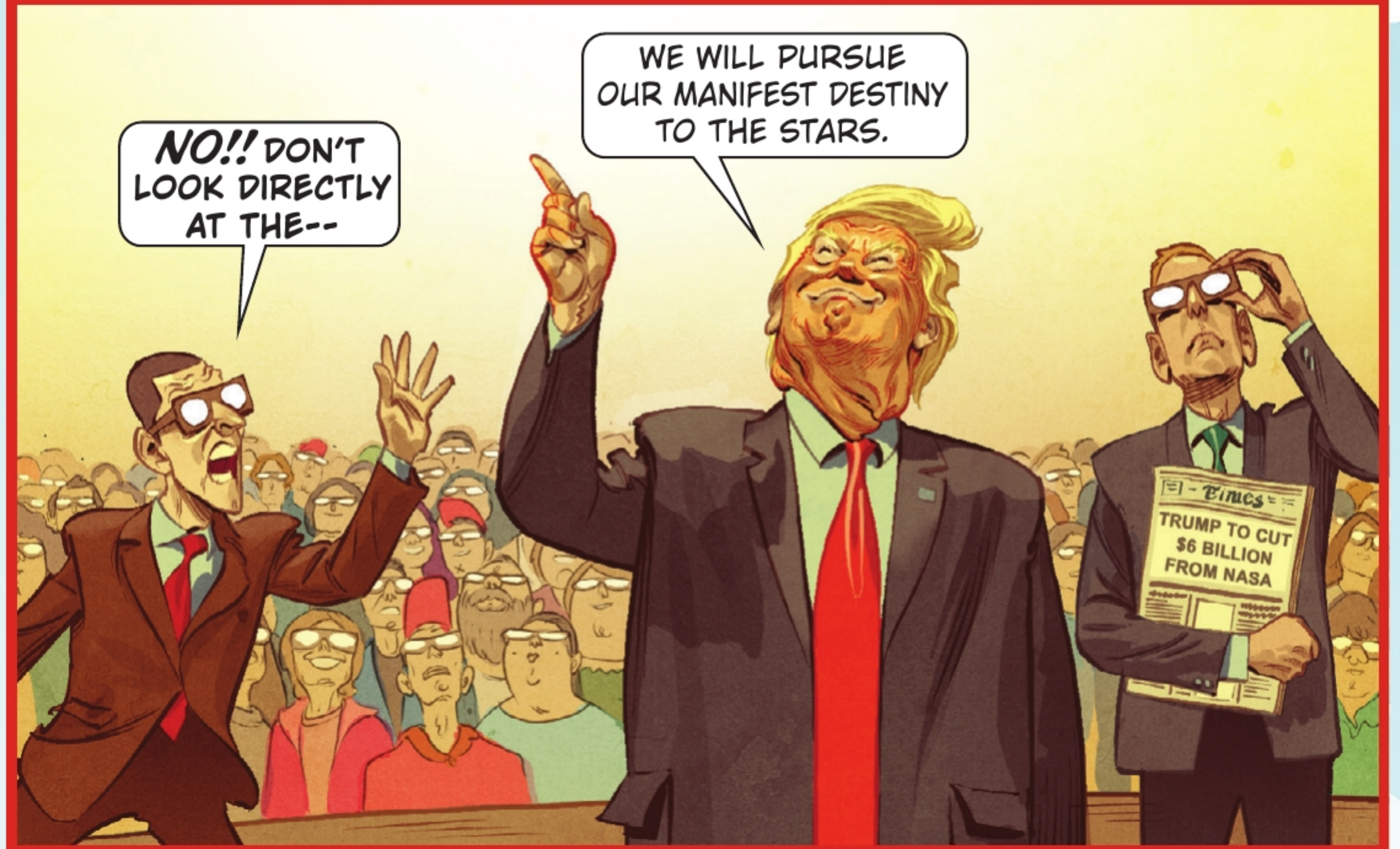
THE U.S. CZAR OF SCIENCE



Forensic Science



Astronomical Science



Biological Science



Infectious Diseases



Environmental Science



Human Physiology



WRITER BILL JENSEN

ARTIST HERMANN MEJIA



SPY VS SPY



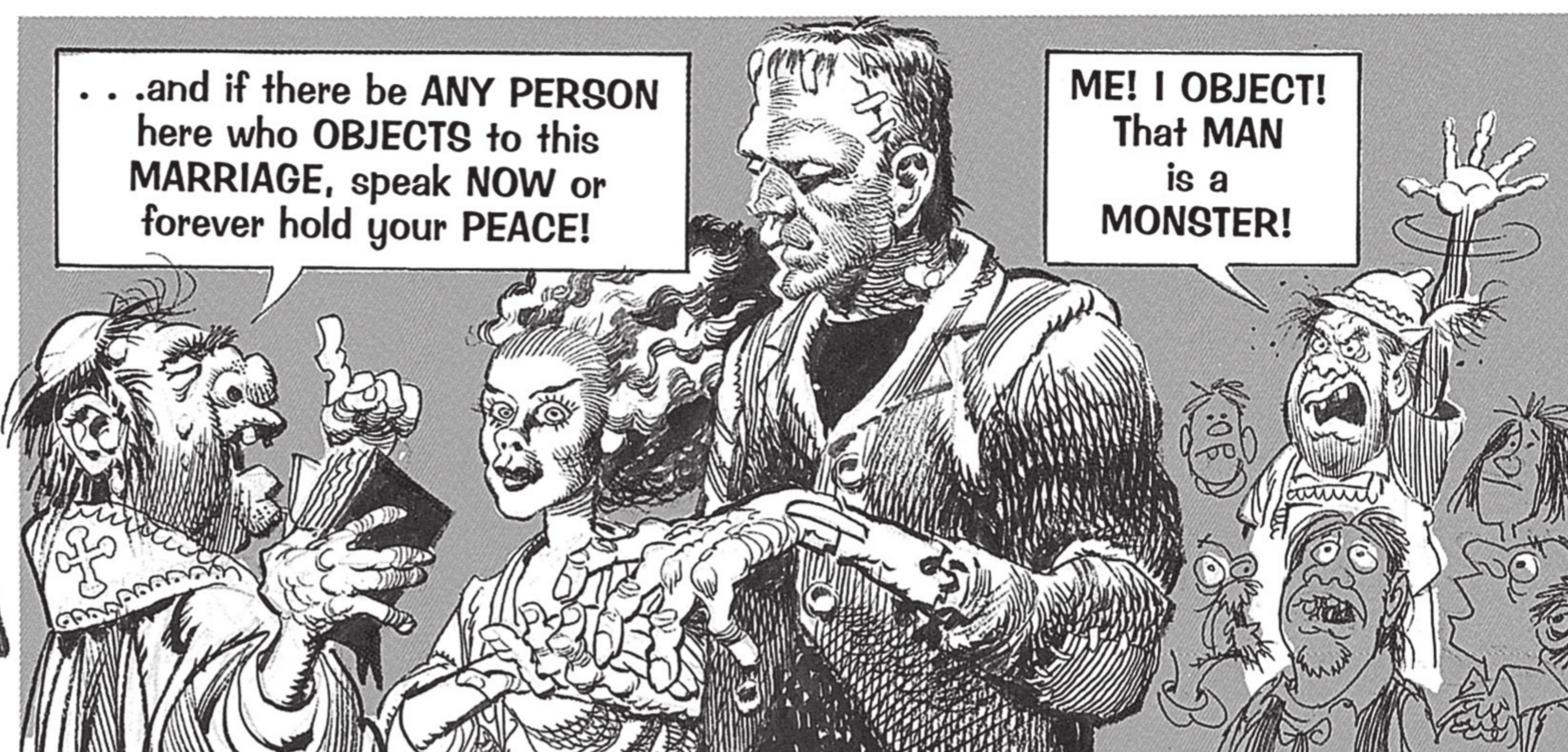
WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



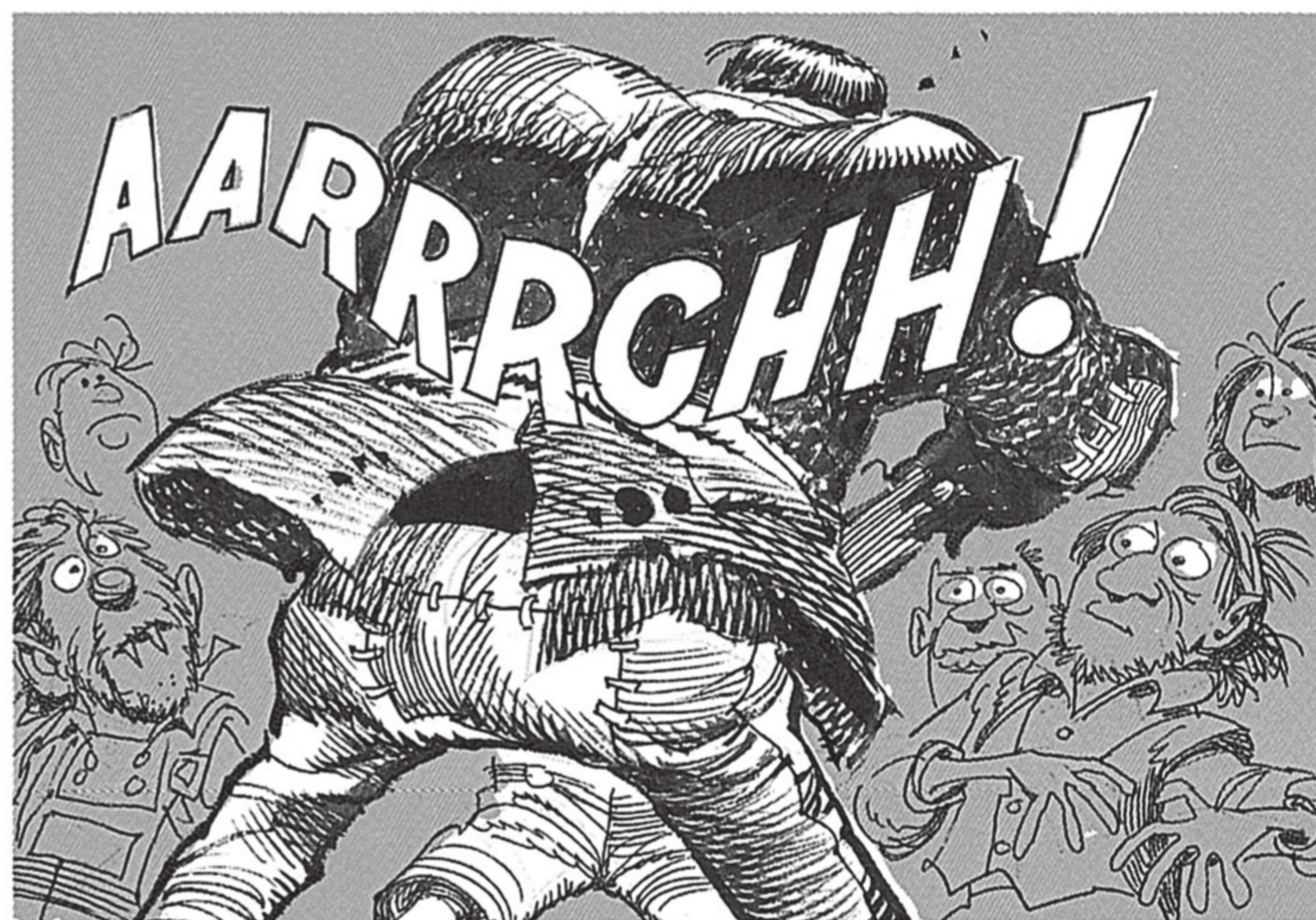
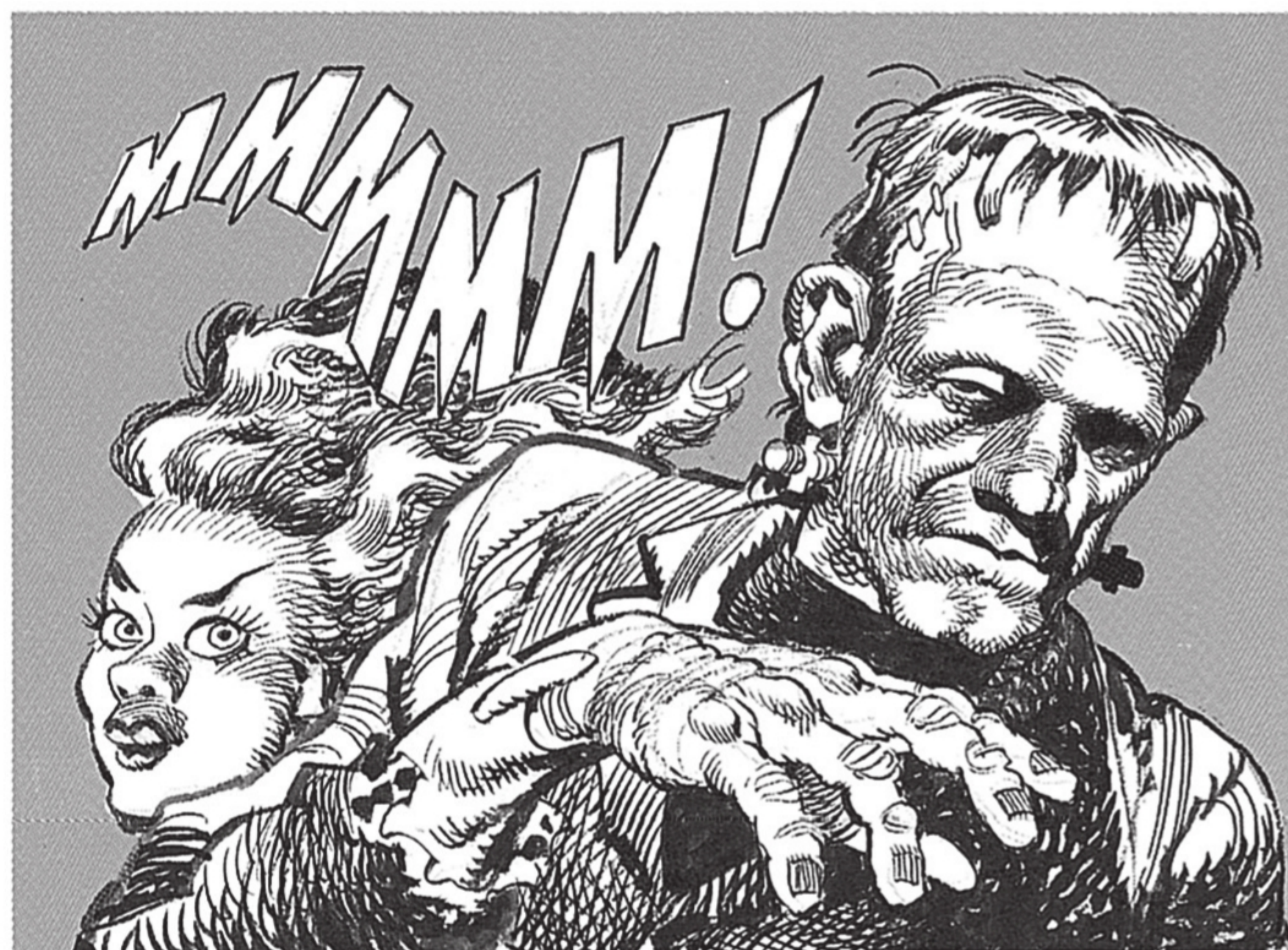
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #96, JUL 1965



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE...

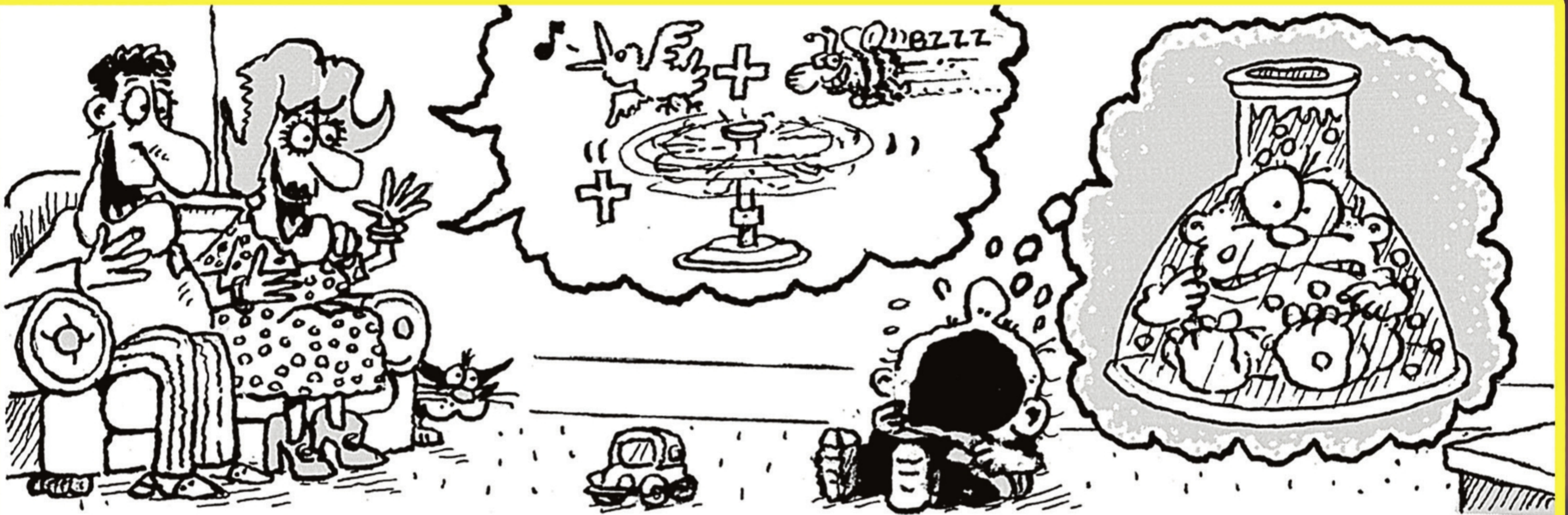


WRITER DUCK EDWING ARTIST JACK DAVIS





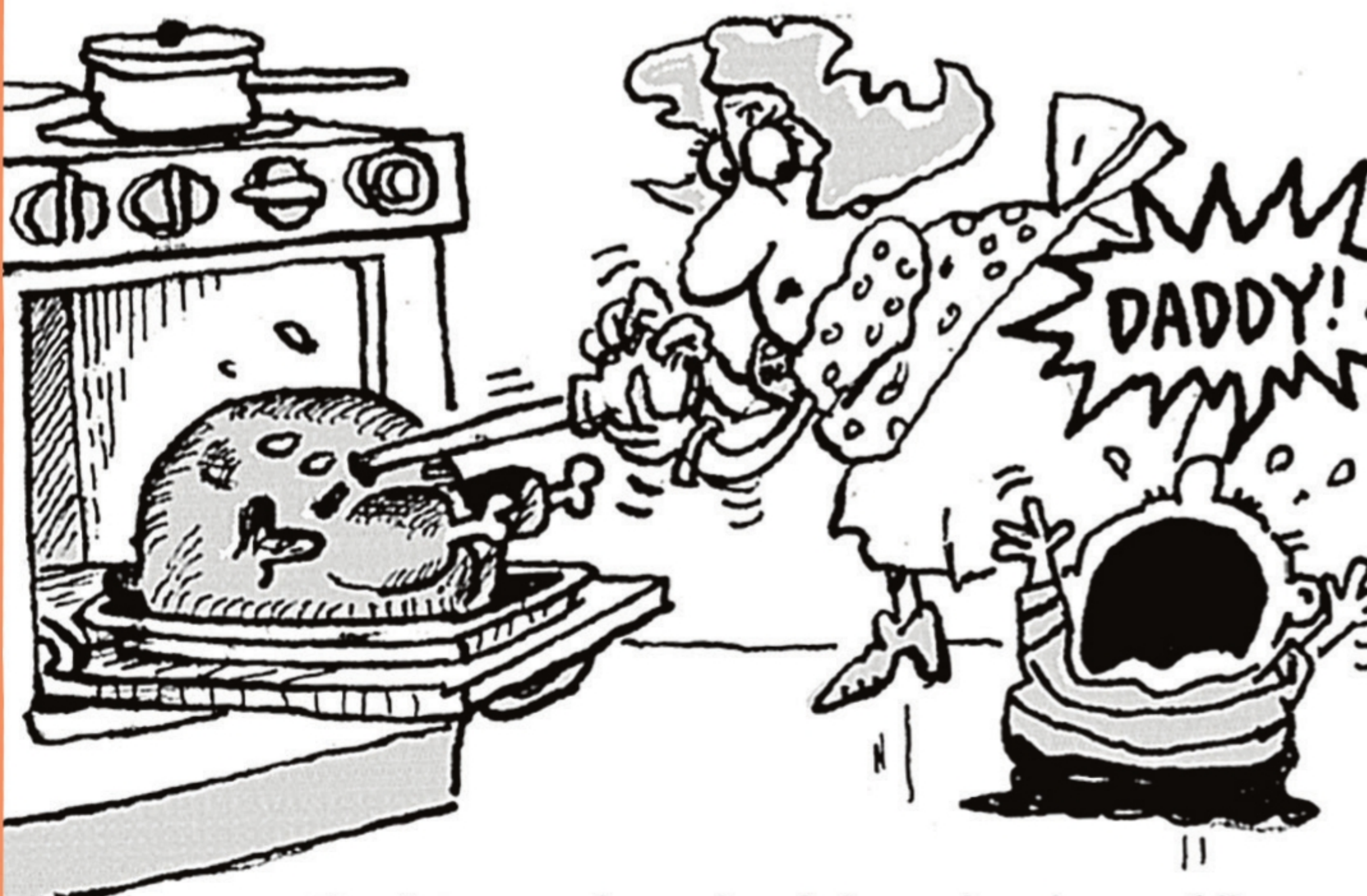
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN A TEST-TUBE BABY IF...



...your parents' talk with you about the birds and the bees includes the phrase "the cyclotronic sperm spinner."

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**

ARTIST **DON "DUCK" EDWING**



...every Thanksgiving the sight of the turkey baster fills you with a sudden rush of tangled emotions.



...you're deathly afraid of getting into one of those enclosed-glass hotel elevators.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #355, MAR 1997

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WHAT HAS
CAUSED A
DRAMATIC
RISE IN MAD
SCIENTISTS?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

These days, it seems likely that wherever you go, you'll see a mad scientist. On the corner, at the mall, on the bus, in the laboratory...well, at least that one makes sense. Something certainly caused a surge in this niche demographic. To see what that is, fold as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



WAS IT SOMETHING THESE DOCTORS WERE
FED AS KIDS? EXPERTS ARE ALARMED BY THIS GENERAL
FURTHERANCE OF MALFEASANCE. IT'S A CONFOUNDING
CURVEBALL TO US ALL. CALAMITOUS RIPPLE EFFECTS
WILL BE FELT FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.

A

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

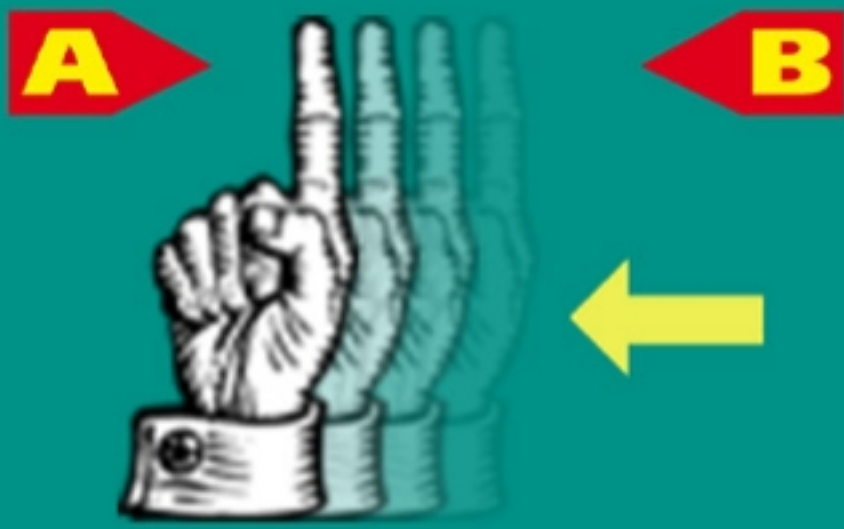
B

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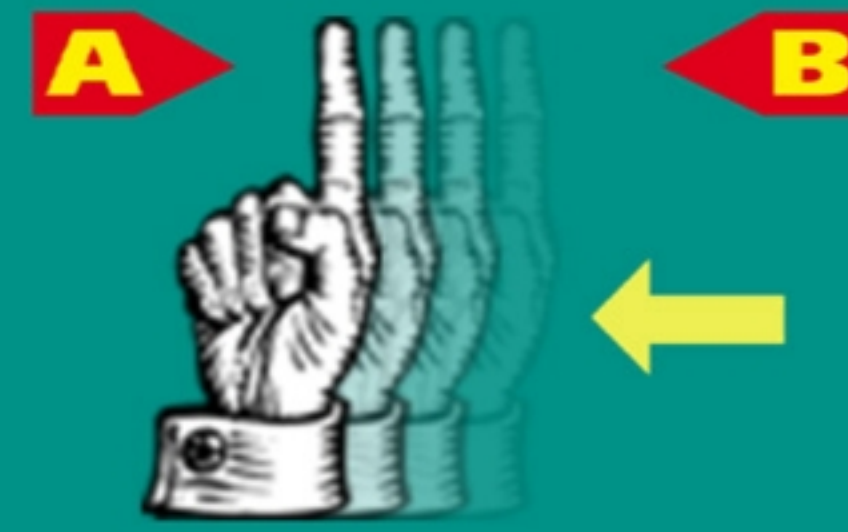


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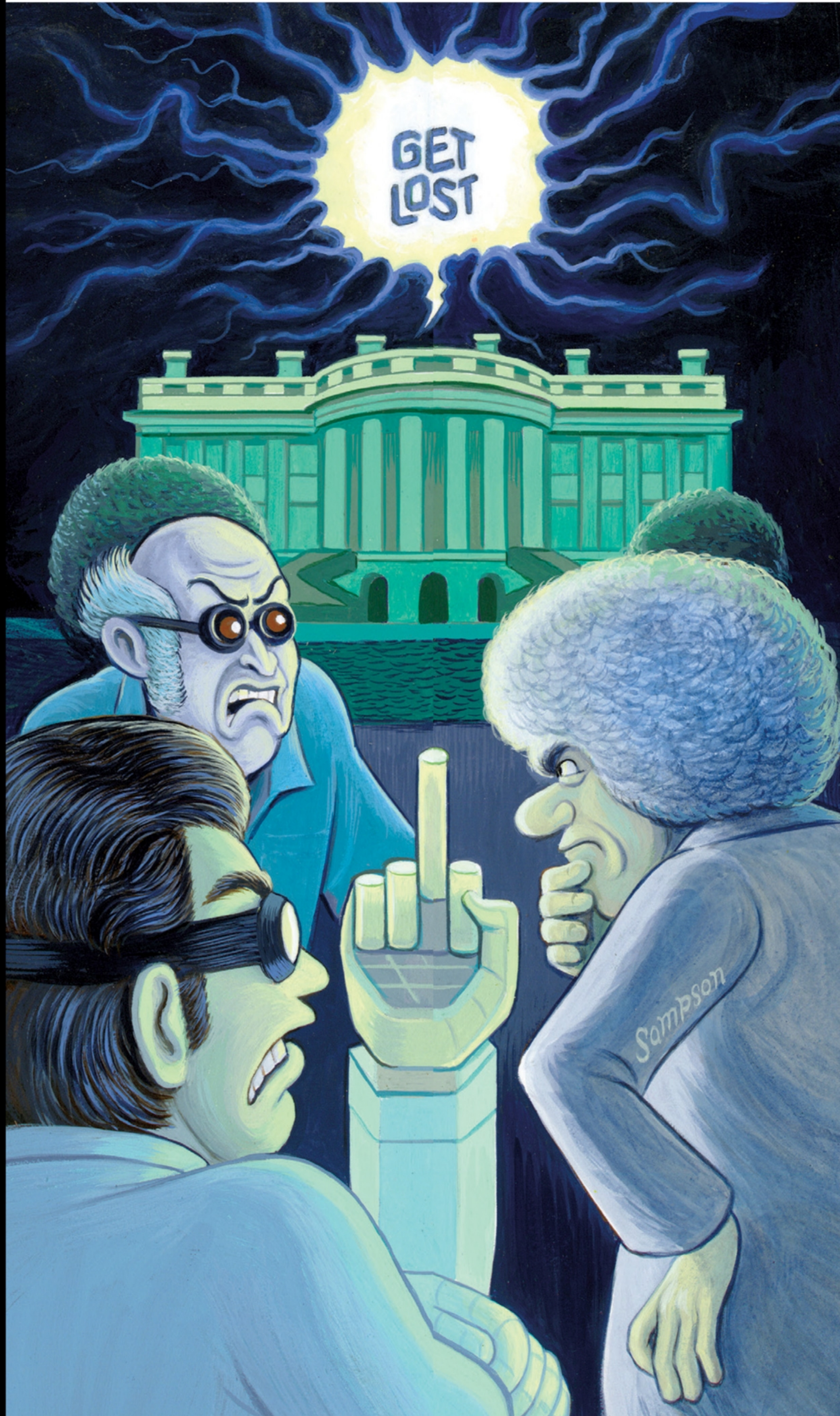
WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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A B

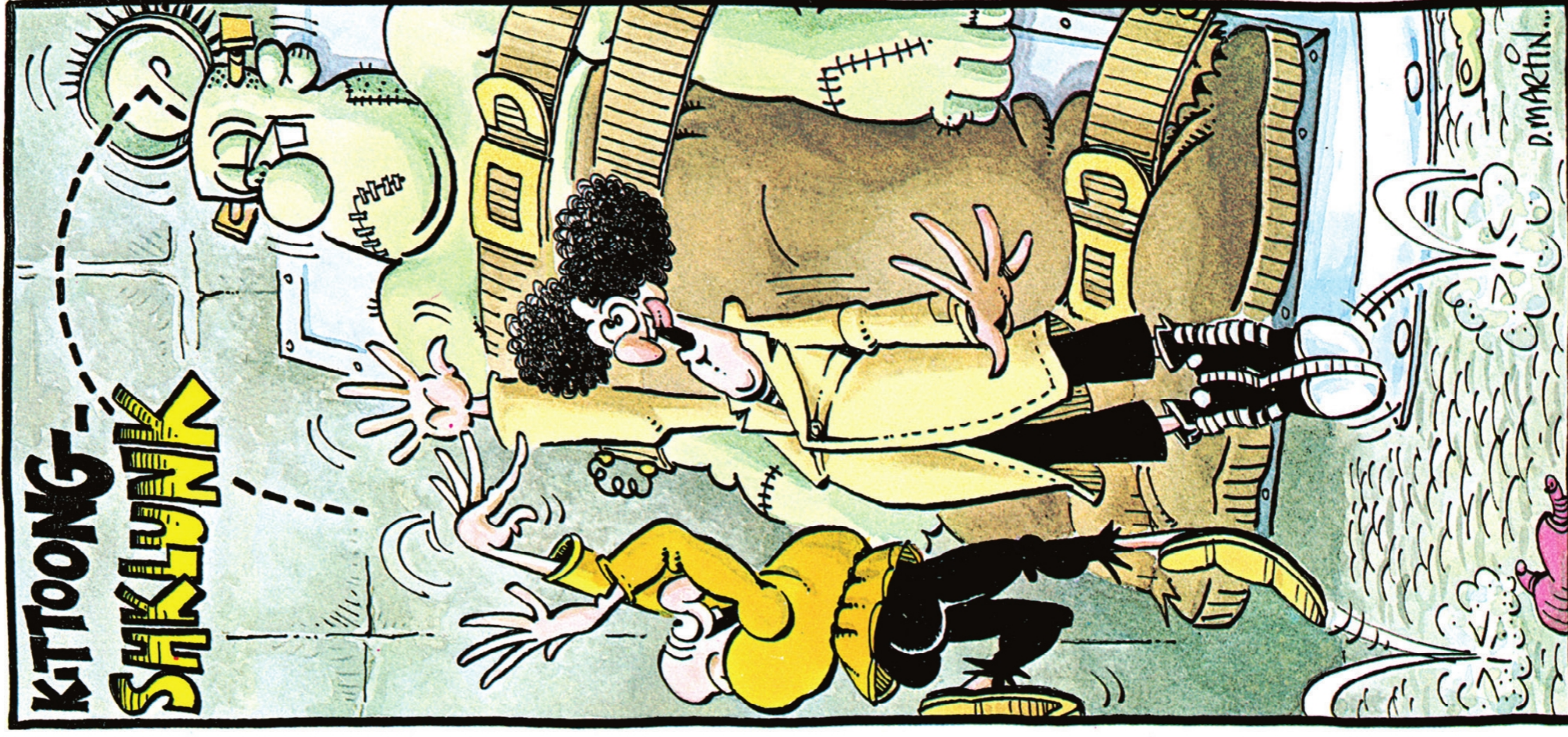
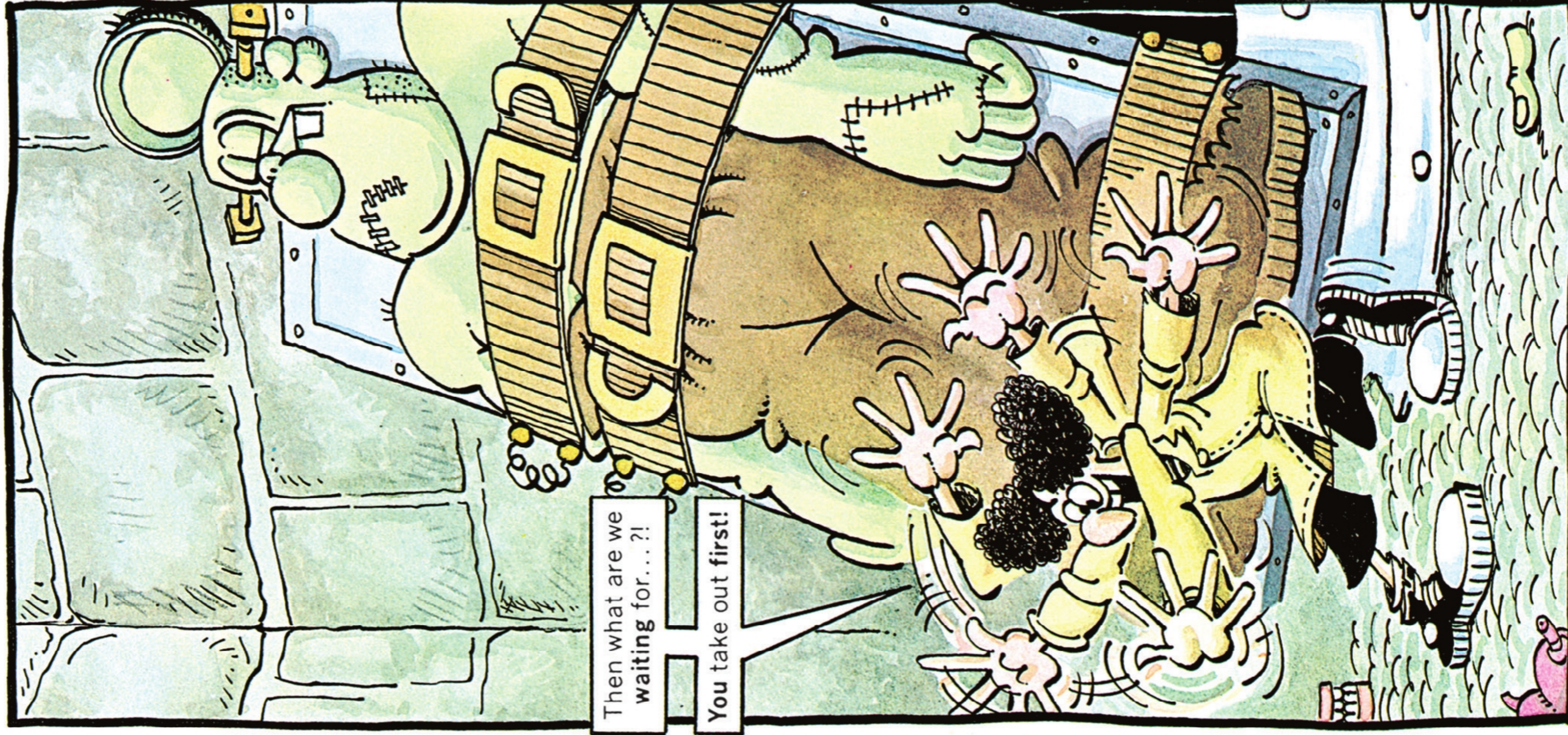
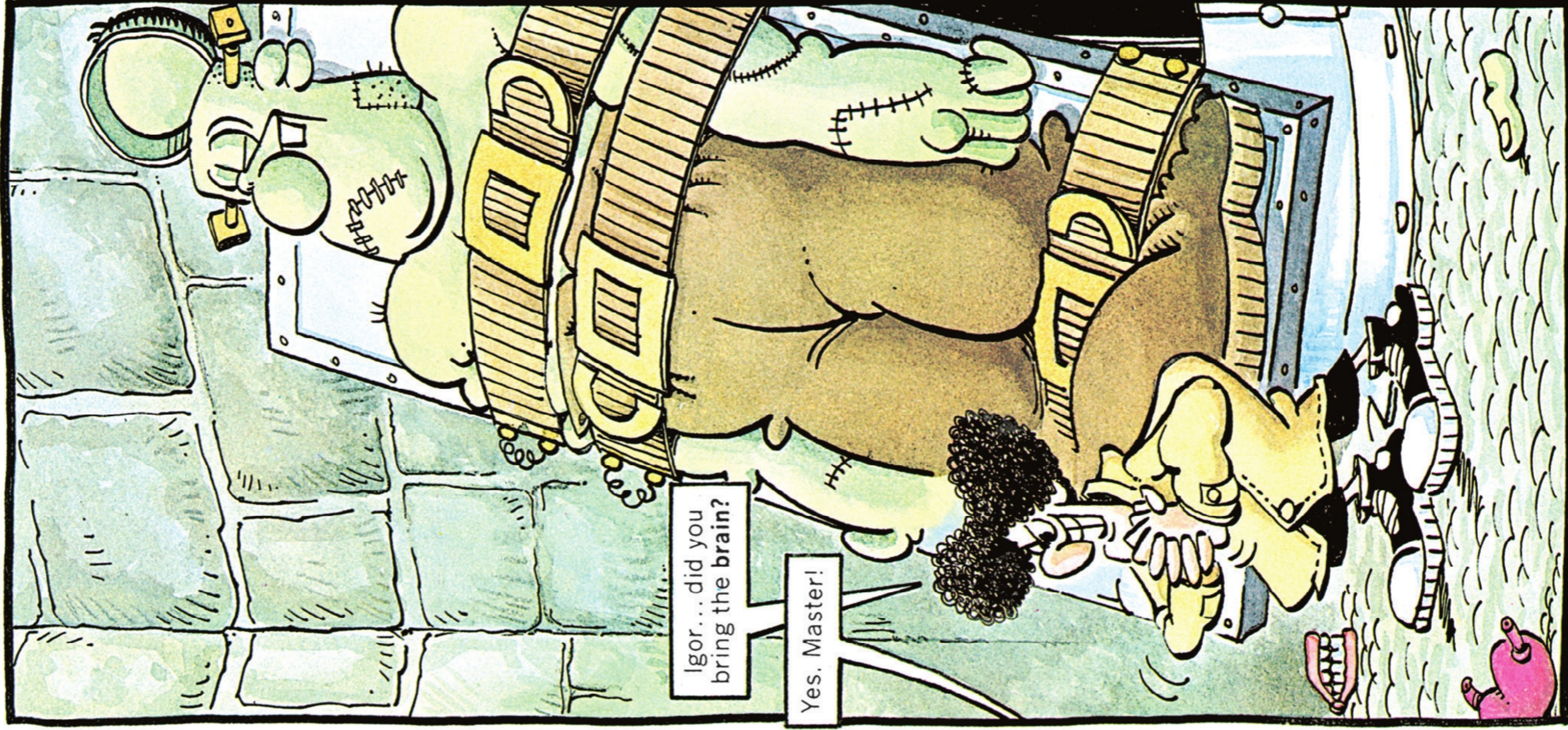


FEDERAL
FUNDING
CUTS

A B

ONE-ON-ONE NIGHT IN THE LABORATORY

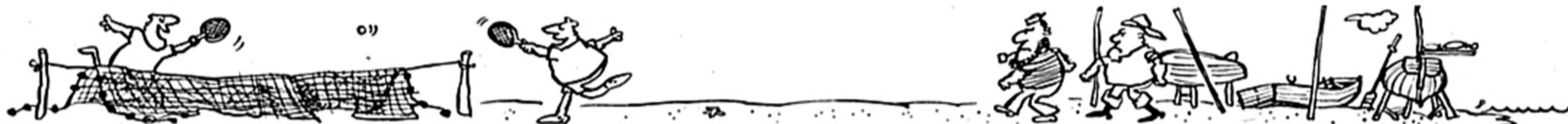
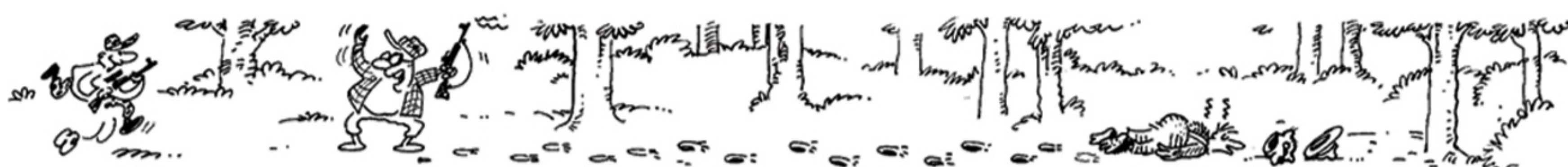
WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST DON MARTIN



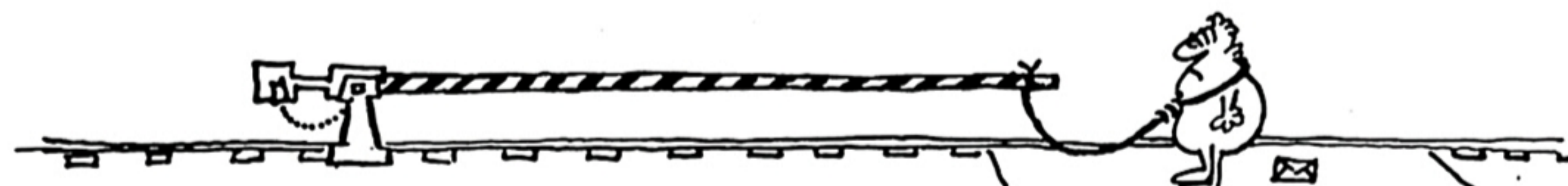
DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

SERGIO ARAGONES



X... IX... VIII... VII... VI... V...!



MAD™

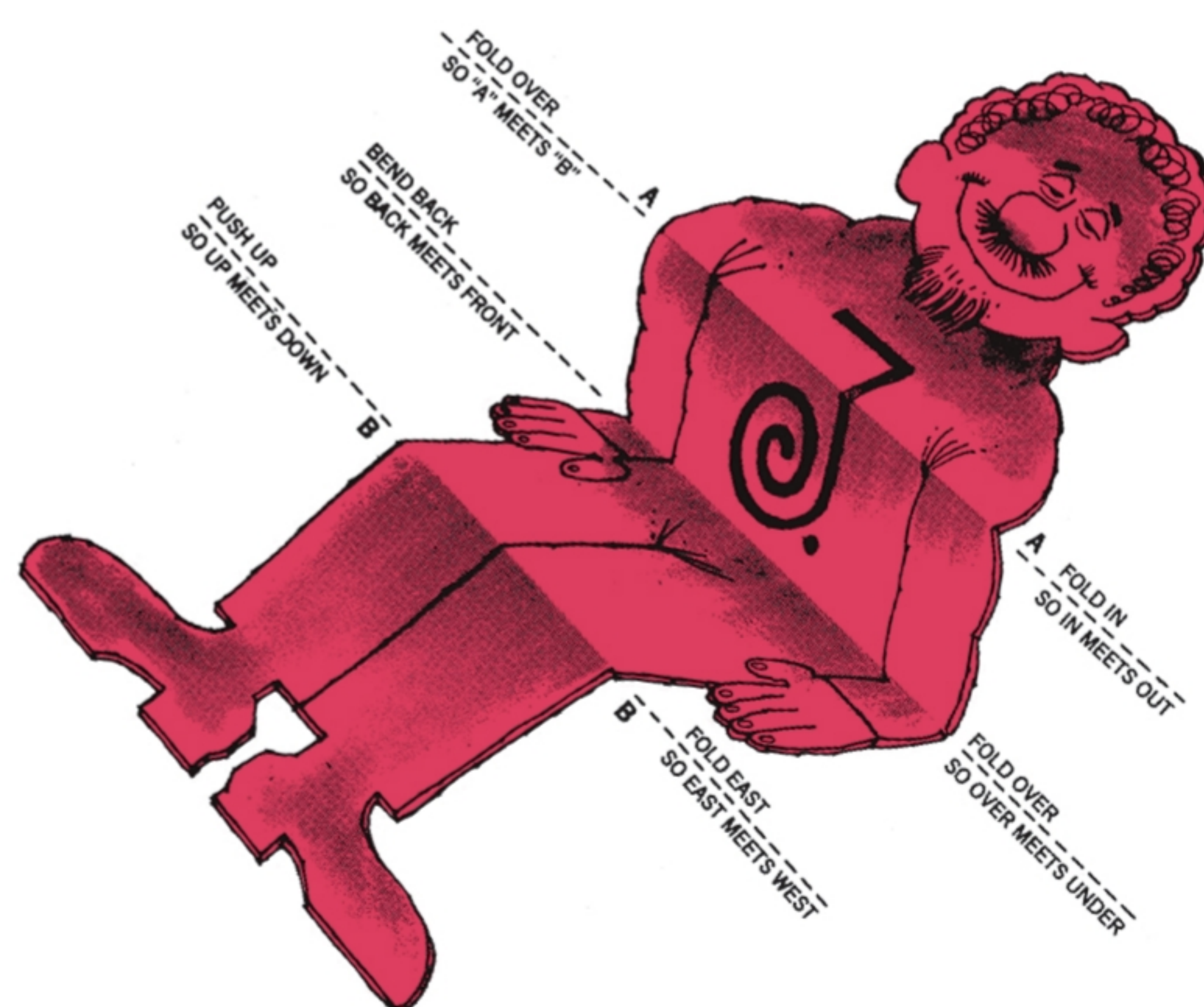
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Now lets explore some subatomic science with this sub par satire from MAD #110, April 1967. It'll make you giggle all the way down to your molecular middle and back.



And then get your Fold-in funny bone irradiated by Dr. Jaffee's scientific theory that was in MAD #286, April 1989.



INSIDE JOKE DEPT.

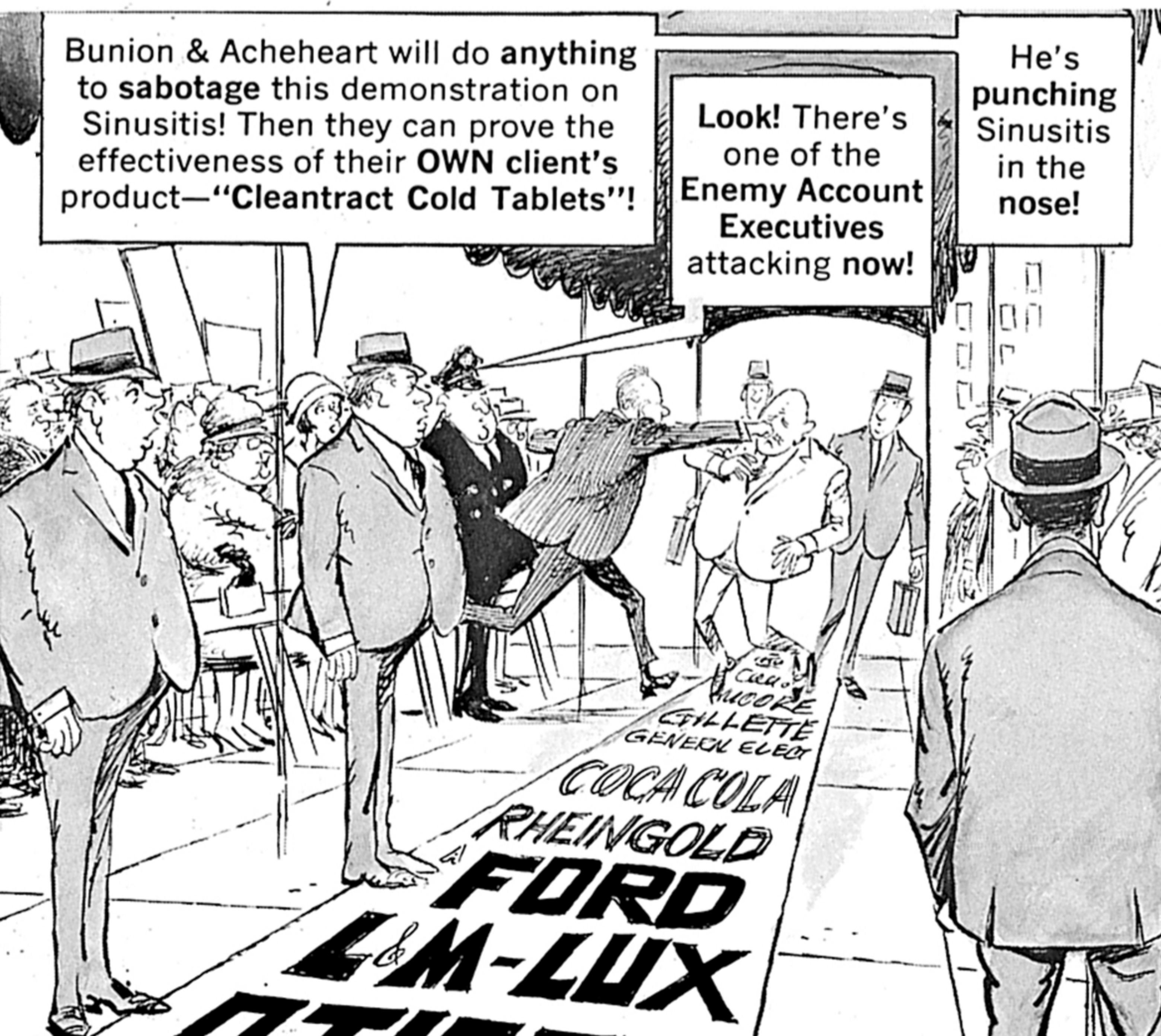
And now, your nauseated Editors present a slightly altered "MAD Version" of the recent "Science Fiction" movie that featured, among other disgusting things (like f'rinstance the acting performances), a sickening trip through the Human Body. Which is why we call it...

FANTASTECCH VOYAGE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



His nose is so sore from that terrible punch and from his severe **Nasal Congestion** that I strongly advise against the use of a **Nasal Spray**! It might well cause complications over which we could have **no control**!

We've got no choice, Mr. Conman! We've got to turn him over to the **Enemy** and let them give him one of their **tablets**! After all, the man's life is at stake!

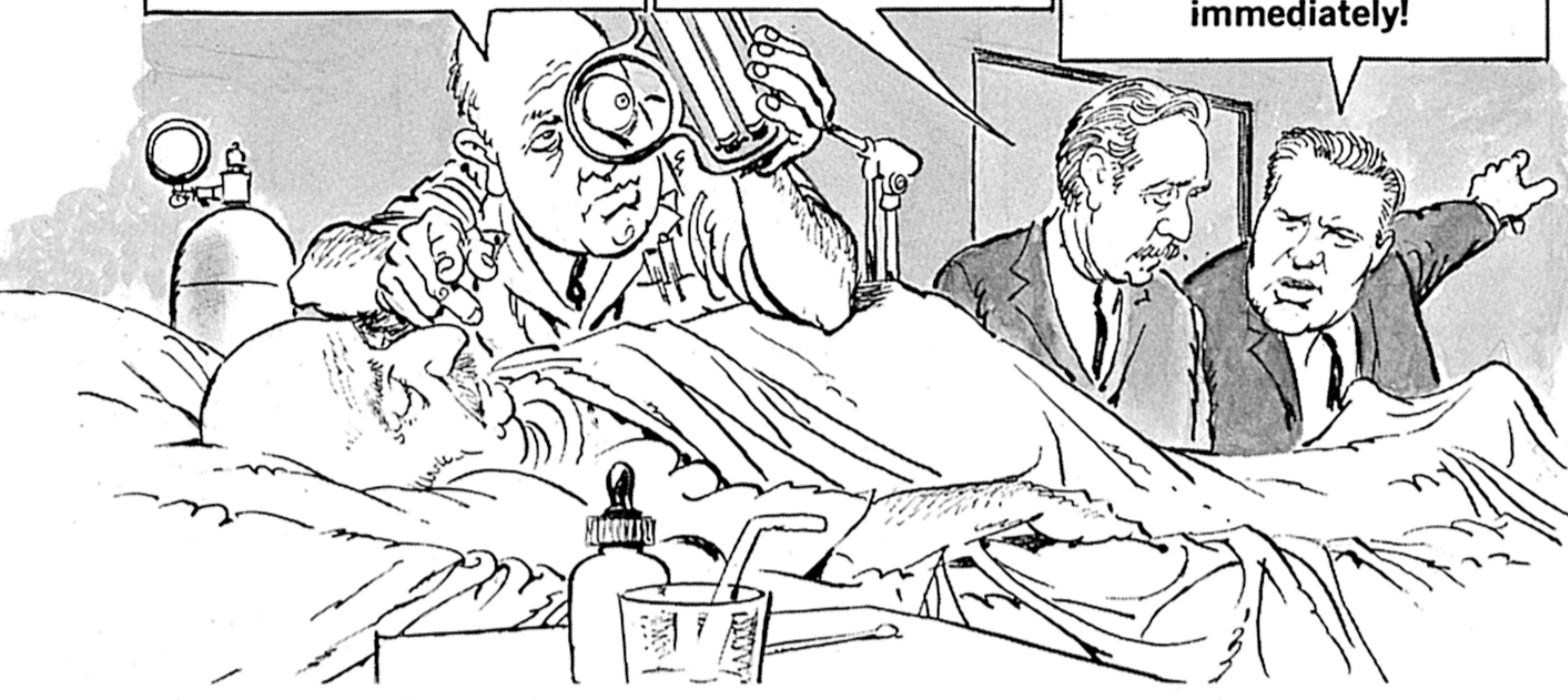
You're some **Nasal Spray Account Executive**, Ream! Talking about tablets! If we can't spray him from the outside, we'll have to spray him from the inside! Rush this man into "**LS/MFT**," and prepare to operate immediately!

I'm new here! What does "**LS/MFT**" stand for?

"**Laboratory Sector for Making Folks Tiny**"! Here's where the Agency shrinks people to microscopic size for **TV Ad Demonstrations** within the human body. The only catch is: The miniaturization lasts for just **Sixty Seconds**! Then the person returns to normal!

Fantastic!

Yes, in 9 seconds, I'll become my old self again... **John Wayne**!



All right, Crew! You will soon be shrunk to microscopic size, after which you will have but **one minute** to enter Sinusitis's body, spray his nasal passages from the inside with **Dripstan**, and return! Oh, by the way—this is **Dripstan Account Exec, Donald Ream**—

Hi! I'm **Dr. Micro**! I'm going along because I'm the **Navigator**!

I'm **Sidney Omens**! I'm going along because I'm the **Pilot**!

I'm **Dr. NoCal**! I'm going along because I'm performing the **Spray Operation**!

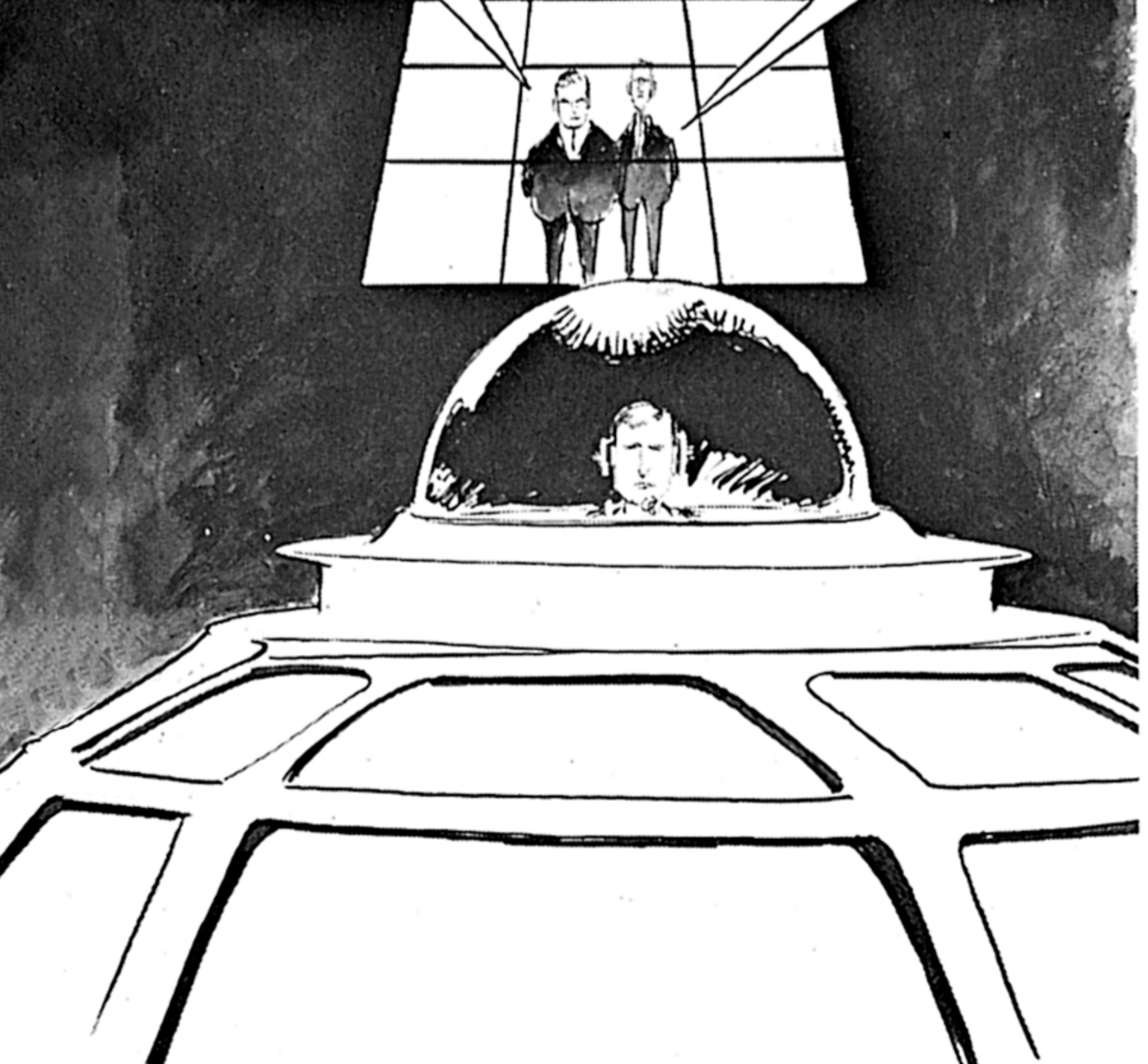
I'm **Carrie VaVoom**! I'm going along because wait and see how I look in a skin-tight diving suit!

I'm **Steve Grunt**! I'm going along to wait and see how she looks!



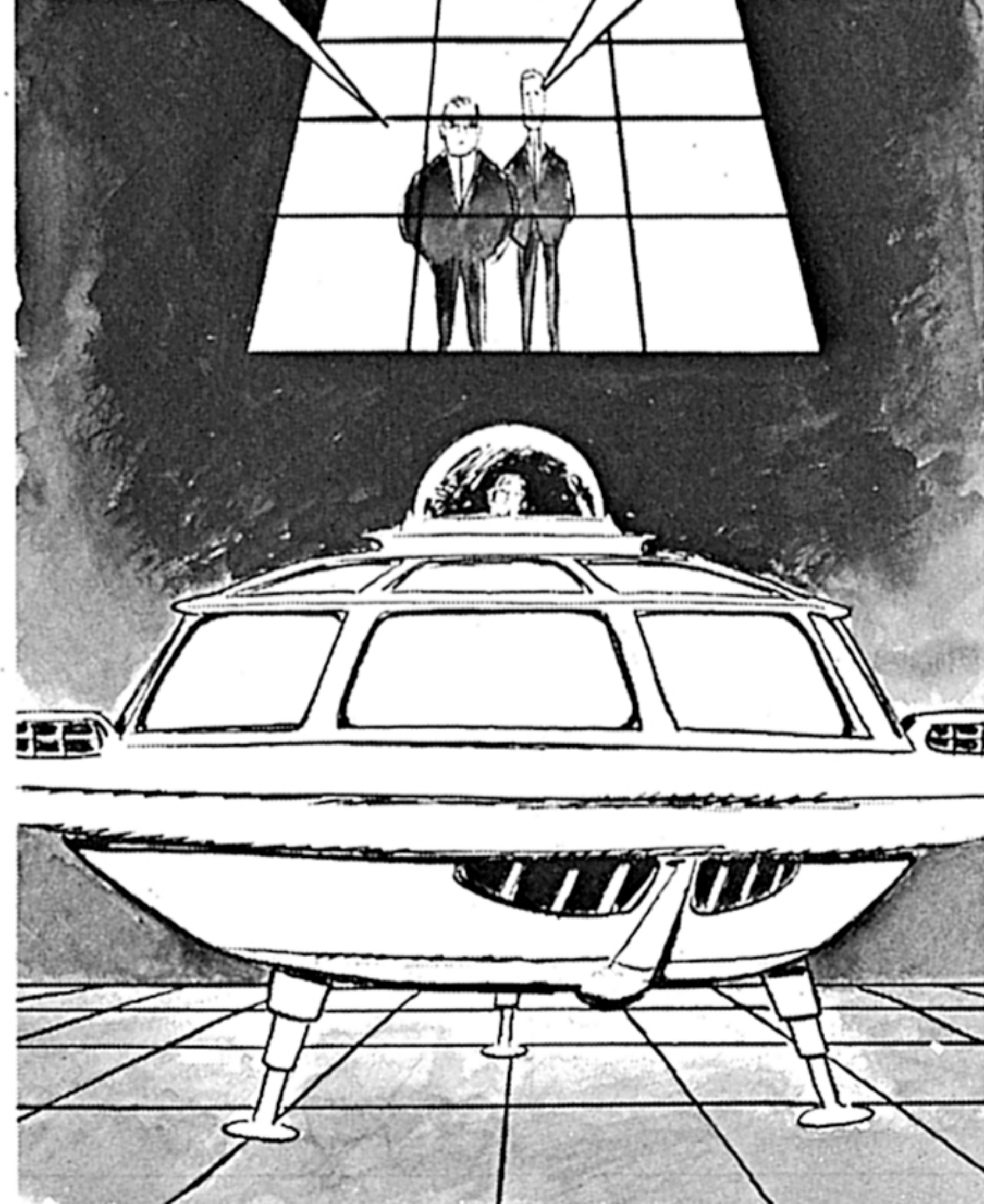
Look! The ship and the crew inside are starting to shrink!

Amazing! They're already down to **SUPER ECONOMY SIZE**!



They're getting even smaller!

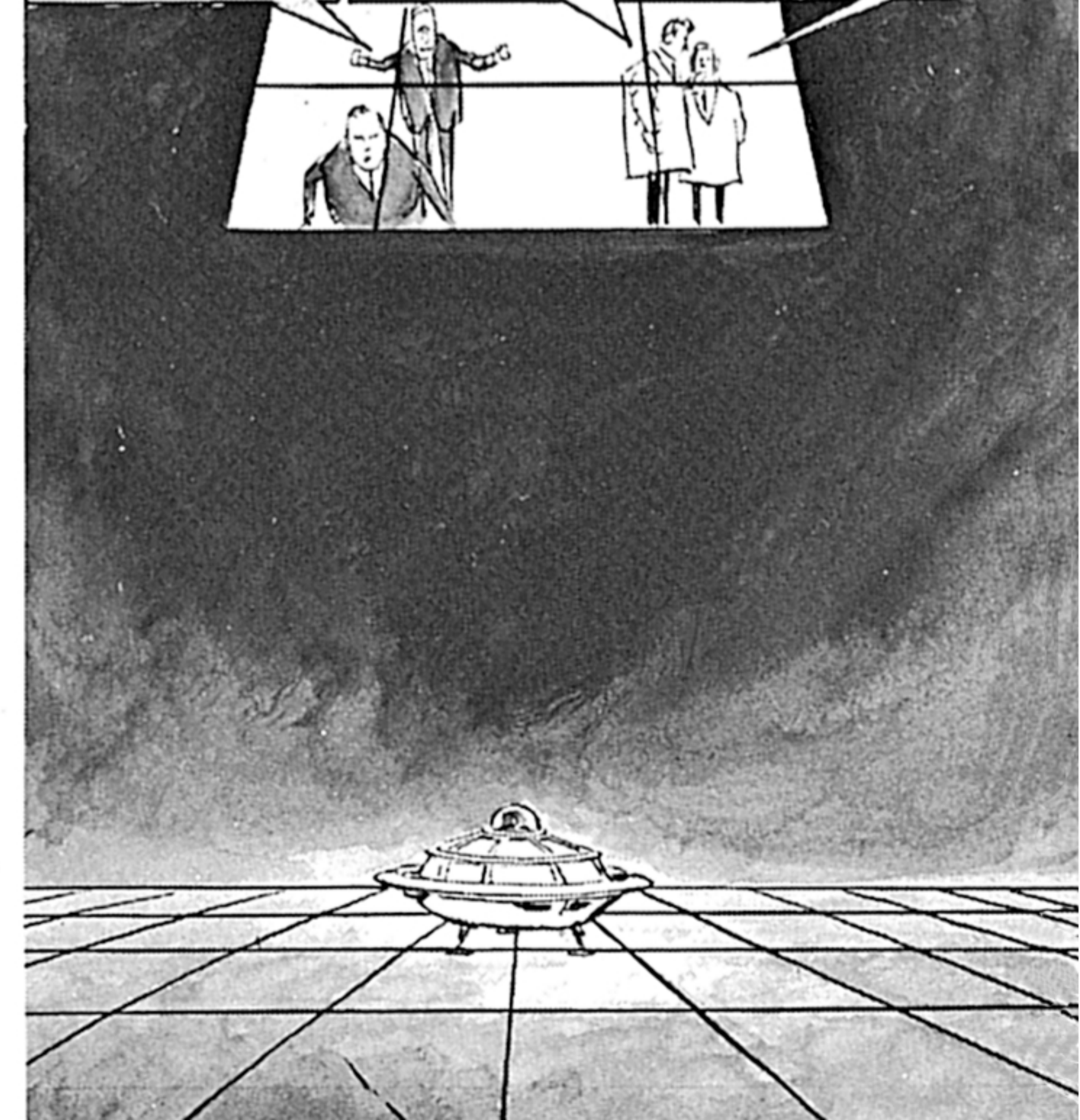
Now they're down to **GIANT ECONOMY SIZE**!

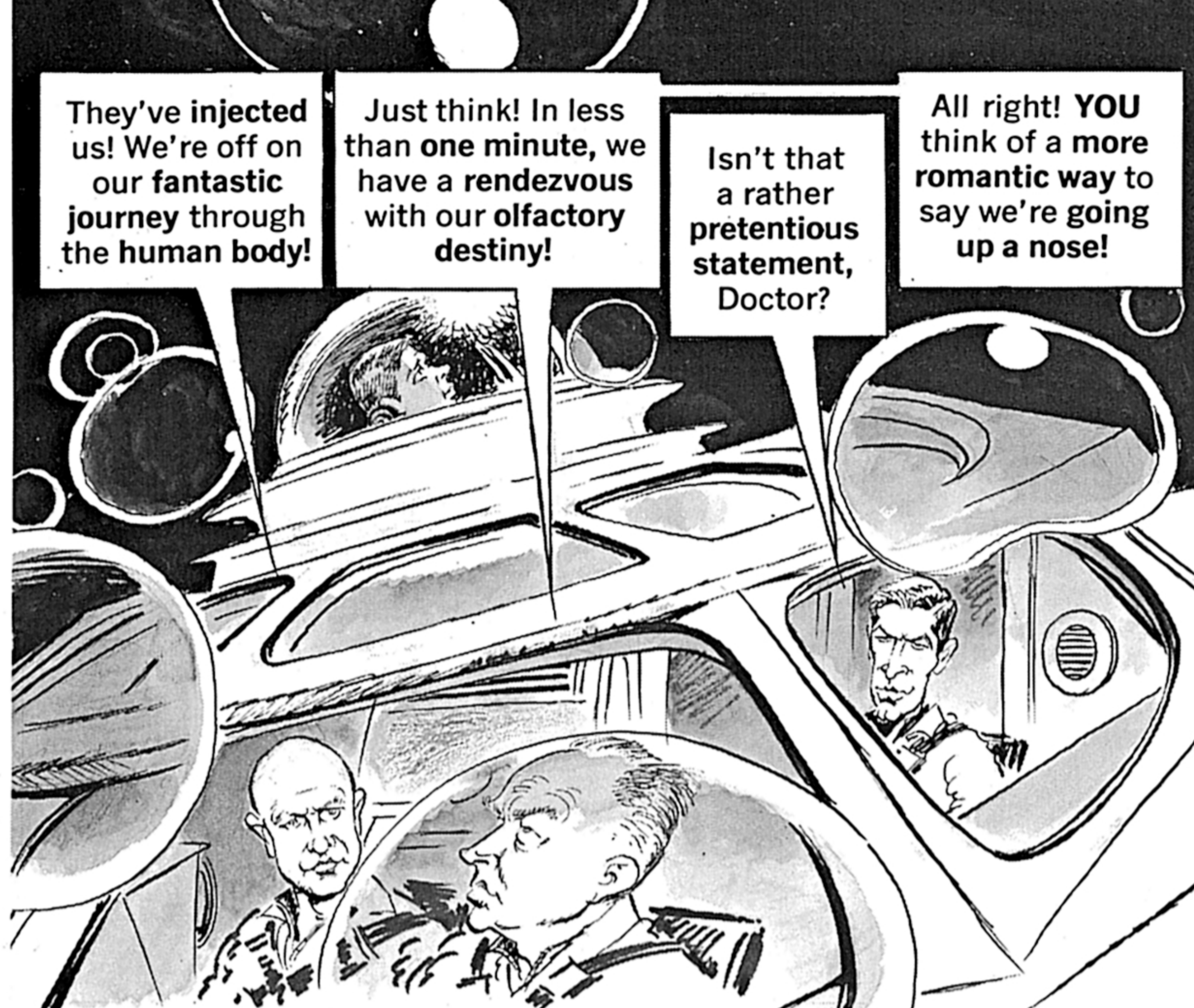


Now they're down to **LARGE ECONOMY SIZE**!

I'll bet Ream used to handle **Soap Box and Cereal Packaging** for the Agency!

Gee! How could you tell?



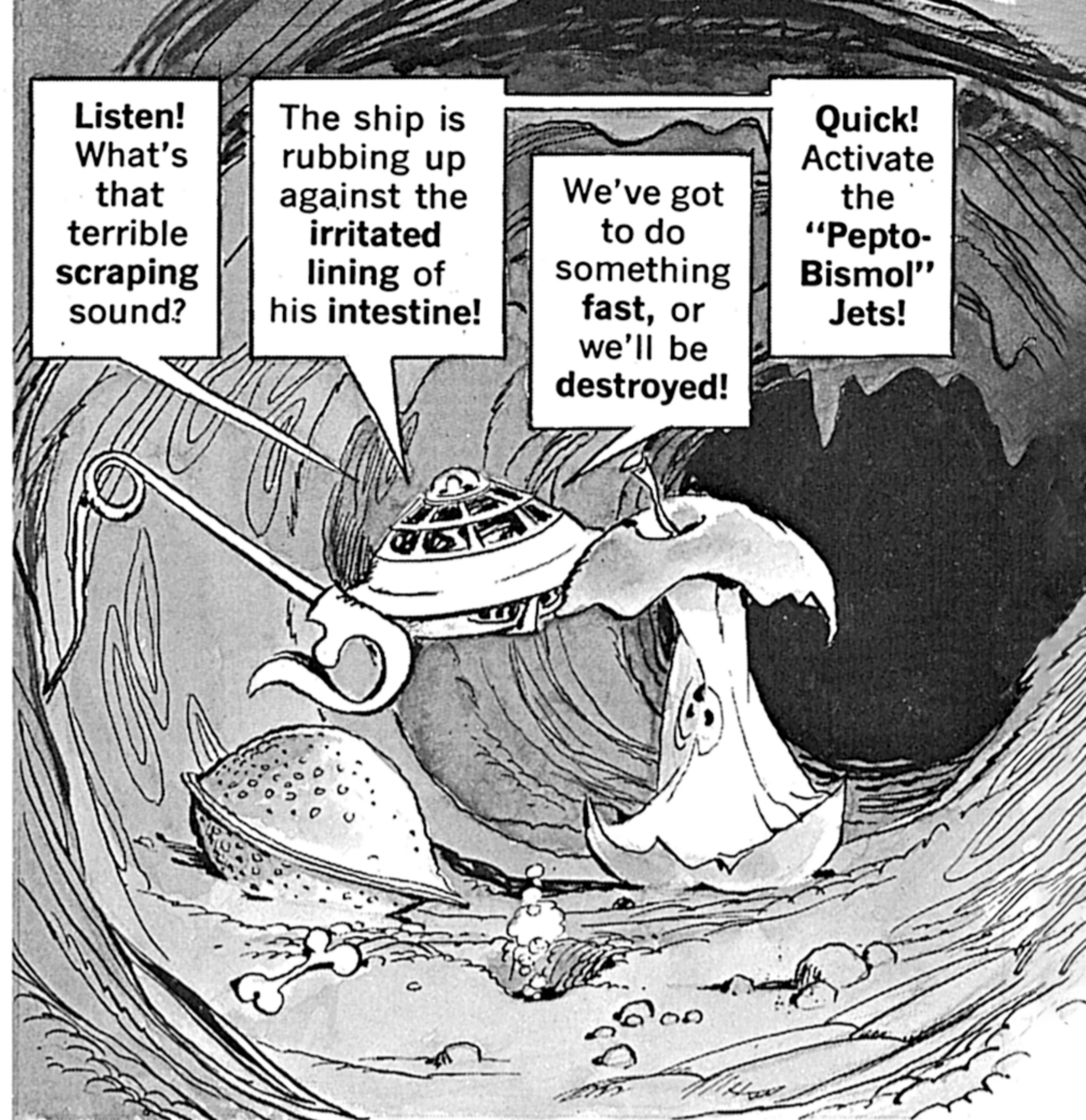


They've injected us! We're off on our fantastic journey through the human body!

Just think! In less than one minute, we have a rendezvous with our olfactory destiny!

Isn't that a rather pretentious statement, Doctor?

All right! YOU think of a more romantic way to say we're going up a nose!



Listen! What's that terrible scraping sound?

The ship is rubbing up against the irritated lining of his intestine!

We've got to do something fast, or we'll be destroyed!

Quick! Activate the "Pepto-Bismol" Jets!



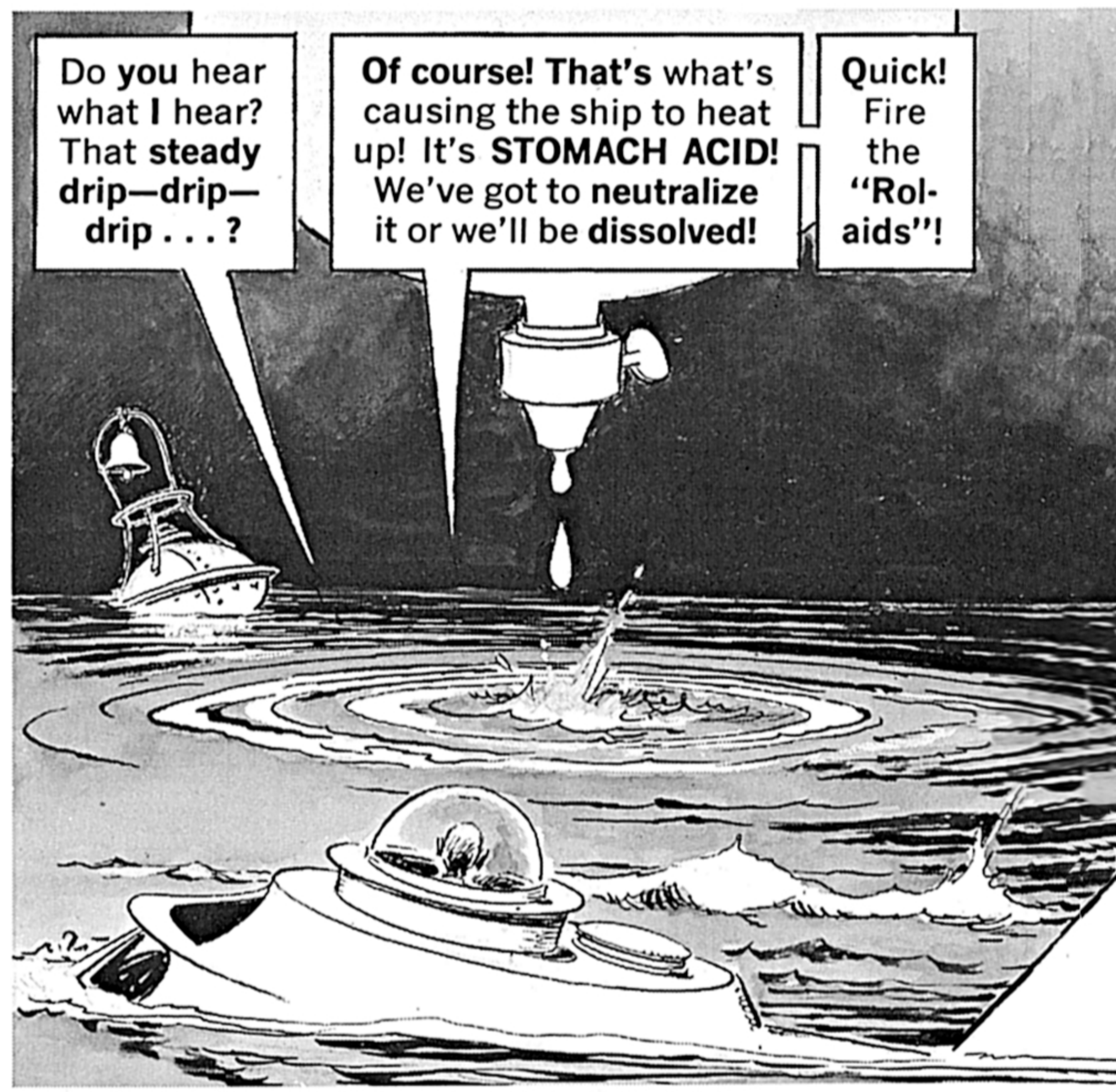
It worked! The "Pepto-Bismol" coated the intestine walls and we're sliding into the stomach!

Hey, it's getting hot in here!

Why don't you slip into something cooler? Like your skin-tight diving suit!

Not yet! Not yet! I wonder what's causing this heat!

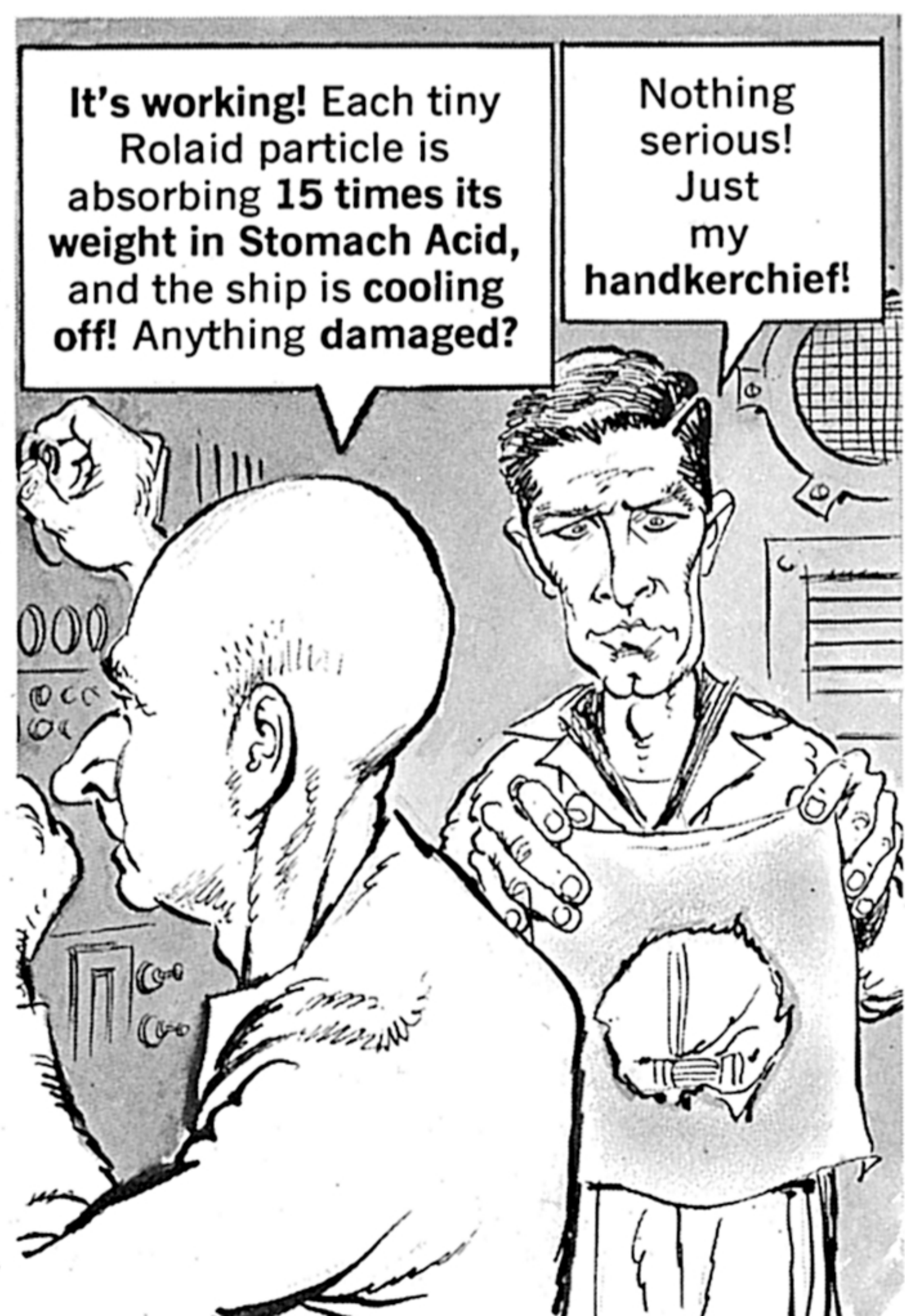
Heartburn! What else!? I told them not to feed the patient Pizza for lunch!



Do you hear what I hear? That steady drip—drip—drip . . . ?

Of course! That's what's causing the ship to heat up! It's **STOMACH ACID**! We've got to neutralize it or we'll be dissolved!

Quick! Fire the "Rolaids"!



It's working! Each tiny Rolaids particle is absorbing 15 times its weight in Stomach Acid, and the ship is cooling off! Anything damaged?

Nothing serious! Just my handkerchief!



We're entering the chest cavity! What are those violent explosions?

The patient is coughing!

We've got to do something or the ship will be shaken to bits!

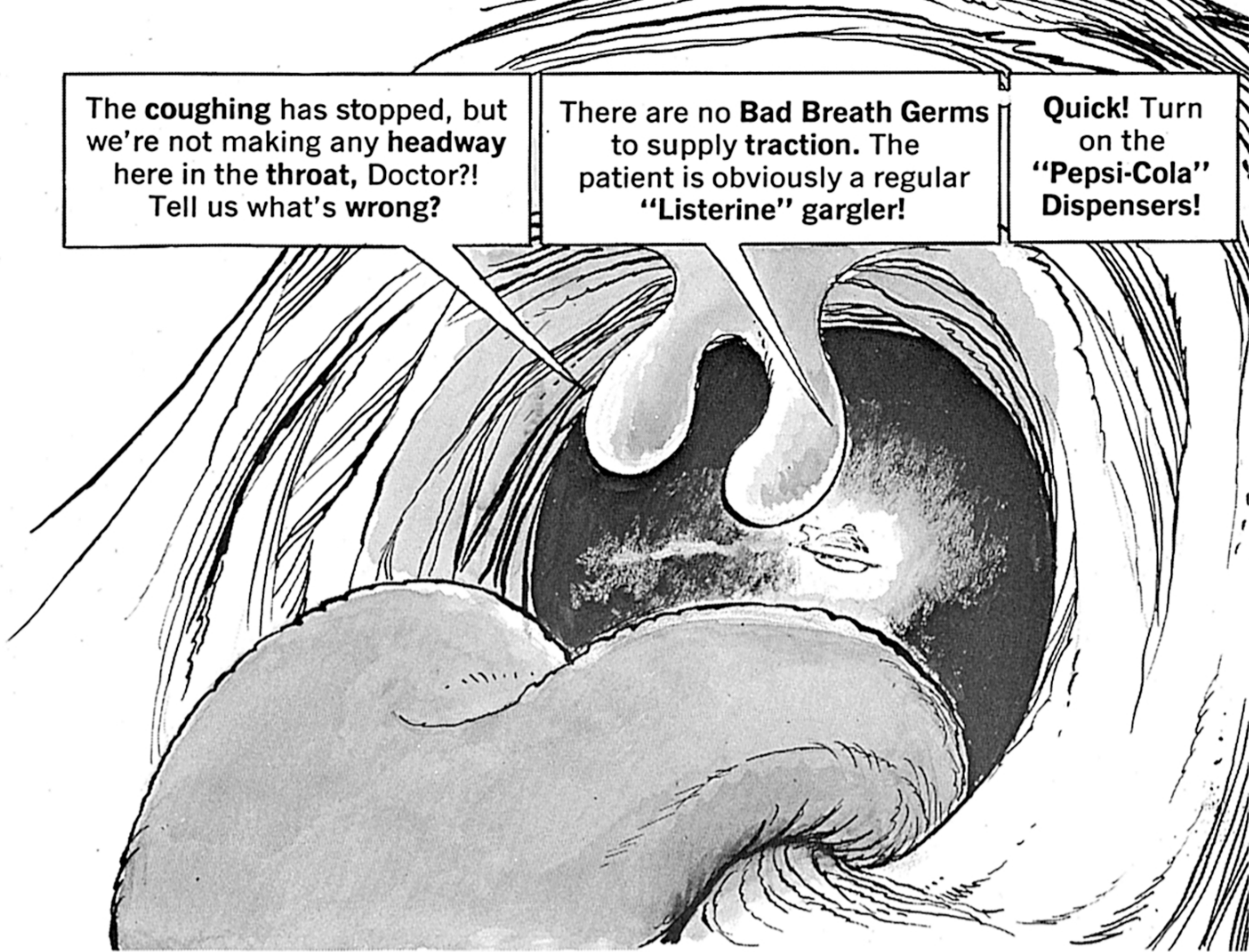
Launch the "Vicks Formula 77 with Silenium" Capsules!!

Now if the ship can just hold together until they reach the Cough Control Center and the turbulence is turned off . . .

The coughing has stopped, but we're not making any headway here in the throat, Doctor?! Tell us what's wrong?

There are no Bad Breath Germs to supply traction. The patient is obviously a regular "Listerine" gargler!

Quick! Turn on the "Pepsi-Cola" Dispensers!



The ship is moving again!

Those Bad Breath Germs certainly multiplied fast once we washed out the "Listerine" with Soda Pop!



We're entering the mouth—and our way is blocked by that strange object! It looks like . . . like Electronic Equipment!

Another unexpected complication! The patient broadcasts Bad Breath! Quick! Fire the "Clorets With Retsyn" Discs!

That should dissolve his Bad Breath transmitter, eh, Doctor!

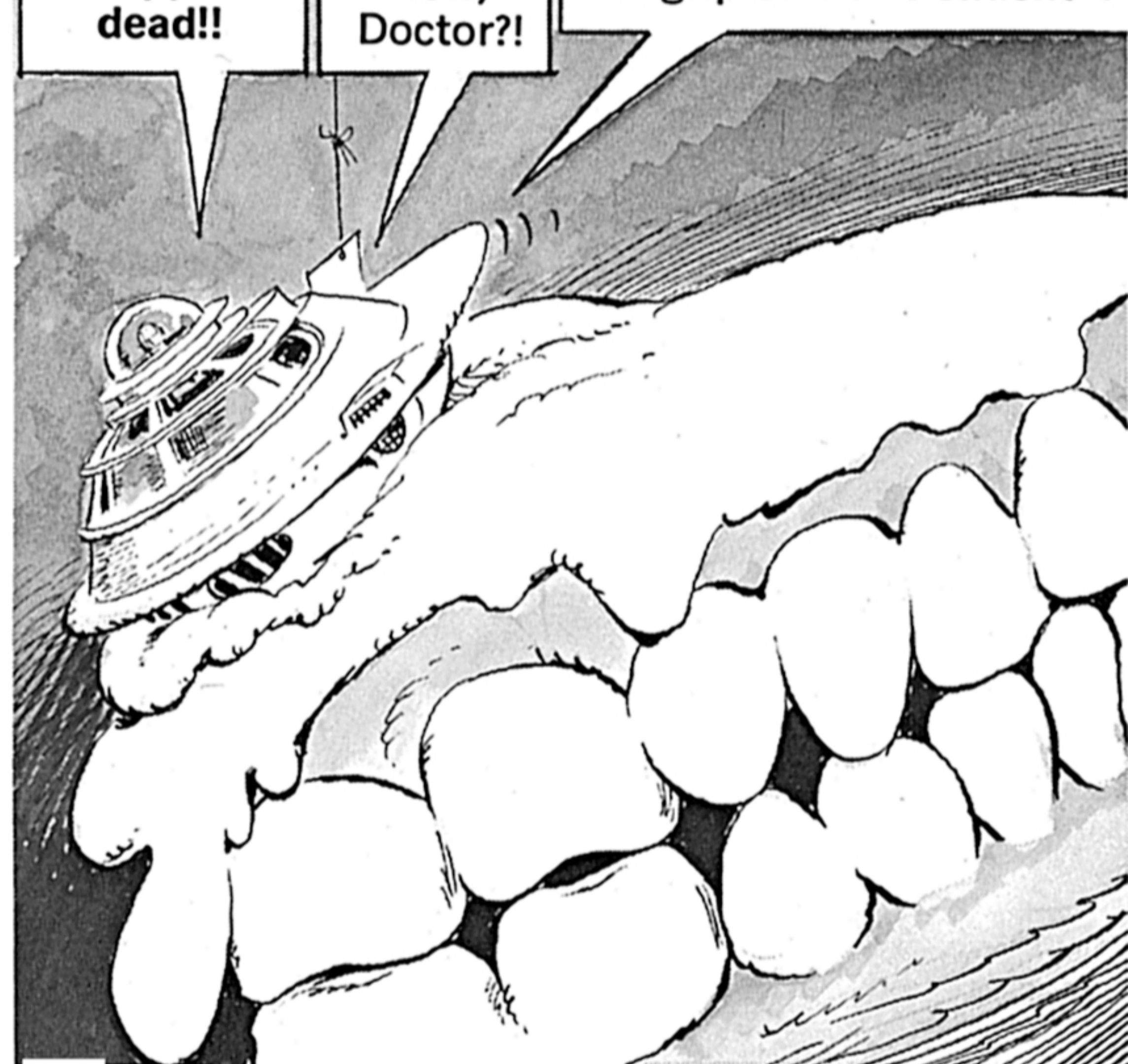
Right! And now nothing stands between us and his congested nasal passages!



We're not moving! The ship's stopped dead!!

What's bogged us down now, Doctor?!

We were skirting the edge of the patient's upper plate . . . and now we're in the grip of his "Polident"!!



Just twelve seconds to go, Mr. Conman! Do you think they'll make it?

It's out of our hands now! All we can do is pray! Somebody get me the "Good Book"!

All we've got is this 1951 Edition of "Advertising Age", sir—

That's okay! The "OLD Testament" will do!

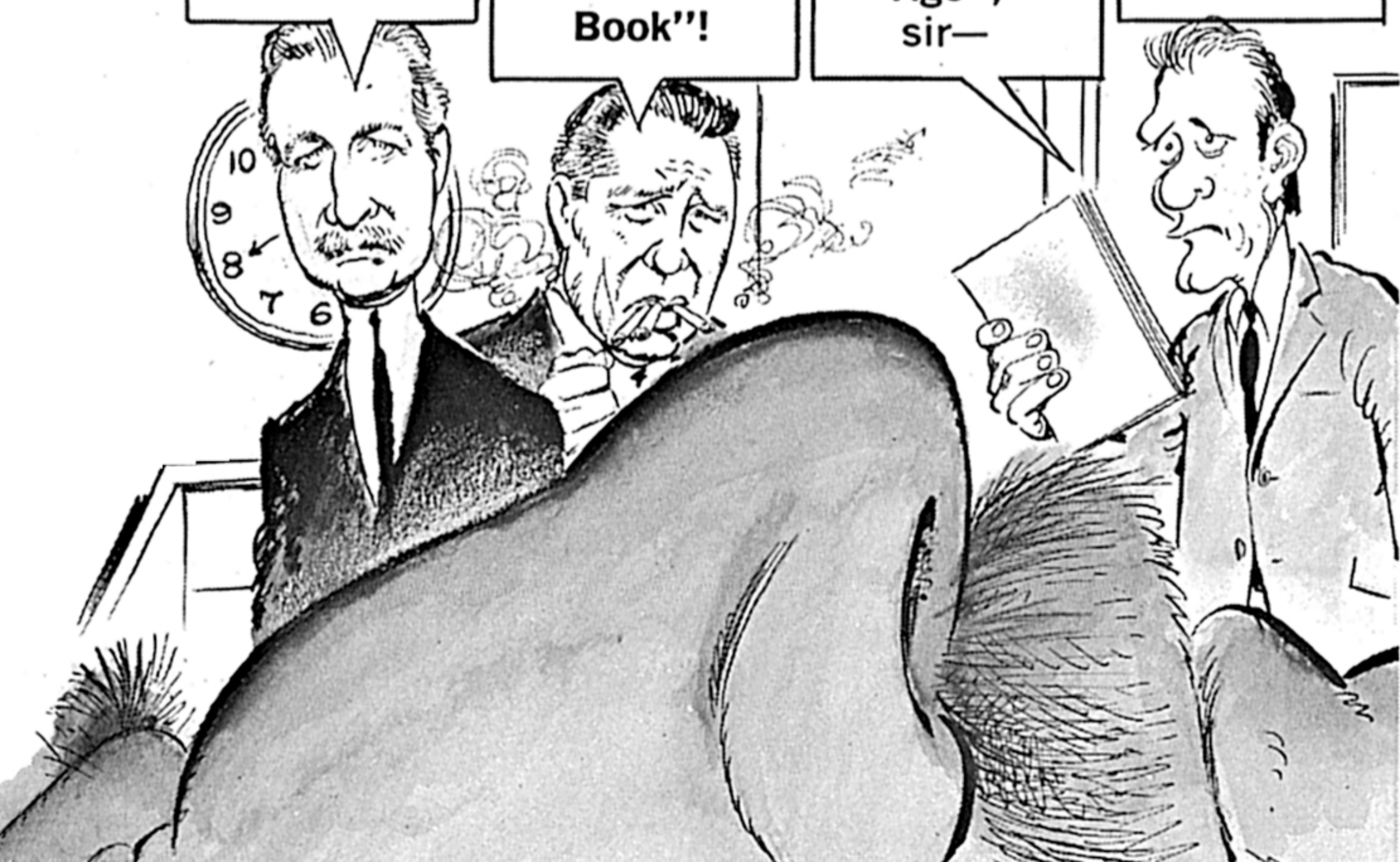
Men, somebody's been monkeying with my "Dripstan Spray"! I'm afraid there's a saboteur among us!

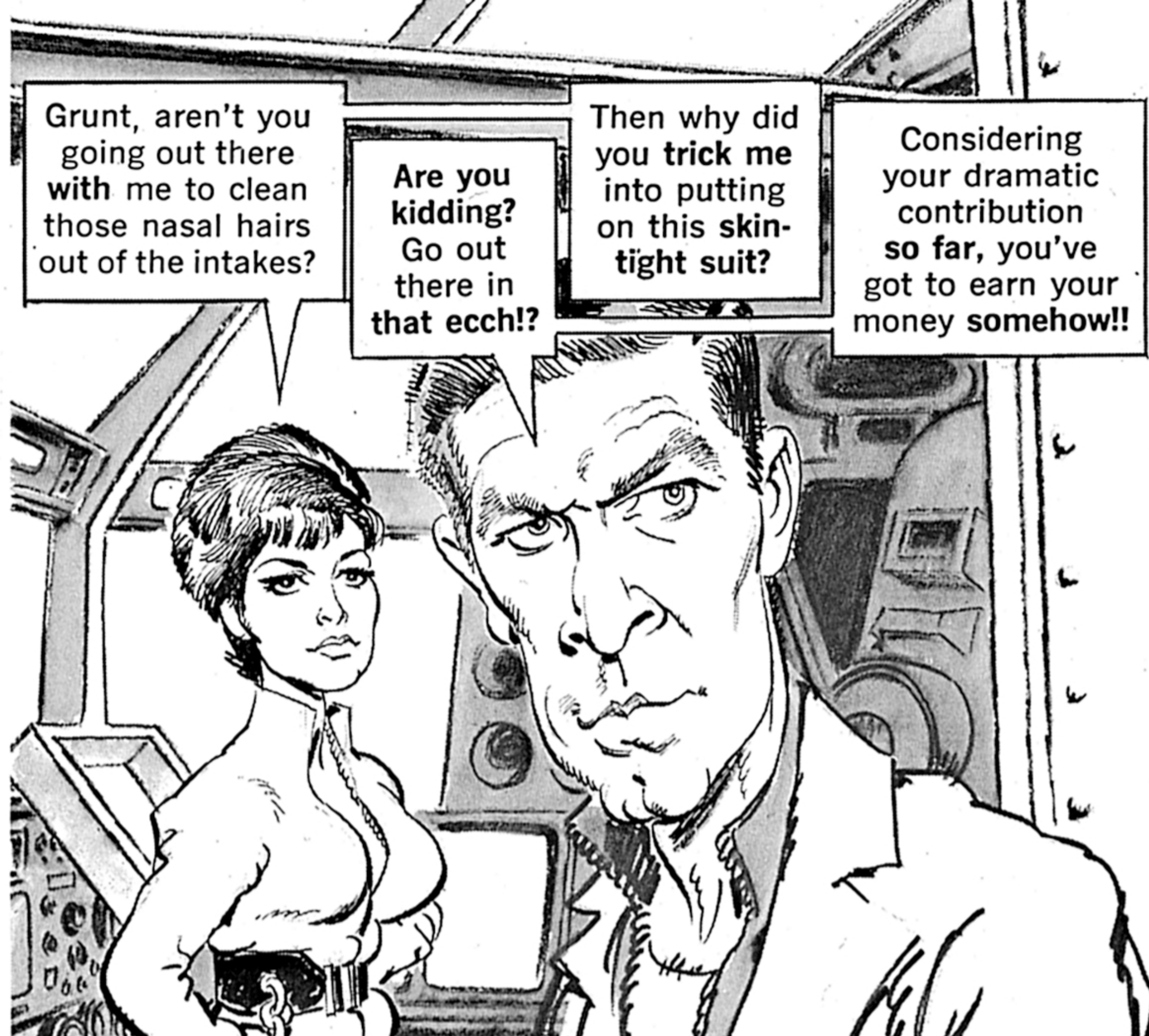
And to make matters worse, the intake vents are clogged with the patient's nasal hairs and the engines are about to explode!

Nasal hairs!? Nasal hairs are down at the nasal opening! We're way back in the nasal cavity!

I guess he's got a receding nasal hairline!

Quick! Carrie! No time to lose! Into your diving suit!



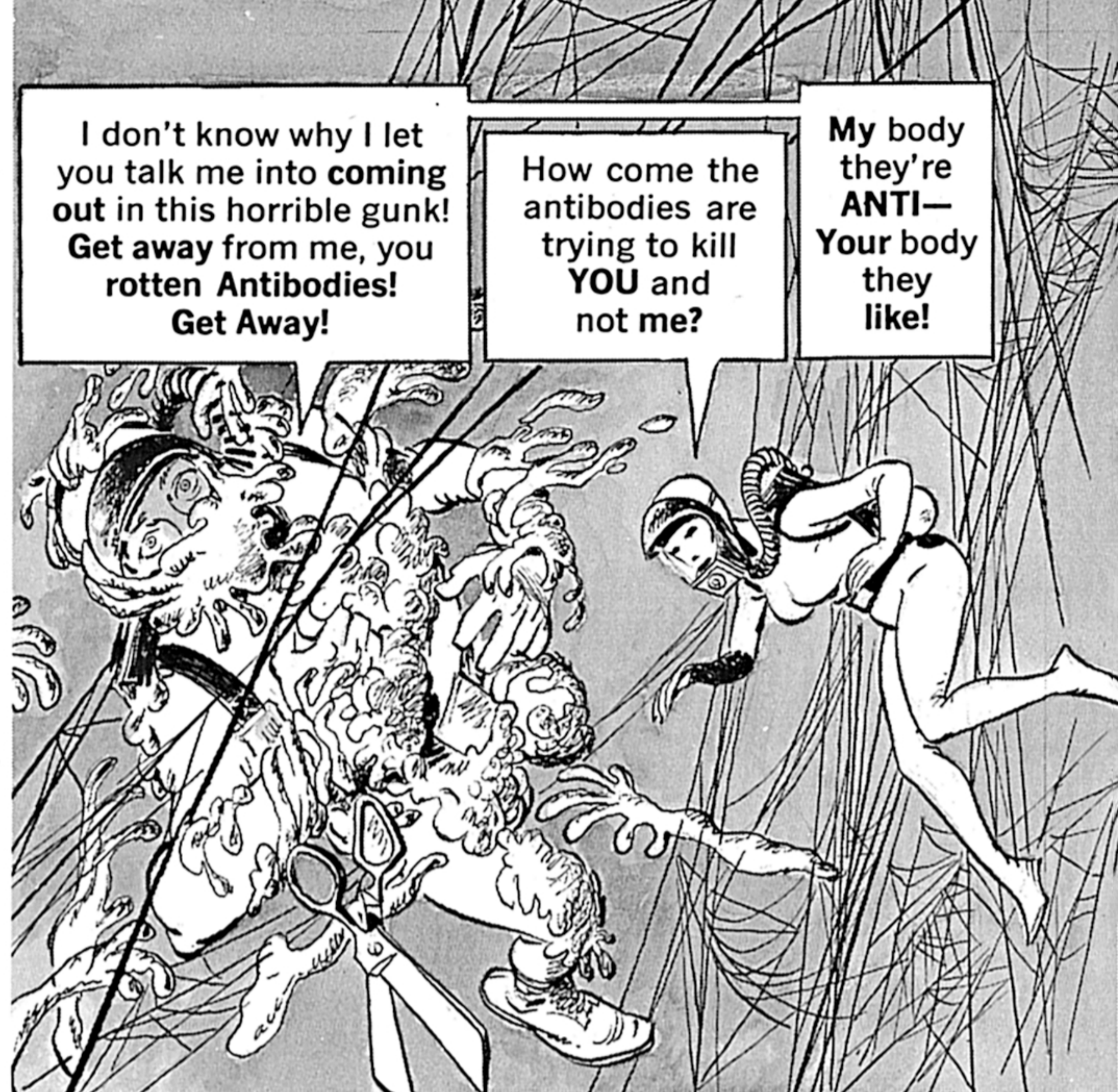


Grunt, aren't you going out there with me to clean those nasal hairs out of the intakes?

Are you kidding? Go out there in that ecch!?

Then why did you trick me into putting on this skin-tight suit?

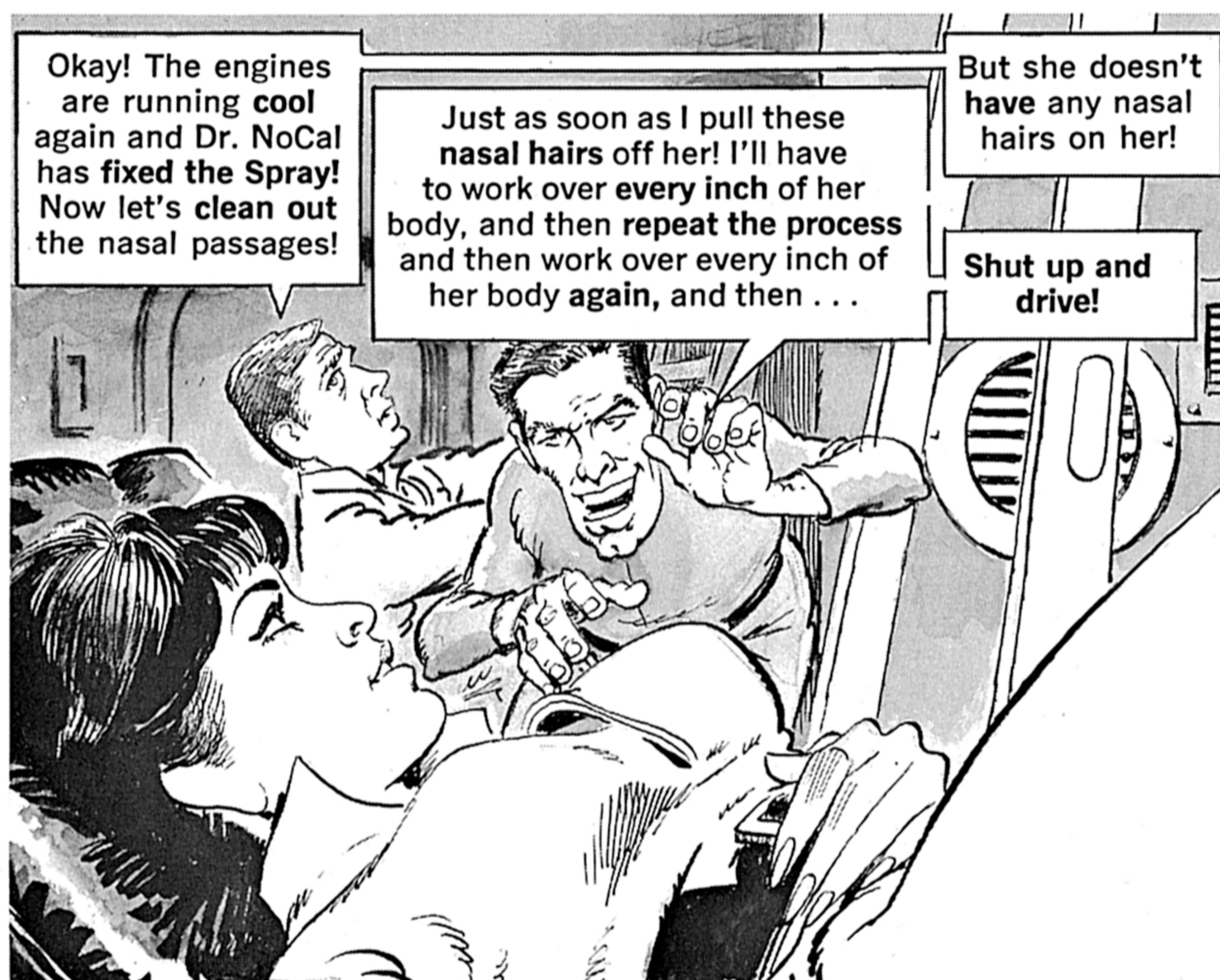
Considering your dramatic contribution so far, you've got to earn your money somehow!!



I don't know why I let you talk me into coming out in this horrible gunk! Get away from me, you rotten Antibodies! Get Away!

How come the antibodies are trying to kill YOU and not me?

My body they're ANTI—Your body they like!

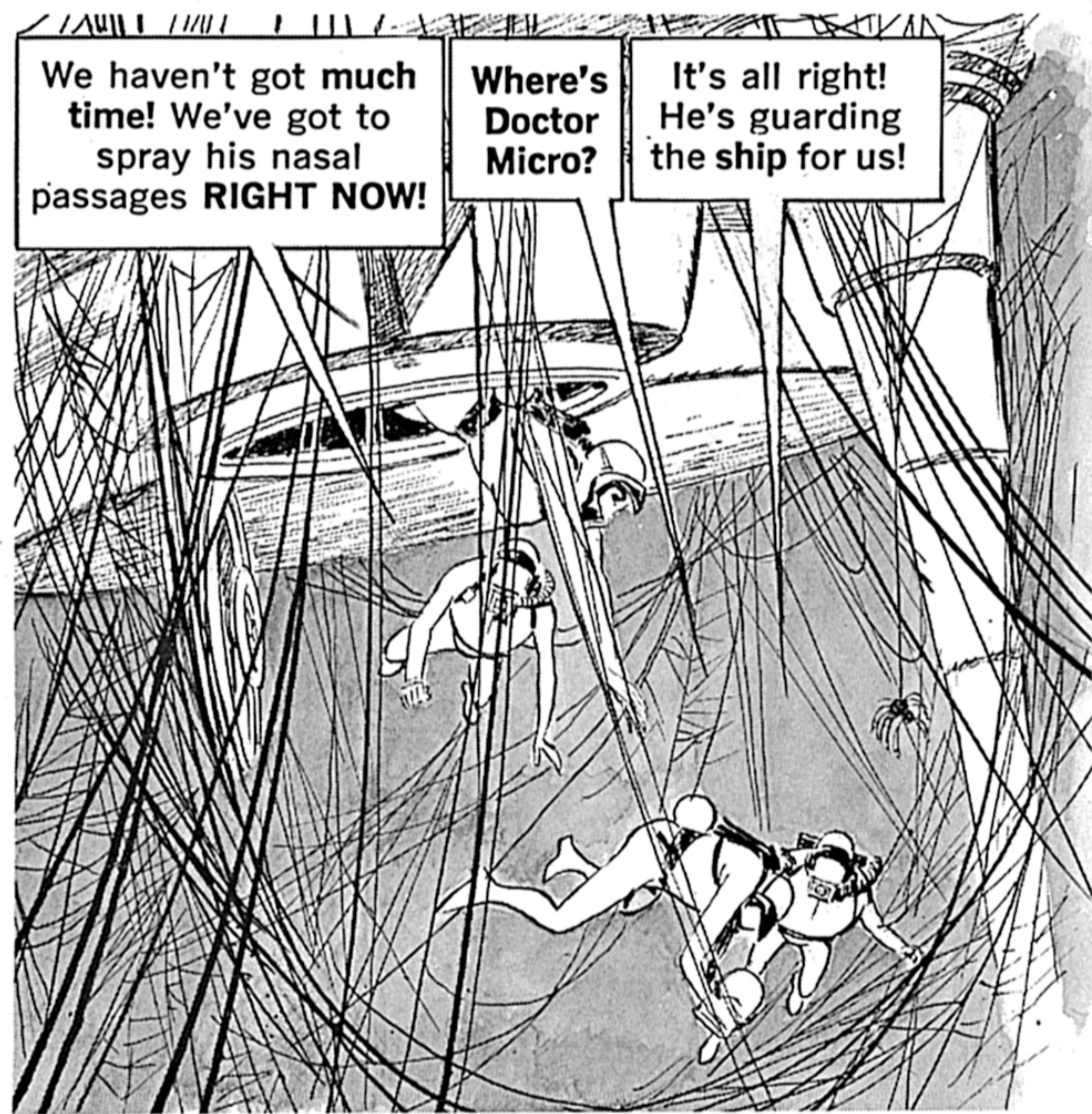


Okay! The engines are running cool again and Dr. NoCal has fixed the Spray! Now let's clean out the nasal passages!

Just as soon as I pull these nasal hairs off her! I'll have to work over every inch of her body, and then repeat the process and then work over every inch of her body again, and then ...

But she doesn't have any nasal hairs on her!

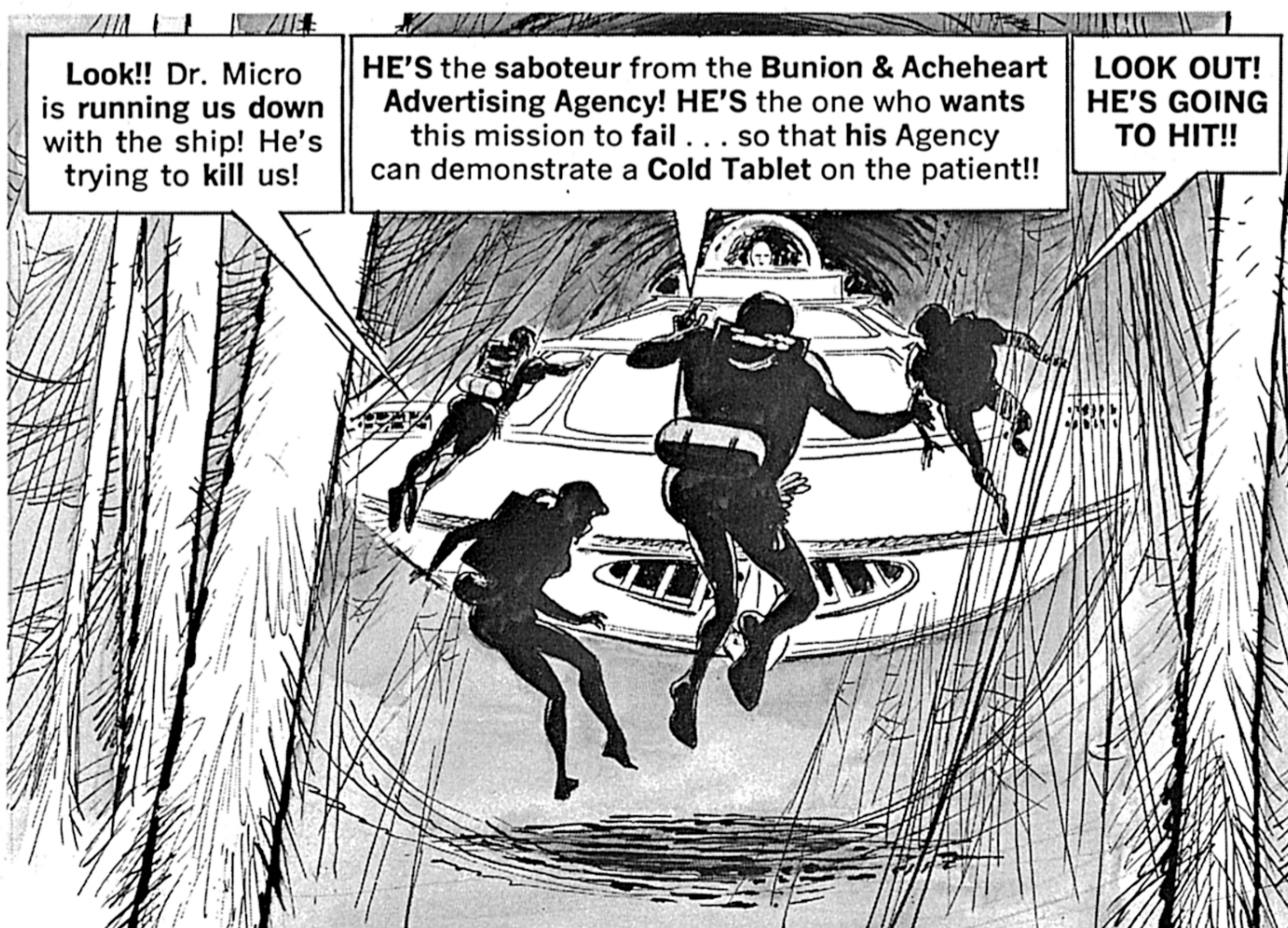
Shut up and drive!



We haven't got much time! We've got to spray his nasal passages RIGHT NOW!

Where's Doctor Micro?

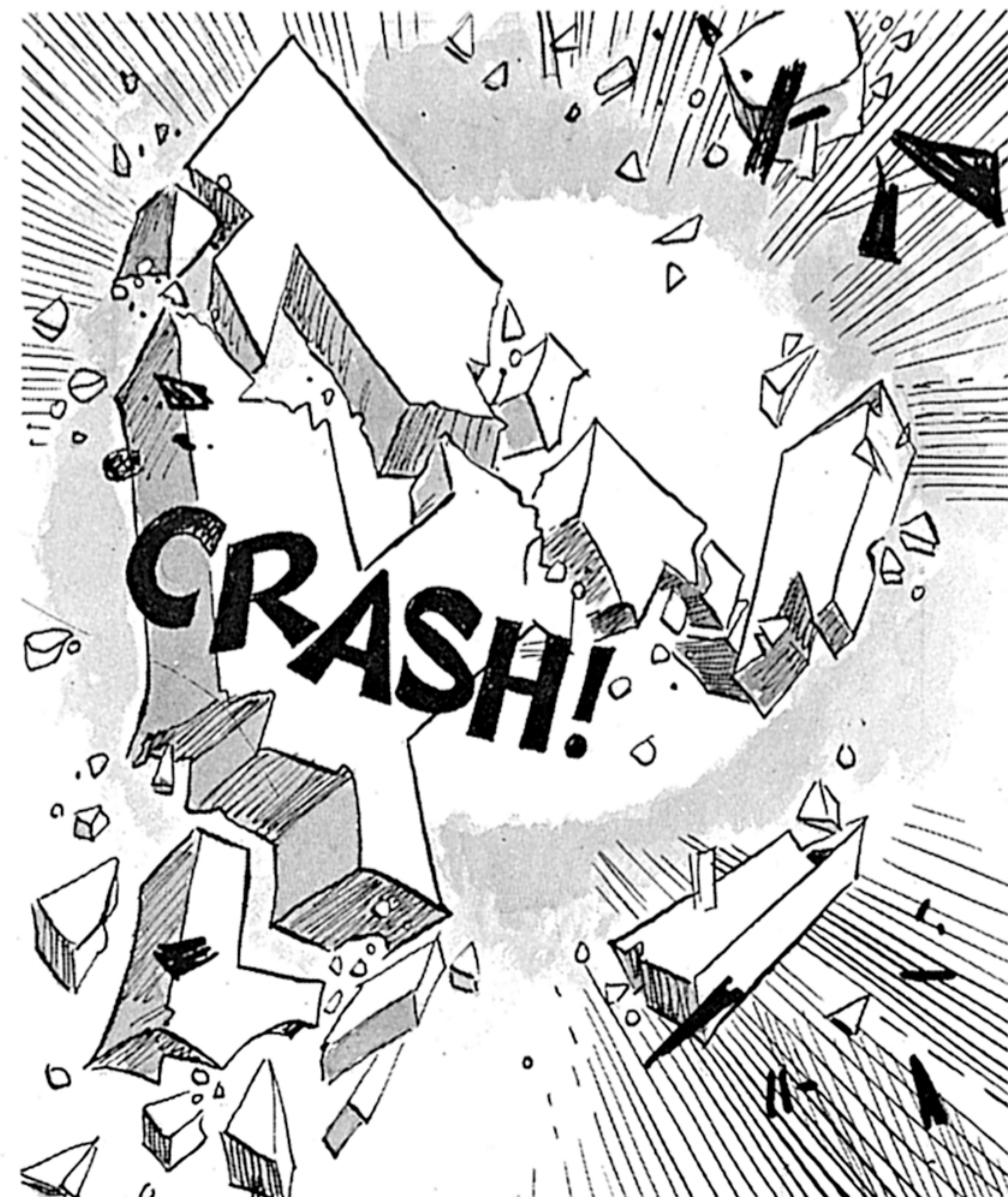
It's all right! He's guarding the ship for us!



Look!! Dr. Micro is running us down with the ship! He's trying to kill us!

HE'S the saboteur from the Bunion & Acheheart Advertising Agency! HE'S the one who wants this mission to fail ... so that his Agency can demonstrate a Cold Tablet on the patient!!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO HIT!!

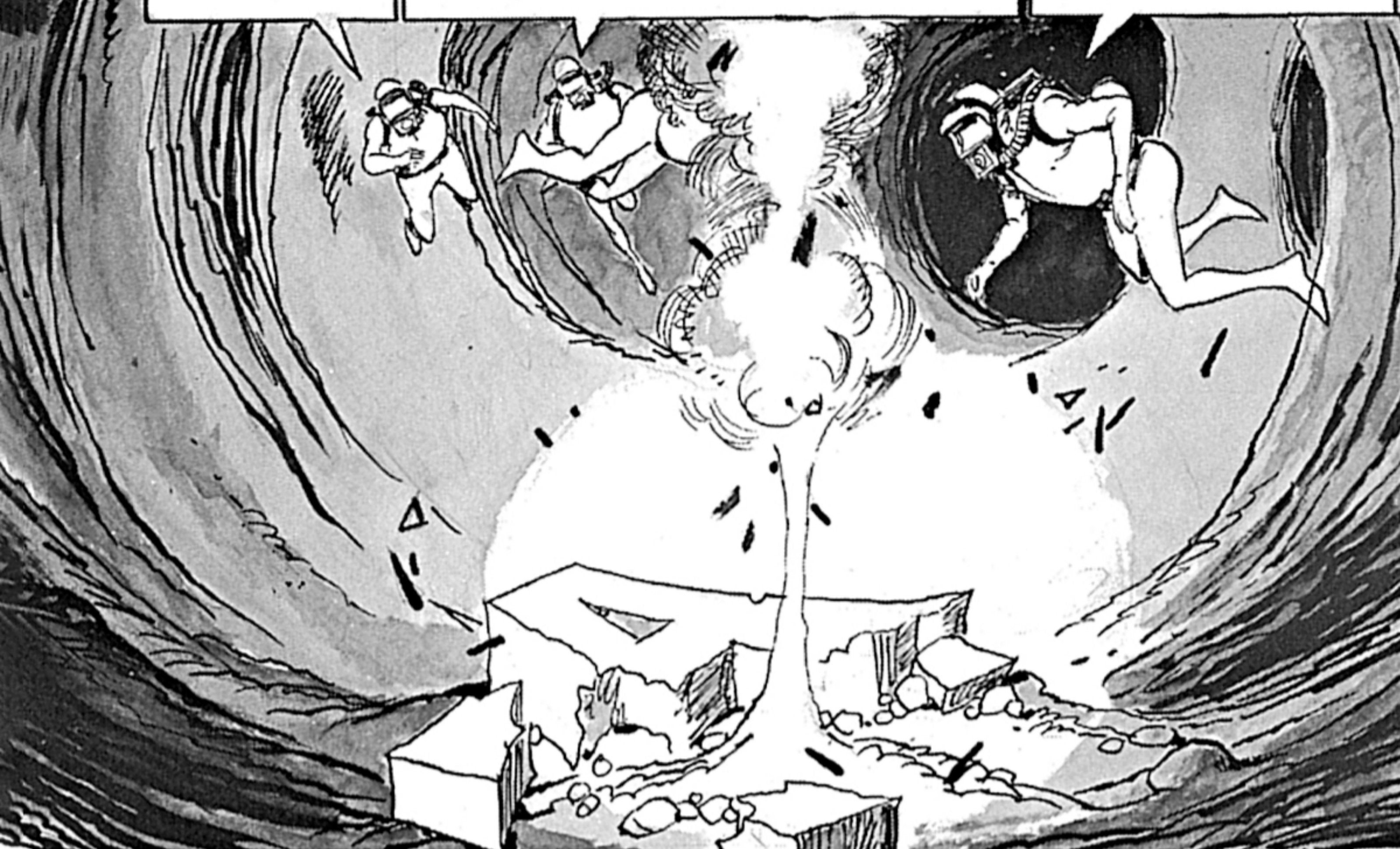


CRASH!

What happened to the ship . . . and to Dr. Micro?

I just remembered! Before the operation, they gave the patient Aspirin instead of Bufferin! And you know how long it takes Aspirin to dissolve compared to Bufferin!

Good Lord! Poor Devil! Smashed to smithereens by thousands of those undissolved little "A's"!




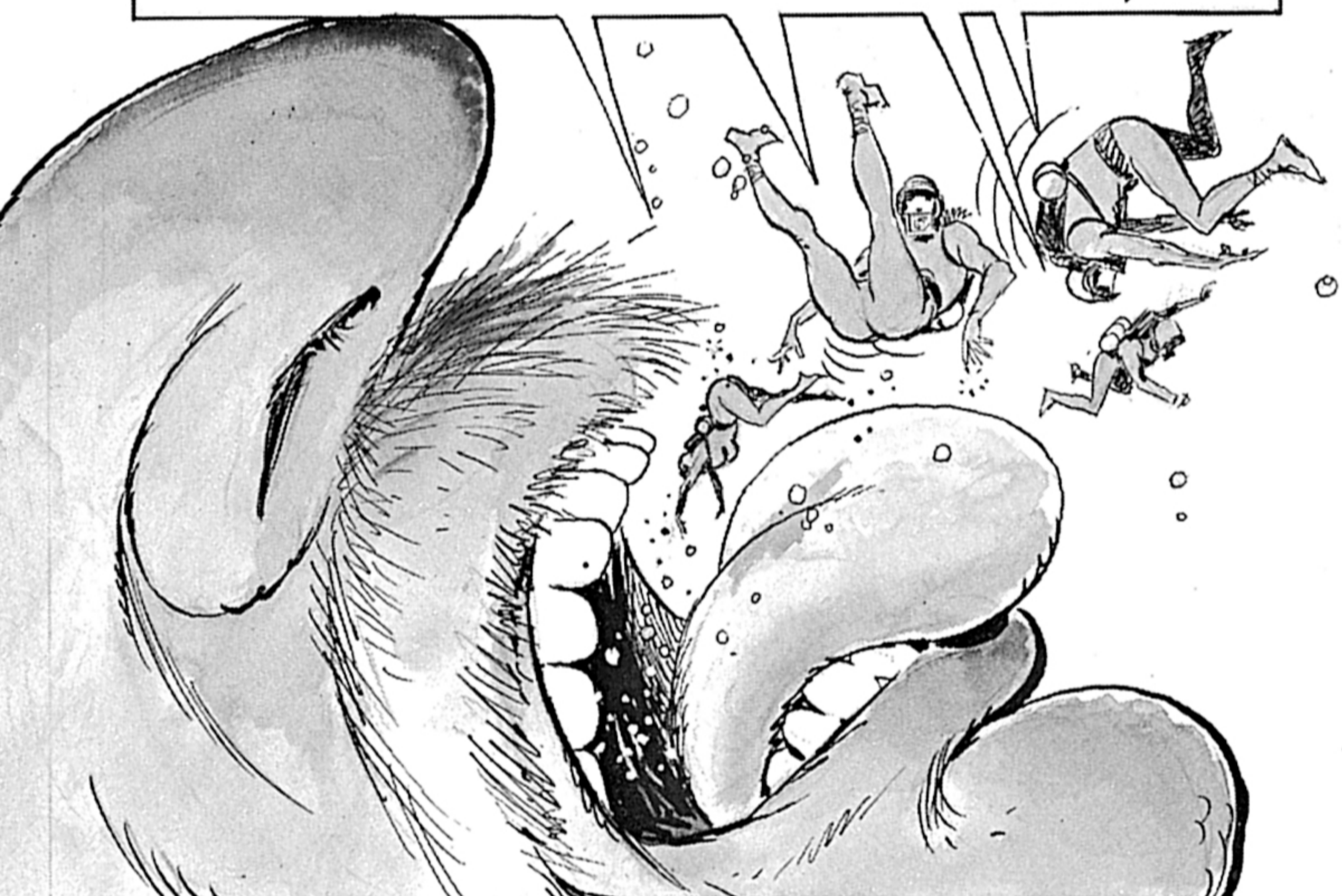
The ship was our only way out of here! We're trapped!

And we've only got six seconds before we start returning to normal size! We've got to think of a way to get out of the patient's body!

Six seconds!? Wait! I've got it! There's just one chance!!



IN... JUST SIX SECONDS... YOU WILL SEE...
HOW WE ESCAPE CA-LA-MITY... 



Amazing! You all came flying out of his mouth as if you were jet-propelled! How did you manage to do that?

Simple, Mr. Conman! We released our total emergency supply of "Alka-Selter". . .

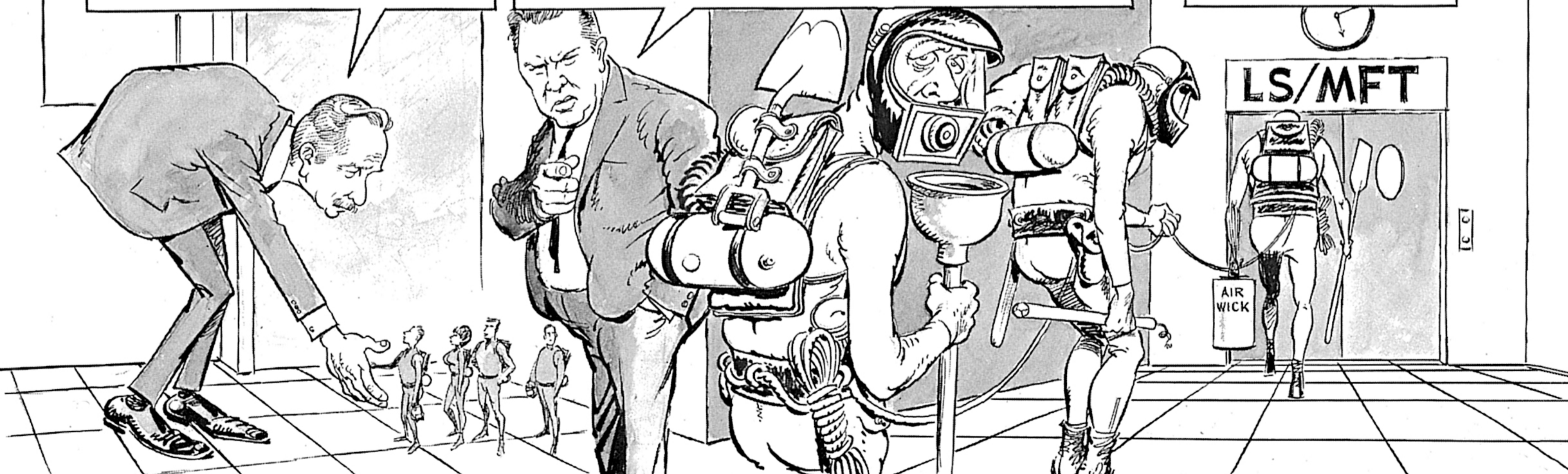
. . . and he just BURPED us out!



Men, I'd like to congratulate you on one of the most daring, most courageous scientific demonstrations in advertising history. Whenever such demonstrations are mentioned in the future, "Operation Dripstan" will tower far above them all—

Sorry to interrupt, Ream! I too, am extremely proud of "Operation Dripstan"! But I think it's time to acknowledge an even more daring, an even more courageous scientific demonstration which is about to take place next—here in the "LS/MFT" Miniaturizing Room! It is a demonstration that will far overshadow your complex and unsavory voyage up the human nose . . .

Men . . . let's all wish God-speed to our next Demonstration Group—the Suicide—Kamikaze crew who are about to embark on "Operation Ex-Lax"!



**WHAT IS THE
LATEST, MOST
TERRIBLE FORM
OF RADIO
ACTIVITY?**

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER **MAD FOLD-IN**

**We all know the horrors of radio-
activity. To see an absolutely awful
example of it, fold in page as shown.**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**STEADILY AND RESOLUTELY THE AUTHORITIES ARE FUELING
THE PUBLIC'S SENSE OF DANGER. SUFFERING HARM FROM
CATASTROPHE IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST COMMON FEARS.**

A ▶

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

◀ B

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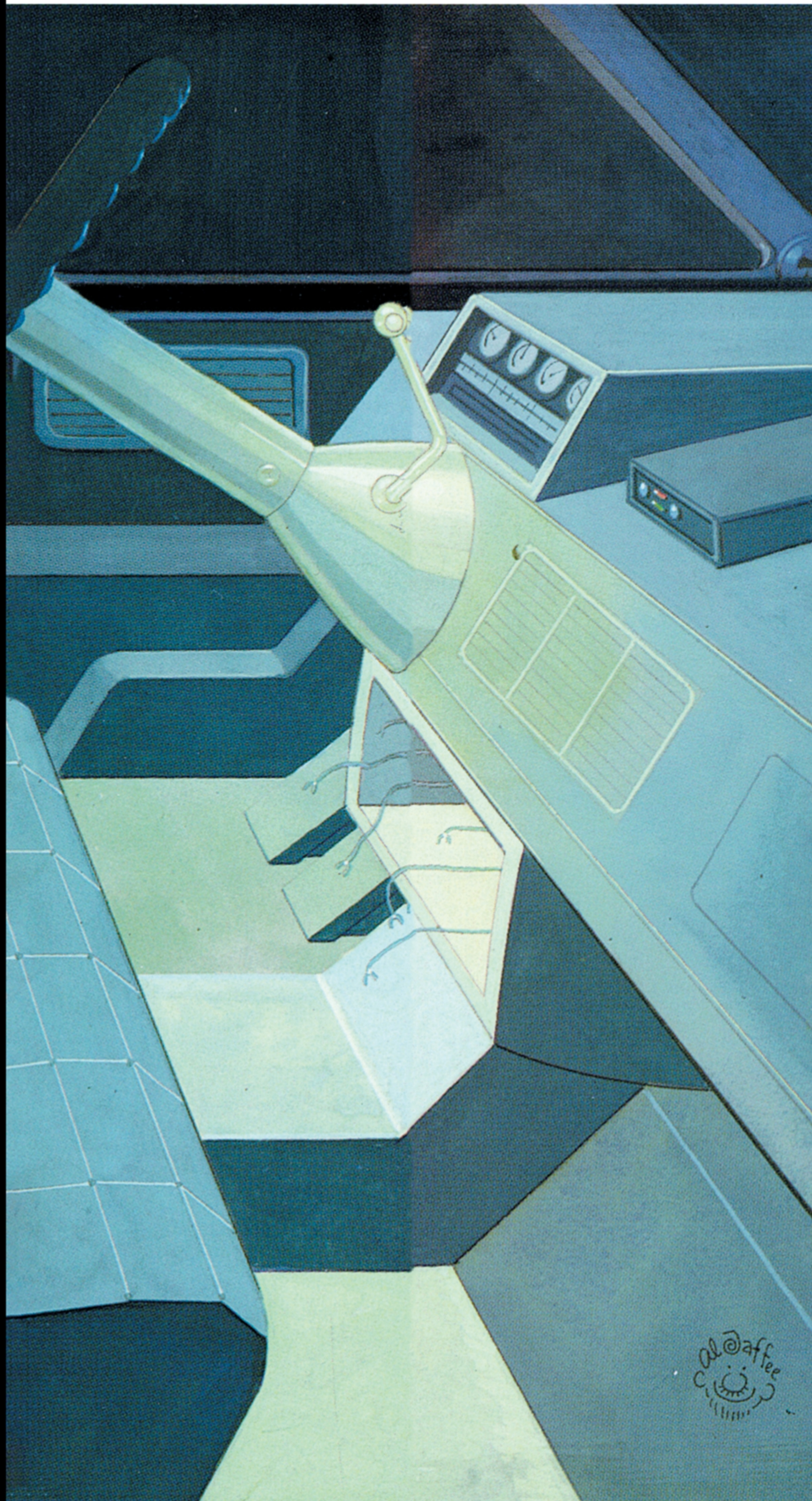
◀ B

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A ►◄ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**STEALING
THEM FROM
CARS.**

A ►◄ B

MADTM



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

